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No. 26,054 HONG KONG, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1928. PRICE \$3.00 Per Month.

DIVINE RIGHT

MAKING MONEY OUT OF OPIUM

THE SHANGHAI SCANDAL

Dodges Used by Generals to Exploit Traffic

PROVOKING LOCAL WARS AND DOUBLE-CROSSING

[By "Li Chung-yin"]

The divine right of the military bestows the prerogative to make money out of opium in China, irrespective of what is said about suppression.

Exercising their ill-defined powers, the Chinese authorities of Shanghai have caused a national scandal that has been shelved now but not hushed. The trouble is only one of the multifarious symptoms of China's worst, chronic ailment—that of squabbling for revenue, legal or illegal, to matter the cost.

Extending protection is the most common form of getting rich out of opium. There are many such methods, as I shall endeavour to show. From actually growing the poppy itself to being actively interested in retailing the drug, the Generals whose name is legion have had recourse to every dodge possible, from provoking a local war to double-crossing confederates.

EXERCISING A PREROGATIVE

Developing into a political issue with wide consequences, the facts—as alleged—of the Shanghai case have become hidden in obscurity. But the action of the National Government at Nanking portends internal strife in the near future. Briefly, what happened was this: The National Government had only recently laid down the law that illicit opium must be suppressed.

Flouting the order, smugglers brought down a big shipment of raw opium, worth a considerable sum of money, from a Yangtze port to Shanghai.

The opium was landed in Chinese territory where the Police, so they say, seized it, accusing the Garrison Commissioner's men of escorting the contraband ashore in a Government launch.

The Police who made the arrest, with the dope, were, in turn, "arrested" by a strong detachment from the Garrison Commissioner's headquarters and charged with smuggling, the inference being that they had been caught red-handed with the stuff in their possession.

A Trial of Strength

Then followed a stir in political circles because it became a trial of strength between the civil authority (as represented by the Police) and the military (the Garrison Commissioner). An unsuccessful attempt was made to muzzle the vernacular Press of Shanghai, thereby attracting more attention. Public sympathy lies with the Chief of Police who has now been dismissed.

And behind the scenes, the highest in the land are said to have interested themselves—if not in the actual seizures—at least in the fortunes of the pawns in the game. The Garrison Commissioner is the nominee of Marshal Chiang Kai-shek, who is virtually President. The Chief of Police is the protégé of Feng Yu-hsiang (the "Christian General"), who is Vice-President and Minister for War.

A clash between these leaders, each with an Army Group behind him, is predicted; but more serious quarrels have been patched up ere now.

Where It Comes From

Most of the opium, raw or prepared, which is smuggled into China is for re-export. So much is being grown in China at present that the supply exceeds the demand and a percentage is exported as, for instance, some of the southern crop which finds its way down to Hong Kong via Wuchow or Canton.

Yunnan and Szechuan provinces, in the south-west corner of China Proper, produce the most opium; but the output in some other provinces is steadily increasing. Yunnan's excess is consumed in South China; Szechuan's in Central and North China, being sent down the Yangtze River, as was done in the case of the lot seized at Shanghai.

Opium smoking in Yunnan has reached an appalling extent. One estimate is that half the male adult population uses the drug habitually. It does not appear to be an exaggeration if the Yunnanese mercenaries in Canton from time to time were any criterion, good fighters though they often proved.

How It Is Done

Only a few years ago, a brigade of infantry on garrison duty in a

district in the south of Fukien province issued an edict forcing the farmers to plant the poppy. The General did not say so in so many words. He levied a tax on opium growing; and those who preferred other crops had to pay a much higher rate than on opium.

Establishing a bureau to conduct the sale of opium through a monopoly granted to a syndicate is the most common form of raising revenue. The General concerned can then rely on a fixed amount of income, which he assures by taking a substantial cash security, in addition to payment in advance for a stated period, followed up at intervals by demands for further "loans" against pending contributions to his exchequer.

When the last lot of Yunnanese and Kwangsi adventurers held sway in Canton, they made money concurrently with the opium syndicate. But when the latter began to pay dividends, the manager was thrown into prison until a fine was exacted equalling the total of the intended return to shareholders.

Classic Instance

Several campaigns in the west of Kwangsi province—at the door of Yunnan's granary of opium—have been fought solely to decide who is to levy the first of a series of taxes on contraband shipped down the West River for consumption in Kwangtung, and also in Hong Kong.

There was the classic instance of one General who was shrewd enough to realise that he could never dislodge, by force of arms, a rival astride the West River and who, accordingly, got the revenue from opium in transit through his domains. He subsidised a third party to attack the holder of the River zone, made a pretence of allying himself against No. 3, brought his army into the Province of Land as a friend, and then proceeded to stir up turmoil and eject No. 2 so as to annex control of the River ports!

That is only one dodge and there have been many more, some even more cunning.

Another episode worth recording is that of the company commander who bribed his superior officer to transfer him to a market town—this in the East River area—where stands a church. The transferee coveted the place because, in his opinion, the church would make an ideal, roomy opium den; and he had much of the drug to sell to the population.

Grandiose Title

Which vessel in the Kwangtung Navy, from the flagship down to the smallest armed or unarmed shallow-water craft, has not at one time or another since 1911 carried opium either for constituents or for the officer in command, trading as principal?

Only last month, in the Sze Yap districts, a batch of soldiers sold \$200 worth of raw opium to a merchant (who had made similar purchases before), and as soon as the cash changed hands, arrested him for possession, took back the opium under order of confiscation and imposed a stiff fine.

In nearly every province now, somebody or other is paying (in nearly every case to the military)

NO RECOGNITION NO SIGNATURE

BRITAIN AND CHINA

SIR G. LOCKER-LAMPSON ON THE NEW TARIFFS

IMPORTANT STATEMENT

London, Yesterday. Mr. G. Locker-Lampson, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in a written reply to a Parliamentary question states that in a note dated December 5 the Minister for Foreign Affairs for China notified the British Minister that the new Chinese customs tariff had been promulgated and would come into force on February 1.

With the exception of certain articles which are subject to special rates, the rates of duty appear to be identical with those of the interim schedule accepted by the foreign delegations in 1925.

The Commercial Secretary at Shanghai has been instructed to make a detailed examination of

"TOM JONES"

To-morrow's "Sunday Herald" will contain, in the fine art supplement, a full page of scenes from the Hong Kong Philharmonic Society's presentation of "Tom Jones." Other pictures from the play are published in this issue.

tariff and to report any discrepancies. No reply, so far as he was aware, had been returned to the note of the Foreign Minister.

Mr. Locker-Lampson states that Sir Miles Lampson's visit to Nanking does not indicate recognition of the National Government of China by the British Government but recognition would be a necessary consequence of the signature of any treaty which might be concluded as a result of the negotiations which Sir Miles Lampson is now conducting.—British Wireless Service.

THE NANKING RIOT

DR. C. T. WANG'S MOTOR-CAR BURNED

LATEST VERSION

The following version of the affair at Nanking is published by courtesy of the Royal Naval authorities:—

Nanking, Thursday. Rioting by students took place this evening, the students making a demonstration against Dr. C. T. Wang (Minister for Foreign Affairs) completely wrecking his house; but attempts to set it on fire were frustrated; and the rioters then burnt his motor-car.

Dr. Wang is at present in Shanghai. The students apparently objected to Dr. Wang's handling of treaties with foreign Powers. The riot was quelled by the Police and all is quiet at present. The British Minister (Sir Miles Lampson) is in Shanghai and returns from there on Saturday.

THE TRAM LINE

EXTENSION TO SHAUKIWAN VILLAGE

350 YARDS SINGLE TRACK

Notice has been given that the Hong Kong Tramways, Ltd., intends to apply for power to construct a single-track tramway approximately 350 yards in length connecting the present Shaukwan terminus with Shaukwan Village.

This extension is to be carried out in accordance with plans deposited with the Director of Public Works.

a fixed sum for retelling opium under the grandiose title of the "Opium Suppression Bureau."

And the labels on opium pots describe the stuff as "medicine paste to cure the opium (habit)." Somebody with less power farms out the exclusive right to a monopoly in the districts; and the latter, in turn, cuts up his territory into towns and villages; so that in the smallest hamlet there is invariably an official, probably the headman, who sells opium under the protection of the law.

STUMPING UP TO AMERICA

WAR DEBT

BRITAIN PAYS ANOTHER NINETY FOUR MILLION DOLLARS

LONG WAY TO GO

London, Yesterday. Payment of \$94,200,000 was made today by the British Government to the United States Treasury of which sum an amount of \$27,000,000 is on account of the repayment of the principal, the balance being interest.

With this payment the total payments to the United States since the funding of the British debt amount to \$964,380,000, of which \$147,000,000 have been on account of the repayment of principal. The amount outstanding has been reduced to \$4,453,000,000.—British Wireless Service.

HOUSE GUTTED

THREE HOURS' BLAZE IN SAIYINGPUN

COUNTING THE INMATES

No. 135, Connaught-road West, in the Saiyungpun district, was gutted early this morning after a blaze lasting three hours and taxing the resources of the Fire Brigade considerably.

This house is in the Chinese business part of the town, on the water-front. It had four storeys, the ground floor being used for business and the upper for shops and tenements.

Nobody has come forward yet to indicate in which floor the fire broke out. Nor is the cause known at present.

At first it was feared that some of the inmates might be missing. They have not all been accounted for yet, but no casualty has been reported so far.

The alarm was sounded at 4.10 a.m., engines from Central, Wan-chai and Kennedy Town Stations responding. The Fire Float was also utilised.

An adjoining house was damaged. The fire was subdued at 7.30 a.m.

THE KING

SPENDS A DISTURBED DAY

London, Yesterday. A bulletin, was issued at 8.15 p.m. signed by three doctors, the King was somewhat disturbed during the day and his general condition is not quite so satisfactory. The pulse, however, remains steady.

Check in Progress. Despite the unsatisfactory bulletin, it is pointed out at the Palace that there is no need for alarm, as the pulse is steady, which indicates that the strength of the heart is being maintained.

Anxiety prevails in the Palace, as to-day marks a check in the King's progress towards recovery.

Prince George. New York, Yesterday. H.M.S. "Durban," with Prince George aboard anchored in the lower bay this morning in a dense fog.—Reuter.

STOCK OF WINES

HANKOW GOVT'S SEIZURE AT RACE CLUB

FLAUNTING NANKING

Hankow, Yesterday. The local Tax Bureau has repudiated the ruling of the Chinese National Government at Nanking and has refused to return (as ordered by Nanking to do so) the stock of wines illegally removed recently from the Hankow Race Club.—British Naval Wireless.

[Note: It will be recalled that the Club had to forgo a day's racing rather than face exorbitant demands from the local Hankow authorities.]

GERMAN SHIPPING

Berlin, Yesterday. The North German Lloyd announces that the negotiations with the Hamburg-America Line for a working agreement have been broken off.—Reuter.

TO-DAY'S DOLLAR

The closing rate of the dollar on demand, to-day was 2/0 3/16.

SECOND DAY'S PLAY IN 2ND TEST

SUTCLIFFE OUT

ENGLAND 194 RUNS BEHIND: 9 WKTS. IN HAND

PROSPECT OF HEAVY STORM

Bad light stopped play after lunch to-day, at Sydney, on the second day of the 2nd Test Match between Australia and England, England having won the first.

When the closure came, England were 194 runs behind Australia's 1st innings total, with nine wickets in hand.

Reuter says: "Bad light stopped play. There was lightning and slight rain; and there is every prospect of a heavy storm."

If it rains during the week-end and the wicket rolls out nicely on Monday, England should make a big score.

England's Innings. After Australia had been dismissed in the morning for 258 (two

BRITISH SHIPPING

Ichang, Yesterday. The anti-Japanese Boycott Society here is still reported to be active against British shipping.—British Naval Wireless.

[Note: Earlier this week stevedores were intimidated by boycott agitators into refraining from working the China Navigation Co.'s s.s. "Kintang."] runs added to the overnight score as stated in the mid-day edition of the "China Mail", Hobbs and Sutcliffe opened England's 1st innings. The former, who celebrates his 40th birthday to-morrow, is still not out.

At the lunch interval, the score was 36 runs for no wicket, Hobbs 25 and Sutcliffe 11.

After lunch there were 50,000 people. Hobbs scored a single. Off the fourth ball of the same (first) over sent down by Ironmonger, Sutcliffe half cocked up a ball to give Hendry an easy catch at slip.

One wicket down for 37 runs.

Second Boundary. There was the greatest enthusiasm in the crowd, Reuter adds, the attendance packing tight.

Hammond then went in to partner Hobbs. With a drive past cover point, off Grimmett, the Gloucester all-rounder made the second boundary stroke of the innings and thereby sent the 50 up on the board. The innings had lasted an hour and 23 minutes now.

Nine more runs were added. Of the 22 put on so far for the 2nd wicket partnership, Hobbs claimed 10—bringing his total to 36—and Hammond 12.

Full scores, together with the analyses, returned by the England bowlers, follow:—

Australia—1st Innings
W. M. Woodfull, l.b.w., b Geary 68
V. Y. Richardson, b Larwood 27
A. F. Kippax, b Geary 9
W. H. Ponsford, retired hurt 5
H. L. Hendry, b Geary 37
J. S. Ryder, l.b.w., b Geary 25
O. Nothing, b Larwood 8
C. W. Oldfield, not out 41
C. V. Grimmett, run out 9
D. D. J. Blackie, b Geary 8
H. Ironmonger, c Duckworth, b Larwood 15

Extras 15
Total 253
Fall of wickets: 1 for 51 runs (Richardson); 2 for 65 (Kippax); 3 for 75 (Ponsford); 4 for 152 (Woodfull); 5 for 153 (Hendry); 6 for 171 (Nothing); 7 for 192 (Ryder); 8 for 322 (Grimmett); 9 for 251 (Blackie); 10 for 253 (Ironmonger).

BOWLING ANALYSIS.
O. M. E. W.
Larwood 26.2 4 77 8
Tate 21 9 29 0
White 30 10 79 0
Geary 18 5 35 5
Hammond 5 0 18 0

England—1st Innings
J. B. Hobbs, not out 36
H. Sutcliffe, c Hendry, b Ironmonger 11
W. R. Hammond, not out 12
Extras 0

Total (for 1 wkt.) 59
Fall of wicket: 1 for 37 (Sutcliffe).

To bat: D. R. Jardine, E. Hendren, A. P. F. Chapman, G. Geary, W. M. Tate, H. Larwood, J. C. White, G. Duckworth.

IS THAT SO?

Thoughts Terse, Perverse—and Worse.

How, to get sound sleep—Keep wireless lectures going in your bedroom.

A professional footballer who came to the town as such is to be Mayor of Barnsley. The goal of his ambition.

Letter received by a local motoring firm—"I yes want to know what are the prices of the Lorries and the trucks motor. Please send me a price list for the Lorry. I want to buy one and I will see were I can get the best. Please answer quit." He was answered as quit as possible.

Weekly Wellerham—"Ah, here's our old and tried friend," said the Judge said when the habitual criminal appeared in the dock for the forty-sixth time.

A headline says, "A Good Word for the Mediocre Amateur," but there aren't any words for him!

No. Emmeline, the letters "B.C." after the name of Vancouver do not indicate that it is the oldest British colony.

There is a good deal of "flu about, with stomach trouble.... Stomach trouble happens to people who are not rich enough to have appendicitis.

You can always rely on a dancing instructor to take the necessary steps.

Shame on the wretch who wrote to say that the Presidential election was "all Hoover bar shouting."

Answer to correspondent.—No, Clarence; we cannot undertake to supply you with a riddle for your answer: "One feels the heat and the other feels the feet."

One melody is said to have brought Irving Berlin thousands of dollars.... Evidently one of those million airts!

The dairymen's favourite song; "Pail Hands-I Love."

"One can be a successful criminal without much in the way of mental equipment," says a writer.... This is a nasty one for some of those "financiers" who think themselves so clever!

Newspaper caption! "White Star Liner On the Rocks"... Ships are not the only ones that get that way.

A fashion writer talks about "Smart Gowns for Small Women." And you ought to see the small gowns for smart women!

"I suppose," said dear old Aunt Aphasia, "that these talking films must be the 'speaking' likenesses."

According to Lady Hilton Young, the sculptress, sculpture and surgery have much in common. 9 There's a lot of cutting and carving about each.

Dr. Ami, the geologist, says that every civilisation that has been discovered tried to go one better than the previous civilisations. Then what must it have been like to start with?

Burglars broke into a football club's pavilion and stole footballs and "football boots," knickers and shirts.... The police are said to be watching for the announcement of the establishment of a new club.

Darkness, says a useful hint, is necessary for the keeping of apples.... Also, adds little Willy, for the gathering of them.

"International Sheep Dog Trials." But the sheep dogs' worst trial is when the sheep behaves like a goat.

A London landlady complained of the number of rabbits in her house. It is the same on the links—rabbits at every tee.

"New Flight Record." But the reference wasn't to the man who, as reported in the same issue, walked away from Wandsworth Prison.

In Paris a restaurant has been built in a tree. A branch establishment!

"Early mornings are now wonderfully beautiful," gushes a writer in a daily.... What spoils them is having to go home to bed.

Prohibition laws are like "plecrust—made to be broken."

"Some widows are well off," said a Judge to a woman witness.... Yes, but they don't all know it.

In America people try to keep the source of their liquor supply a secret; and in some cases it is a secret still.

Sir Oliver Lodge says that, as a schoolboy, he was constantly thrashed.... Well, it seems to have made him smart!

"I shall never demean myself by committing a crime as long as I am able to sing," said a captive at Willesden Police Court.... Some singing is a crime in itself.

"I shall give up writing about foolish people," says Lady Eleanor Smith.... Oh, if some writers of auto-biography would imitate her!

"An artist must always be more of a bachelor than other men," says Jascha Heifetz, the violinist. The wife has to play second fiddle.

"I am sure he can pay, for he has a most expensive wife," was said of a debtor.... This seems like evidence to the contrary.

For the first time a woman conducted an auction at Northampton Ram Fair.... The Fair auctioneer.

A gossip says that a well-known nobleman is "wintering in the South.".... And where is he going to spring?

That expression "Wild Highlander" probably came from the well-known fondness of the Highlander for his fling.

"Hard-lying money" is paid in view of the inevitable discomfort of service abroad in certain ships; we read.... There now! And we always thought that it meant the fees of expert witnesses in law-suits!

"I suppose," said dear old Aunt Aphasia, "that stevedores' work is one of those 'quay industries' I hear about."

"Fifty Years in a Cemetery" says a headline.... Some people have been dead longer than that.

Films are now shown in some public-houses.... More reels on the machine mean less reels among the customers.

At a House of Commons luncheon, Sir Park Goff said he hated to sit down thirteen at table.... It's unlucky if there's only food enough for twelve.

"Huddersfield To Travel." Moving geography?

It is rumoured that, in recognition of his achievement in taking three hundred wickets, the county town of Kent is to elect their leading bowler an honorary Freeman.

"Our Stationmaster, Mr. —, has been transferred to 'pastures new in the North-Western Karroo.'—Cape paper.... If he hopes to find any pastures there he is an optimist.

The eminent actor was puzzled to decide on a name for his new suburban home. There were already The Oaks, The Cedars, and The Elms in the road; and in a flash of inspiration the mummer decided on—The Limes.

"The firm of Messrs. Arthur Hime and Co. were this afternoon appointed solicitors to the City Council at a remuneration of £350 per annum.... The appointment will not preclude the firm from private practice," news report.... The last sentence is reassuring, £29 3s. 4d. a month being hardly an exciting living wage for a whole firm of solicitors.

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**CLASSIFIED
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Twenty-five words three insertions prepaid \$1. Every additional word four cents for three insertions.

TO LET.

TO LET—Offices to be let in Queen's Road, Central. Apply to E. D. SASSOON & Co., Ltd., French Building.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

YOUR VISITING CARDS neatly and promptly printed.—"China Mail" Office, No. 3a, Wyndham St., Telephone Central 22.

LAMMERT BROS.

AUCTIONEERS, APPRAISERS
AND SURVEYORS.

Public Auctions.

THE Undersigned have received instructions to sell by Public Auction

ON

MONDAY, 17th December, 1928, commencing at 10.30 a.m., at No. 36A, Queen's Road, Central (opposite Queen's Theatre).

A Fine Assortment of
SILK GOODS

Comprising:—
Printed Silk, Stripe Fuji Silk, Pongee Silk, Flower Silk, Mandarin Coats and Skirts, Embroidered Shawls, Printed Shawls and Scarves, Lady's Pyjamas, Gentlemen's Socks, Cotton Pyjamas Suit, Silk Gowns and Stockings, Sundry Fancy Goods, etc., etc.,

on the same day, at 3.00 p.m.
SHOP FURNITURE.

Comprising:—
Glass Show Cases, Glass Counters, Mirrors, Shop Fittings, etc.

On View from Saturday, the 15th December, 1928.

LAMMERT BROS.
Auctioneers

Hong Kong, 8th Dec., 1928.

THE Undersigned have received instructions to sell by Public Auction

ON

TUESDAY, 18th December, 1928, commencing at 2.30 p.m., at their Sales Room, Duddell Street.

A Large Assortment of
TOYS.

Aluminium Tea Sets, Dressed Dolls, Sico Dolls, Furniture Sets, Stockings, Rubber Balls, Cricket Balls, Games, Mechanical Toys, Xmas Tree Decorations, Crackers, Paper Flags, etc., etc.,

also
A Quantity of
British Confectionery
(Suitable for Presents).

On View from Monday, the 17th December, 1928.

Terms:—Cash on Delivery.

LAMMERT BROS.
Auctioneers

Hong Kong, 14th Dec., 1928.

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NOTICES.**FANLING HUNT
Steeplechases.**

SATURDAY, 22nd December.
First Race 3 p.m.

Admission to Public Enclosure \$1.00
(Soldiers and Sailors in uniform half price).

Cars parked on course \$10.00 each.
Special train leaves Kowloon 1.50 p.m.
Returns 5.40 p.m.

First class return fare including admission to Public Enclosure \$2.00.

Free parking for cars.

REPULSE BAY HOTEL.

New Year's Eve Carnival.

THE MANAGEMENT begs to notify that no further reservations can be made for the above function.
Available accommodation being fully reserved.

HONG KONG & SHANGHAI
HOTELS, LTD.
Hong Kong, 14th Dec., 1928.

PUBLIC BAND CONCERT.

A Public Band Concert will be given in the

BOTANIC GARDENS
on SUNDAY, December 16th,
from 4 to 5.30 p.m.

By the Band of the
**KING'S OWN SCOTTISH
BORDERERS**

(By kind permission of Lt.-Col.
L. J. Comyn, C.M.G., D.S.O.
and Officers.)

Admission to Gardens free;
50 cents to Enclosure.
Special Chairs, 50 Cents extra.

**THE CHINA LIGHT AND POWER
COMPANY (1918), LIMITED.**

THE TENTH ORDINARY
YEARLY MEETING OF
SHAREHOLDERS will be held at
the Head Office of the Company,
St. George's Building, Chater Road,
Victoria, Hong Kong, on MONDAY,
the 24th day of DECEMBER, 1928,
at 11.30 o'clock in the forenoon, for
the purpose of receiving a Statement
of Accounts and the Report
of the Directors for the year ended
30th September, 1928, and electing
Directors and Auditors.
The TRANSFER BOOKS of the
Company will be CLOSED from
MONDAY, 17th DECEMBER, 1928,
until MONDAY, 24th DECEMBER,
1928, both days inclusive.

SHEWAN TOMES & CO.,
General Managers.
Hong Kong, 8th Dec., 1928.

**"CHINA" LADIES' HAIR DRESSING
SALOON.**

Head Office:—25, Des Voeux Road
Central, Tel. C. 6234.

First Branch:—
No. 5, D'Aguiar Street.
(For Ladies only)
(Telephone No. C. 6234)

Second Branch:—
No. 22, Queen's Road Central,
For Ladies & Gents.
(Rear Ground floor of
Kowloon Building).

Your Visit is cordially welcomed
when you will see that our Trained
Female Hair Dressers give you
every satisfaction.

Business Hours:—
8 a.m. to 7 p.m. on week days.
12 noon to 6 p.m. on Sundays.

CHURCH NOTICE.

A CHARGE OF ONE DOLLAR
IS MADE FOR ALL NOTICES
UNDER THIS HEADING

**ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL,
HONG KONG.**

Dec. 16, 3rd Sunday in Advent.
Holy Communion, 8 a.m.
Children's Service, 10 a.m.
Peak Sunday School, 10 a.m.
Matins, 11 a.m.
Preacher: The Dean.
Holy Communion, 12 noon.
Evensong, 6 p.m.
Preacher: The Rev. H. V. Koop.
Social Evening in Cathedral
Hall after Evensong.

**WESLEYAN METHODIST
CHURCH.**

Queen's Road East.

Sunday Service: Morning, 10.15
a.m.

Preacher: Rev. J. C. Knight

Subject: "Grace."

Evening: 6.00 p.m.

Preacher: Mr. A. H. Gardner.

Sailors' & Soldiers' Home

Arsenal Street.

Sunday, 3 p.m., Men's Bible Class.

8.15 p.m., Service Men's Hour.

Wednesday, 8.15 p.m., Gospel

Meeting for Service Men.

Sunday School at 3 p.m. at the

Church.

**ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH,
KOWLOON**

Dec. 16, 3rd Sunday in Advent.

8.15 a.m., Holy Communion.

10 a.m., Sunday School Service.

11 a.m., Morning Prayer & Ser-

mon.

Preacher: The Vicar.

2.45 p.m., Sunday Schools.

6 p.m., Evening Prayer & Ser-

mon.

Preacher: The Rev. J. J. Hodgins,

C.F.

Wednesday, December 19,

6 p.m., Evening Prayer and

Address.

Friday, Dec. 21, St. Thomas' Day.

7 a.m., Holy Communion.

**FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST,
SCIENTIST.**

[Branch of The Mother Church,
The First Church of Christ, Scientist,
1st in Boston, Mass., U.S.A.]

Macdonnell Road, below Bowen

Road Train Station.

Sunday Service, 11.15 a.m.

Subject: "God The Preserver Of

Man."

The Sunday School is held on

Sunday mornings at 10 o'clock.

Wednesday Evening Meeting at

5.30 o'clock.

Reading Room at above address,

open:—

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Reading Room

TO-DAY'S RADIO

BROADCAST BY
G.O.W.

ON 800 METRES

The following programme will
be broadcast to-day from the Gov-
ernment radio station on the Peak,
the wave-length being 800 metres.
The call sign of the station is
G.O.W.

11.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.—British
Official Wireless Press. Demonstration
Programme. Chinese and Euro-
pean Music.

1.48 p.m.—Weather Report.
6.30 p.m. to 6.30 p.m.—Demon-
stration Programme.

7.48 p.m.—Evening Weather Re-
port.

8 p.m. to 10.30 p.m.—Evening
Programme. (Columbia Records).
"Maritana Overture." Columbia
Symphony Orchestra.

"Petit Suite De Concert." Queen's
Hall Orchestra.

"Peer Gynt Suite." Queen's Hall
Orchestra.

"Farwell Blues." "My Gal Sal."
Charleston Chasers.

"In Waiting for Ships that never
Come In." "Joline." Tracy
Brown's Orchestra.

"Ten Little Miles from Town." "Out
of the Dawn." Paul Ash Dance
Orchestra.

"Little Log Cabin of Dreams."
"That's My Mammy."

The Radiolites.

"My Little Covered Waggon Pal."
"Moments with You." Eddie
Thomas Collegians.

"Tom Jones." Selections.

Grenadier Guards Band.

"Evensong." "The Storm." Organ
Solo by Pattman.

"Foolin' Time." "When the Moon
Comes." Les Reliance's Dance
Orchestra.

10 p.m.—British Official Wireless
Press.

"Sweet Lorraine." "If I can't have
You." Gerald Mark's Dance
Orchestra.

"Don't Wait Until the Lights are
Low." "You're a Real Sweet-
heart." Broadway Nite-lites.

"Cheerio." "One Step to Heaven."
The Radiolites.

"Song Hits." Organ Medley by
Quentin Maclean.

"Dream River." "All Day Long."
Francis Craig's Dance Orches-
tra.

"Beautiful Face have a Heart."
"Too Busy." Chickadee Club
Eskimos.

"Right out of Heaven." "Lady
Whippoorwill." Ben Selvin and
his Orchestra.

10.30 p.m.—Close Down.

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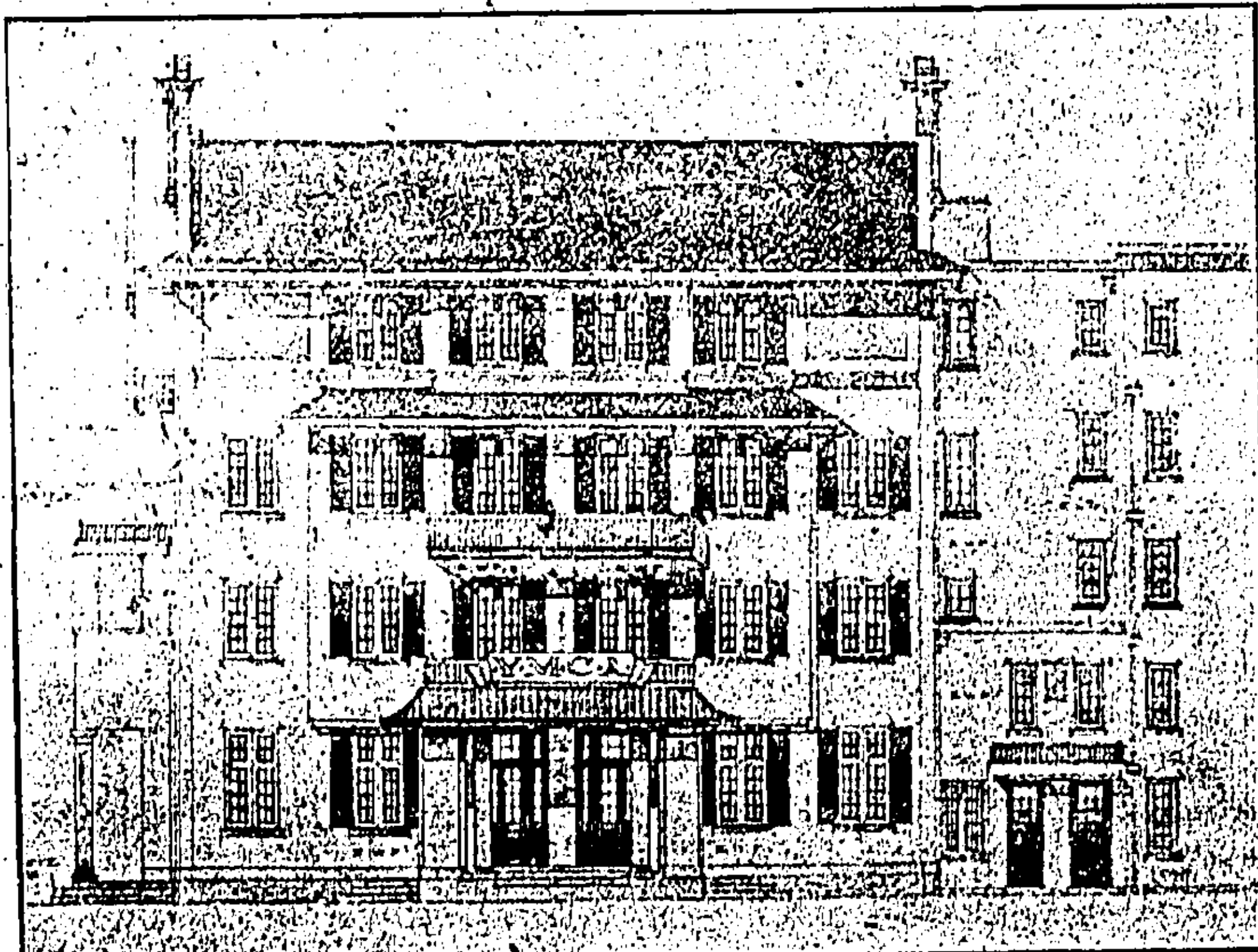
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NEW Y.M.C.A. IN KOWLOON.—Side elevation for the Yau-mat Branch of the
Chinese Y.M.C.A. the ground for which was recently "broken." The building will be
of four storeys, in reinforced concrete. Work ought to be finished by next August. It
is hoped to be occupied by Sept. 1, 1929.

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THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY,
THERAPION No. 1
THERAPION No. 2
THERAPION No. 3
No. 1 for Rheumatism, No. 2 for Gout, No. 3 for Hay Fever, No. 4 for Allergies, No. 5 for Skin Diseases, No. 6 for Chronic Wounds, No. 7 for Burns, No. 8 for Scalds, No. 9 for Frostbite, No. 10 for Sunburn, No. 11 for Insect Bites, No. 12 for Allergies, No. 13 for Hay Fever, No. 14 for Allergies, No. 15 for Skin Diseases, No. 16 for Chronic Wounds, No. 17 for Burns, No. 18 for Scalds, No. 19 for Frostbite, No. 20 for Sunburn, No. 21 for Insect Bites, No. 22 for Allergies, No. 23 for Hay Fever, No. 24 for Allergies, No. 25 for Skin Diseases, No. 26 for Chronic Wounds, No. 27 for Burns, No. 28 for Scalds, No. 29 for Frostbite, No. 30 for Sunburn, No. 31 for Insect Bites, No. 32 for Allergies, No. 33 for Hay Fever, No. 34 for Allergies, No. 35 for Skin Diseases, No. 36 for Chronic Wounds, No. 37 for Burns, No. 38 for Scalds, No. 39 for Frostbite, No. 40 for Sunburn, No. 41 for Insect Bites, No. 42 for Allergies, No. 43 for Hay Fever, No. 44 for Allergies, No. 45 for Skin Diseases, No. 46 for Chronic Wounds, No. 47 for Burns, No. 48 for Scalds, No. 49 for Frostbite, No. 50 for Sunburn, No. 51 for Insect Bites, No. 52 for Allergies, No. 53 for Hay Fever, No. 54 for Allergies, No. 55 for Skin Diseases, No. 56 for Chronic Wounds, No. 57 for Burns, No. 58 for Scalds, No. 59 for Frostbite, No. 60 for Sunburn, No. 61 for Insect Bites, No. 62 for Allergies, No. 63 for Hay Fever, No. 64 for Allergies, No. 65 for Skin Diseases, No. 66 for Chronic Wounds, No. 67 for Burns, No. 68 for Scalds, No. 69 for Frostbite, No. 70 for Sunburn, No. 71 for Insect Bites, No. 72 for Allergies, No. 73 for Hay Fever, No. 74 for Allergies, No. 75 for Skin Diseases, No. 76 for Chronic Wounds, No. 77 for Burns, No. 78 for Scalds, No. 79 for Frostbite, No. 80 for Sunburn, No. 81 for Insect Bites, No. 82 for Allergies, No. 83 for Hay Fever, No. 84 for Allergies, No. 85 for Skin Diseases, No. 86 for Chronic Wounds, No. 87 for Burns, No. 88 for Scalds, No. 89 for Frostbite, No. 90 for Sunburn, No. 91 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Allergies, No. 135 for Skin Diseases, No. 136 for Chronic Wounds, No. 137 for Burns, No. 138 for Scalds, No. 139 for Frostbite, No. 140 for Sunburn, No. 141 for Insect Bites, No. 142 for Allergies, No. 143 for Hay Fever, No. 144 for Allergies, No. 145 for Skin Diseases, No. 146 for Chronic Wounds, No. 147 for Burns, No. 148 for Scalds, No. 149 for Frostbite, No. 150 for Sunburn, No. 151 for Insect Bites, No. 152 for Allergies, No. 153 for Hay Fever, No. 154 for Allergies, No. 155 for Skin Diseases, No. 156 for Chronic Wounds, No. 157 for Burns, No. 158 for Scalds, No. 159 for Frostbite, No. 160 for Sunburn, No. 161 for Insect Bites, No. 162 for Allergies, No. 163 for Hay Fever, No. 164 for Allergies, No. 165 for Skin Diseases, No. 166 for Chronic Wounds, No. 167 for Burns, No. 168 for Scalds, No. 169 for Frostbite, No. 170 for Sunburn, No. 171 for Insect Bites, No. 172 for Allergies, No. 173 for Hay Fever, No. 174 for Allergies, No. 175 for Skin Diseases, No. 176 for Chronic Wounds, No. 177 for Burns, No. 178 for Scalds, No. 179 for Frostbite, No. 180 for Sunburn, No. 181 for Insect Bites, No. 182 for Allergies, No. 183 for Hay Fever, No. 184 for Allergies, No. 185 for Skin Diseases, No. 186 for Chronic Wounds, No. 187 for Burns, No. 188 for Scalds, No. 189 for Frostbite, No. 190 for Sunburn, No. 191 for Insect Bites, No. 192 for Allergies, No. 193 for Hay Fever, No. 194 for Allergies, No. 195 for Skin Diseases, No. 196 for Chronic Wounds, No. 197 for Burns, No. 198 for Scalds, No. 199 for Frostbite, No. 200 for Sunburn, No. 201 for Insect Bites, No. 202 for Allergies, No. 203 for Hay Fever, No. 204 for Allergies, No. 205 for Skin Diseases, No. 206 for Chronic Wounds, No. 207 for Burns, No. 208 for Scalds, No. 209 for Frostbite, No. 210 for Sunburn, No. 211 for Insect Bites, No. 212 for Allergies, No. 213 for Hay Fever, No. 214 for Allergies, No. 215 for Skin Diseases, No. 216 for Chronic Wounds, No. 217 for Burns, No. 218 for Scalds, No. 219 for Frostbite, No. 220 for Sunburn, No. 221 for Insect Bites, No

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SEA AND DANUBE PORTS.
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BRINDISI, VENICE & TRIESTE £72.10.0
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OUTWARDS FOR SHANGHAI, YOKOHAMA, KOBE & MOJI.

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S.S. "TIMAVO" Sails hence on/or about 22nd Feb.

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TENYO MARU Wednesday, 23rd January.
KOREA MARU Wednesday, 6th February.
LONDON, MARSEILLES, ANTWERP, ROTTERDAM via
Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Suez.
KAMO MARU Saturday, 15th December.
KATOKI MARU Saturday, 20th December.
SYDNEY & MELBOURNE via Manila & Ports.
SADO MARU Wednesday, 19th December.
AKI MARU Wednesday, 23rd January.
BOMBAY via Singapore, Penang, & Colombo.
NAGATO MARU Thursday, 27th December.
SOUTH AMERICA (West Coast) via Japan, Honolulu, Los Angeles,
Mexico & Panama.
GINYO MARU Tuesday, 18th December.
SOUTH AMERICA (East Coast) via Singapore, Cape Town & Ports.
KAMAKURA MARU Saturday, 5th January.
NEW YORK via PANAMA.
TAKAOKA MARU Monday, 31st December.
TATSUNO MARU Saturday, 19th January.
LIVERPOOL via Port Said, Genoa, Marseilles.
DAKAR MARU Friday, 21st December.
CALCUTTA via Singapore, Penang & Rangoon.
MORIOKA MARU Sunday, 16th December.
RANGOON MARU Saturday, 29th December.
SHANGHAI, KOBE & YOKOHAMA.
HAKODATE MARU (Kobe direct) Tuesday, 18th December.
DELAGODA MARU Wednesday, 19th December.
HAKONE MARU Monday, 24th December.

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O. S. K.

SAILINGS FROM HONG KONG SUBJECT TO ALTERATION.

LONDON, HAMBURG, ROTTERDAM & ANTWERP—Via Singapore
Colombo, Suez and Port Said.
ALTAI MARU Monday, 7th January.
RIO DE JANEIRO, SANTOS & BUENOS AIRES—Via Saigon, Singapore,
Colombo, Durban & Cape Town.
MANILA MARU Saturday, 20th December.
BOMBAY—Via Singapore & Colombo.
INDUS MARU Thursday, 20th December.
SHUNKO MARU Thursday, 3rd January.
DURBAN, LOURENCO MARQUES, BEIRA, DAR-ES-SALAAM, ZANZIBAR
& MOMBASA—Via Singapore & Colombo.
MEXICO MARU Sunday, 5th January.
CALCUTTA—Via Singapore, Penang & Rangoon.
TACOMA MARU (Omits Penang) Wednesday, 2nd January.
VICTORIA, SEATTLE, TACOMA & VANCOUVER—Via Japan Ports From
Shanghai.
ARIZONA MARU Tuesday, 18th December.
MELOUBOURNE—Via Manila, Brisbane & Sydney.
BURMA MARU Saturday, 5th January.
SAIGON.
HAIPHONG—Via Hanoi.
MENADO MARU Thursday, 20th December 10 a.m.
NEW YORK—Via Japan ports, San Francisco & Panama.
HAWAII MARU Sunday, 6th January.
JAPAN PORTS.
ATLAS MARU Saturday, 15th December.
BATAVIA MARU Thursday, 20th December.
KEELUNG—Via SWATOW & AMOY.
HOZAN MARU Sunday, 16th December Noon.
CANTON MARU Sunday, 23rd December Noon.
TAKAO—Via SWATOW & AMOY.
DELI MARU Thursday, 27th December 10 a.m.
TAKAO & KEELUNG.
BATAVIA MARU Thursday, 20th December.
For further particulars please apply to—OSAKA SHOSHEN KAISHA.
Tel. Central No. 4088, 4089, 4090. M. TAKUCHI, Manager.



SHIPPING SECTION.

SAFETY AT SEA

DANGERS OF WOODEN HATCH COVERS
FOR THE STEEL TYPE

[A. C. Hardy, B.Sc., A.M.I.N.A.]
Most thinking students of ships and shipping are agreed that the most obsolete part of a modern ship is to be found in the hatch covers. Especially is the thought pertinent at this time of the year, when ships founder in heavy weather through loss of their wooden hatch covers in heavy seas. Lots of people have had things to say about wooden covers, many have good ideas for patent hatches, but the fact remains that, with few exceptions, shipowners seem to prefer to keep to the old style of hatch.

It is unquestionable that the continued use of wooden hatch covers on certain types of ships and particularly on well decked steamers of short sea service class results in casualties every winter. A number of experts have definitely gone on record as agreeing with this fact. Yet very few attempts are made to do anything which will supplant the wooden hatch cover. It is incorrect to put this down to lethargy on the part of the shipping world, nor is it right to condemn the wooden hatch cover out of hand as something handed down from the mediaeval ages of shipping. The wooden hatch cover is unsafe, it is neither storm proof nor pilfer proof; its beams and boards cumber the deck when the ship is loading or discharging. Those same beams and boards waste valuable time when being placed in position again. Why do we still build ships with wooden hatches?

The Objection to the Steel Cover.
The natural answer to this question is, what is the alternative. The alternative is a steel cover. The objection to the steel cover is that it is heavy, that it requires large powerful winches to lift it, and that when the cover is raised it obstructs the view of the men working the winches. All these criticisms are admissible, but surely the only one which bears real weight with the bulk freighter (and colliers come largely into the casualty list through loss of hatch covers) is the question of weight. The pure bulk freighter does not ordinarily use winches. And still without taking sides in any way, let us remember that the United States—which has probably as much experience as any country in the world in the operation of specialised bulk freighters both on her coasts and on the Great Lakes—has very largely taken up the use of the all metal hatch covers. Even American oil tankers built abroad occasionally have steel covers to their dry cargo hold. And surely this is a very wise precaution, especially when such a hatch is situated at the break of the forecastle and likely to get almost the full force of any heavy waves coming aboard. Perhaps the most classic examples of big steel hatch covers are to be found on the big 20,000-ton d.w. ore carriers "Svealand" and "Amerikaland," which run between Sparrows Point, Maryland and Cruz, Grande, Chile. The big hatch covers to their ore holds are of steel-plate construction, semi-circular on either side of a common centre line. These open upwards, and provide facility for operation of grab buckets for rapid unloading at the terminals. These covers—heavy and of steel though they are—are lifted by ordinary hemp tackle with the aid of electric winches, one winch for each pair of hatches. All the covers can be raised in about 10 minutes. There is no encumbrance of hatch beams or covers on the deck, the hatch covers are clear of the hold entrance and out of everyone's way until cargo handling is completed. A few minutes and a little careful operation allow them to be lowered into position again.

In Heavy Seas.
Water tightness is obtained by clamping down on thick rubber pads about 4½ in. wide and 1½ in. thick round the edge of the hatch cover. Bolts fitting into cleats on the hatch make it possible to screw the covers down tightly. With the strength of the steel cover there is no danger of hatches being stove in by heavy seas, however severe the pounding. With the tightness round the edges there is no possibility of cargo damage of any kind.

Such hatches are criticised for application to cargo vessels carrying case, package, or grain cargo on the grounds that they are too cumbersome. There is a certain justification for the criticism as has been mentioned on the grounds

that the upstanding height of the openhatch covers would interfere with the ordinary derricks and winches. On the other hand it is possible, with modern practice, to consider other arrangements of derricks and winches. Certain lumber carriers on the Pacific North West Coast, for instance, a number of modern cargo ships with electric winches, have their derricks and winches raised, the space under the winch platforms being encased to form housings for the electrical resistances and controllers, an arrangement which protects motors and electrical gear from many a swamping at sea, and gives the winchman a very old-fashioned Mersey-side concern, and the new member is the retiring Mayor of Bootle. He was educated at the Merchant Taylors' School, Great Crosby. He entered the Bootle Town Council in 1920, and is a member of the Bootle Borough Hospital Committee. His knowledge of the timber trade should prove of value to the Board. Previous representatives of this trade on the Board were the late Mr. C. E. Paynter and Mr. J. H. Burrell.

Then, too, have we ever seriously explored the possibility of remote control of winches? With electrical winches, it doesn't matter, within reason, where you put the winch controls. With steel hatch covers, and winches well clear of the deck, is there any special reason why an "auxiliary" winch control should not be placed at the ship's side?

A Hundred Years Ago
It would surely seem that this matter of ships' hatches is of sufficient importance to warrant every attention being paid to it. It is admitted that the wooden hatch is very little different now from what it was even a hundred years ago. And yet with all the ingenuity now applied to ship construction, it seems "strange" that ship after ship is built with nothing but wooden hatch covers. Even unique sliding steel covers suggested in an article which inspired this note will probably be regarded in quite a disinterested manner by the marine fraternity. Sliding steel hatch covers, be it noted, have been used on the large Great Lakes bulk freighters for some years. With their large hatch areas and quick loading and discharging rates wooden hatches would be an impossibility. Slowness of loading and discharging coal in Britain is one of the big factors militating against its use in the eyes of the modern shipowner.

Finally it is interesting to recall the Court of Inquiry finding into the loss of the collier "Hartley," a new ship which foundered in the Channel "due to the tarpaulins covering No. 3 hatchway becoming damaged by the heavy water shipped on board, and the washing away of the wooden hatch covers, thus opening the hatchway to the sea."
On passenger liners and on short service passenger vessels, there is no reason to-day why wooden hatch covers should be used. The extra cost of the steel watertight hatch over the wooden hatch with its beams and boards is not appreciable.
An arrangement successfully applied, in conjunction with all steel covers, to a batch of modern colliers built for the Australian trade by Messrs. William Gray and Co. Ltd., Hartlepool. Here, the hatch covers hinge away from the winches on special steel structures.

PULVERISED FUEL

WARSHIPS LOANED FOR EXPERIMENTS

The attitude of the Admiralty in the matter of experiments with pulverised fuel is explained in the following official announcement:—
"Misleading statements having appeared in the Press regarding the Admiralty attitude towards experiments with pulverised fuel, it is necessary to state the facts. The Admiralty are fully aware of the importance to the country of the development of the use of this fuel, but so far as the special requirements of warships are concerned there is little probability that pulverised fuel will ever be able to replace oil fuel.
"The Admiralty are not, therefore, themselves carrying out any experiments in the use of the fuel, but have viewed as sympathetically as possible any applications made to them to facilitate the experiments which are being carried out in other quarters with a view to developing its use by merchant vessels. The Admiralty have expressed their willingness to lend H.M.S. "Hollyhook" to the Department of Industrial Scientific Research for experimental purposes, and recently, in response to an application from the Royal Powder Fuel System Limited, have offered this company also the loan of a surplus ship, H.M.S. "Maidstone," which was originally designed as a coal-burning merchant vessel."

MERSEY DOCKS

AND THE HARBOUR BOARD
THE NEW MEMBER

"The Journal of Commerce" understands that at the next meeting of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, the Board will proceed with the election of a member in the place of Mr. William Smellie, who has resigned his seat on the Board through ill-health, after having served for 13 years, during which period he did valuable work on the Board. The new member will be Mr. Edmund Gardner, managing director of Messrs. Joseph Gardner and Sons, Ltd., hardwood and timber merchants of Peel-road, Sanfield-place, and Marsh-lane, Bootle, and Crosby-road, Seaford. Messrs. Joseph Gardner and Sons, Ltd., is a very old-established Merseyside concern, and the new member is the retiring Mayor of Bootle. He was educated at the Merchant Taylors' School, Great Crosby. He entered the Bootle Town Council in 1920, and is a member of the Bootle Borough Hospital Committee. His knowledge of the timber trade should prove of value to the Board. Previous representatives of this trade on the Board were the late Mr. C. E. Paynter and Mr. J. H. Burrell.

MOVEMENTS OF STEAMERS

The C.P.S. R.M.S. "Empress of Canada" arrived at Colombo on Thursday at 6 a.m., left Colombo at 4 p.m., and is due at Port Said to-day at 6 p.m.

The C.P.S. R.M.S. "Empress of France" from Hong Kong on Nov. 28, left Yokohama on Thursday, and is due at Vancouver to-day.

The Ben Line s.s. "Benary" from Europe, Straits and Philippines is due to arrive here to-morrow.

The P. & O. s.s. "Tresillian" left Singapore for this port on Tuesday at 6.30 a.m., and is due here on Monday at about noon.

The B.L. s.s. "Gazania" left Singapore for this port on Dec. 11 afternoon, and is due here on Dec. 18 morning.

The C.P.S. R.M.S. "Empress of Asia" is due at Hong Kong on Dec. 20 at 8 p.m.

The M.V. s.s. "Ceylon" (Swedish East Asiatic Co. Ltd.), left Dunkirk on Nov. 15, and is due here on or about Dec. 24.

CONSIGNEES' NOTICES.

Consignees of Cargo ex s.s. "City of Lahore" are reminded to take delivery of their goods which will be subject to rent after Dec. 16.
Consignees of Cargo ex s.s. "Benrines" are reminded to take delivery of their goods which will be subject to rent after Dec. 18.
Consignees of Cargo ex M.V. "Romolo" are reminded to take delivery of their goods which will be subject to rent after Dec. 18.

The prohibition of the entry of vessels into the harbour of Amoy, Fukien province, between the hours of 7 p.m. and 5 a.m., has been provisionally withdrawn.

H.M.S. "Bluebell" sailed yesterday from Keelung to Taku.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE ACROSS THE PACIFIC.
TO VICTORIA & VANCOUVER.

17 Days Hongkong-Vancouver, 14 Days Shanghai-Vancouver.
11 Days Kobe-Vancouver, 9 Days Yokohama-Vancouver.

SAILINGS 1929.

STEAMERS	Leave Hong Kong	Leave Shanghai	Leave Kobe	Leave Yokohama	Arrive Vancouver
EMPRESS OF RUSSIA	Jan. 9	Jan. 12	Jan. 15	Jan. 17	Jan. 28
EMPRESS OF ASIA	Jan. 23	Jan. 26	Jan. 29	Jan. 31	Feb. 9
EMPRESS OF FRANCE	Feb. 13	Feb. 16	Feb. 19	Feb. 21	Mar. 2
EMPRESS OF RUSSIA	Mar. 6	Mar. 9	Mar. 12	Mar. 14	Mar. 23
EMPRESS OF ASIA	Mar. 20	Mar. 23	Mar. 26	Mar. 28	Apr. 6
EMPRESS OF FRANCE	Apr. 10	Apr. 13	Apr. 16	Apr. 18	Apr. 27
EMPRESS OF RUSSIA	May 1	May 4	May 7	May 9	May 18
EMPRESS OF ASIA	May 15	May 18	May 21	May 23	June 1
EMPRESS OF FRANCE	June 5	June 8	June 11	June 13	June 22
EMPRESS OF RUSSIA	June 20	June 23	June 26	June 28	July 7
EMPRESS OF ASIA	July 10	July 13	July 16	July 18	July 27

(E/Asia and E/Russia call at Nagasaki the day after departure from Shanghai.)
Atlantic sailings from Montreal and Quebec every few days to Liverpool, Southampton, Glasgow, Antwerp, Cherbourg and Hamburg.

HONG KONG—MANILA SERVICE.

Leave Hong Kong	Arrive Manila	Leave Manila	Arrive Hong Kong
Dec. 21	Dec. 23	EMPRESS OF ASIA	Dec. 24
Jan. 11	Jan. 13	EMPRESS OF FRANCE	Jan. 13

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Freight and Express: Tel. C. 42 Cables: "NAUTILUS."

BRITISH WUCHOW LINE

SAILING DATES FOR DECEMBER, 1928 (subject to change).
DEPARTURE HOURS: Hong Kong 5.30 p.m., Wuchow 2.00 p.m.

S.S. "TAI HING" S.S. "TAI MING"

[1,068 tons—Capt. O. B. Wilks.] [649 tons—Capt. G. J. Spink.]

DECEMBER.	DECEMBER.
SUN. 16th WED. 26th	TUES. 18th SAT. 29th
FRI. 21st MON. 31st	SUN. 23rd

Regular Service of Fast, High Class River Steamers Having Good Accommodation for First Class Passengers. Electric Light and Fans in State-rooms and Saloon. The s.s. "Tai Hing" is fitted with Wireless. These vessels leave Hong Kong for Wuchow (via Shanghai, Shihing, Tientsin & Beijing) and return to Hong Kong (via same ports) every five days.

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UNITED KINGDOM & CONTINENT ELLERMAN LINE

S.S. "CITY OF LAHORE" ... London, Rotterdam, Amsterdam & Hamburg 9th January.

S.S. "CITY OF MADRAS" ... London, Rotterdam, Amsterdam & Hamburg 9th February.

* Passenger Steamer:—Fares to London—1st Class £80, 2nd Class £55.

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S.S. "ELMBANK" via Suez Canal 15th February.

MAURITIUS & SOUTH AFRICA ORIENTAL AFRICAN LINE

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THE BANK LINE, LTD.

P. & O.-British India Apcar and Eastern & Australian Lines

(COMPANIES incorporated in ENGLAND).

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WEST INDIES, MAURITIUS, EAST AND SOUTH AFRICA,
AUSTRALASIA, INCLUDING NEW ZEALAND AND
QUEENSLAND PORTS, AND RED SEA, EGYPT,
CONSTANTINOPLE, GREECE, LEVANTINE
PORTS, EUROPE, &c.

PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL FORTNIGHTLY
DIRECT ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS.
(Under Contract with H.M. Government.)

S. S.	Tons	From Hong Kong About	Destination
NALDERA	10,068	22nd Dec. 1928	Bombay, Marseilles & London.
MANTUA	10,046	5th Jan. 1929	Bombay, Marseilles & London.
KALYAN	9,144	19th Jan.	Marseilles, London & Hull.
*ALIPORE	5,273	24th Jan.	Straits, Colombo & Bombay.
MOREA	10,053	2nd Feb.	Bombay, Marseilles & London.
*KIDDERPORE	5,334	7th Feb.	Straits, Colombo & Bombay.
KASIGAR	9,005	16th Feb.	Marseilles, London & Hull.

*Cargo only.

Frequent connection from Port Said for Passengers and Cargo to Constantinople, Piræus, Smyrna and other Levant Ports by steamers of the Khedival Mail Steamship Co.

BRITISH INDIA-APCAR SAILINGS.

TALAMBA	8,018	24th Dec. 1928	Singapore, Penang & Calcutta.
TALMA	10,000	6th Jan.	Singapore, Penang & Calcutta.
SANTHIA	7,754	20th Jan.	Singapore, Penang & Calcutta.
TILAWA	10,006	5th Feb.	Singapore, Penang & Calcutta.
TAKLIWA	7,036	19th Feb.	Singapore, Penang & Calcutta.
TAKADA	6,945	18th Feb.	Singapore, Penang & Calcutta.

B.I. Apcar Line steamers have excellent accommodation for 1st and 2nd class passengers. All steamers are fitted with wireless and carry a qualified surgeon.

EASTERN & AUSTRALIAN SAILINGS (South).

*ST. ALBANS	4,500	28th Dec. 1928	Manila, Sandakan, Thursday Island, Townsville, Brisbane, Sydney & Melbourne.
ARAFURA	6,000	1st Feb.	
TANDA	6,966	1st Mar.	

*Calls Port Holland, omits Sandakan.

Regular monthly sailings from Hong Kong to Japan and Hong Kong to Australia.

The P. & O. S.S. Co., Ltd., steamers will also call at Shanghai, Hanoi, Cebu, Kolambagan, Tawau, Timor, Darwin, or other ports en route as indicated on the list.

Frequent connections from Australia with the following:—
The Union S.S. Company's steamers to the United Kingdom via New Zealand, Vancouver, San Francisco, etc.

The P. & O. Royal Mail steamers to London via Suez Canal.
The P. & O. Branch Service of steamers to London via the Cape.
The New Zealand Shipping Company's steamers for Southampton and London via Panama Canal.

SAILINGS TO SHANGHAI & JAPAN.

*TRESILLIAN	5,284	17th Dec.	S'hai, Moji, Kobe & Yokohama.
*GAZANA	5,284	20th Dec.	Amoy, Moji, Kobe & Osaka.
KALYAN	9,144	21st Dec.	S'hai, Moji, Kobe & Yokohama.
*ALIPORE	5,273	1st Jan.	Amoy, Moji, Kobe & Osaka.
SANTHIA	7,754	2nd Jan.	S'hai, Moji, Kobe & Yokohama.
MOREA	10,053	4th Jan.	S'hai, Moji, Kobe & Yokohama.
*KIDDERPORE	5,334	7th Jan.	Amoy, Moji, Kobe & Osaka.
ARAFURA	6,000	18th Jan.	Amoy, Moji, Kobe & Osaka.
TILAWA	10,006	13th Jan.	S'hai, Moji, Kobe & Yokohama.
KASIGAR	9,005	18th Jan.	S'hai, Moji, Kobe & Yokohama.
*PADUA	5,007	18th Jan.	S'hai, Moji, Kobe & Yokohama.
TAKLIWA	7,036	20th Jan.	Amoy, Moji, Kobe & Osaka.

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P. & O. Building, Connaught Rd. C., HONG KONG. Agents.

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SAILINGS FROM HONG KONG.

S.S. "EUMAEUS"	Via Suez Canal	11th January
S.S. "AUTOLYCHUS"	Via Suez Canal	8th February

Steamers proceed via Suez Canal or Panama Canal at Owners' Option.

Subject to change without notice.

For Freight and particulars apply to:—

BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE or THE BANK LINE, LTD., Hong Kong.
Hong Kong & Canton: JARDINE MATHESON & CO., LTD., Canton.

H.K.A.A. ANNUAL

MOTORISTS' DINNER AND DANCE

GRAND TATTOO PRIZES

Mrs. E. D. C. Wolfe, M.B.E. (wife of the Captain Superintendent of Police), at the annual dinner dance of the Hong Kong Automobile Association in the Peninsula Hotel last night, distributed the prizes won in the recent Grand Tattoo, as follows:—

Trade entries.—1. The Standard Oil Co. of New York (a clock). 2. Messrs. A. Lung & Co. (two alabaster lamps). 3. The Asiatic Petroleum Co. (a clock).

Private cars.—1. Mr. R. C. Ham (a statuette).
Motor-cycles.—1. Sincere Co., Ltd. (an alabaster lamp). 2. Mr. P. Sands (a clock).

Empire car.—The following ladies who took various roles received cut-glass articles: Miss Barbara Walker (Britannia), Miss Essie Rose (Australia), Miss Phyllis Capell (Canada), Miss Yvonne Kelly (South Africa), Mrs. K. S. Pavri (India), and Miss Violet Capell (organiser).

Dutch car.—The following ladies each received a pair of silver Dutch shoes: Mrs. M. Van Heurn, Mrs. V. Keyser, Mrs. J. Van Nieuwenhuysen, Mrs. M. de Bruyn, Mrs. C. Ramondt, Mrs. R. de Vries, and Mrs. L. Wierink.

President's Speech
The attendance numbered 360, those present spending a very enjoyable evening in the new, luxurious surroundings. Mr. P. M. Hodgson (the President), who proposed a vote of thanks to Mrs. Wolfe, delivered the following speech:—

It is customary for the President of this Association to make a speech at the annual dinner dance. I am told I must conform to the custom.

It is very encouraging to see so many members and their friends present to-night. We may be proud of the fact that this is the first public dinner dance held in the hall-room of this beautiful hotel although I understand that upon the night of the opening of the hotel last Tuesday a dance was held in this room but that it was merely to train the "boys," a rehearsal for the band and the means of polishing the floor for us. (Laughter)

"Easiest Task"
I must be brief to-night as we have something else to do, namely, to present the prizes awarded for the best and most cleverly decorated cars in the Tattoo procession.

The judges had great difficulty in coming to a decision to whom to award these prizes owing to the general excellence of the exhibits. I think the Empire car stood out but as this was put in by this Association it did not compete for a prize.

[Mr. Hodgson then referred to the awards in each class.]

The easiest task your Committee had was in selecting some one to present these prizes as no one more suited could have been chosen than the wife of the Captain Superintendent of Police—Mrs. Wolfe—who has graciously consented to do so. (Applause)

This is a happy choice as this Association is always in close and friendly touch with the Police and most members come in contact with the Traffic Department at one time or another—some of you perhaps unwillingly. I am sure you will agree with me, however, that the officers of the Traffic Department are always civil and courteous and I can vouch for the fact that many reports made are overlooked and put into the waste-paper basket.

All Important
Those that do come before the Courts are usually admitted cases of breach of the regulations.

Traffic regulation is all important and we should assist and be grateful. We must also thank the Public Works Department for the general upkeep of the roads which makes motoring in this Colony so pleasant but I want you not to forget the work done behind the scenes by this Association which is of the utmost benefit to one and all both individually and collectively. Every man and woman in this Colony owing a car ought to be a member of this Association.

Before calling upon Mrs. Wolfe to present the prizes, I should like to express this Association's appreciation of the very hard work put in by Mr. C. M. Manners who organized the Tattoo procession so successfully. (Applause)

Before Mr. Justice Deane in the Supreme Court, Singapore, Teo Hoo Lye was successful in his application for possession of the Royal English School premises, occupied by the principal and founder, Mr. F. Neelankavil. His Lordship made an order for possession to be handed over as from December 1 this year and for payment of double rent as from October 1 last. By this decision, it is understood over 800 pupils will be deprived of school premises.

TRAVEL SERVICE.

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NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES.

M.V. "ROMOLO"

From Trieste, Venice, Brindisi, Port Said, Massana, Aden, Karachi, Colombo, Penang and Singapore.

CONSIGNEES of Cargo are hereby informed that all Goods are being landed at their risk into the Godowns of the Hong Kong and Kowloon Wharf & Godown Company, Ltd., at Kowloon, whence and/or from the wharves delivery may be obtained.

Optional Cargo will be forwarded unless notice to the contrary be given before 12th instant.

No claims will be admitted after the Goods have left the Godown, and all Goods remaining undelivered after the 18th inst. will be subject to rent.

All claims against the vessel must be presented to the undersigned on or before the 27th inst. or they will not be recognised.

All broken, chafed, and damaged Goods are to be left in the Godowns, where they will be examined on the 18th inst. at 10 a.m. by our surveyors, Messrs. Goddard & Douglas.

No Fire Insurance has been effected.

Bills of Lading will be countersigned by

DODWELL & CO., LTD., Agents.

Hong Kong, 12th Dec. 1928.

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES.

THE BEN LINE STEAMERS, LIMITED.

From MIDDLESBRO', LONDON, & STRAITS.

THE Steamship.

"BENRINNES"

CONSIGNEES of Cargo are hereby informed that all Goods are being landed at their risk into the Godowns of the Hongkong and Kowloon Wharf & Godown Co., Ltd., whence and/or from the wharves delivery may be obtained.

No claims will be admitted after the Goods have left the Godowns, and all Goods remaining undelivered after the 18th inst. will be subject to rent.

All claims against the vessel must be presented to the undersigned on or before the 1st January, 1929, or they will not be recognised.

All broken, chafed and damaged Goods are to be left in the Godowns, where they will be examined on the 17th inst. at 10 a.m. by Messrs. Goddard & Douglas.

No Fire Insurance has been effected.

Bills of Lading will be countersigned by

GIBB, LIVINGSTON & CO., LTD., Agents.

Hong Kong, 10th Dec. 1928.

In the course of further evidence at the inquest in Tientsin on Mrs. Villiers, Dr. John Colbert, an American, stated that he had treated her on three or four occasions for poisoning, such as opium and veronal. With reference to his visit on the day she was taken to hospital he said:—"I saw Mrs. Villiers soon after midday in a semi-comatose condition from which I was able to arouse her upon pressure of the super-optic nerve. She then spoke intelligently to me. In reply to a question from me she told me that she was up to her old tricks and that she wanted to end it all. I examined her pulse and found it very weak. I gave her an injection of strychnine. Her breathing was rather shallow and the pupils of her eyes slightly contracted. Knowing that she smoked opium regularly, I concluded her condition to be attributed to opium smoking. I had before on two or three occasions seen her in the same condition and upon recovering she had always told me that she had smoked one pipe too many." The inquest was again adjourned.

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The Sunlight Belt via Honolulu

Fortnightly sailings on Tuesday

Pres. Madison Dec. 18th at Noon

Pres. Jackson Jan. 1st

Pres. McKinley Jan. 15th

Pres. Grant Jan. 25th

Pres. Pierce Jan. 1st

Pres. Taft Jan. 15th

Pres. Jefferson Jan. 1st

Pres. Lincoln Jan. 1st

Pres. Hayes Jan. 27th 8 a.m.

Pres. Polk Feb. 10th 8 a.m.

Pres. Adams Feb. 24th 8 a.m.

Pres. Monroe Dec. 18th 8 a.m.

Pres. Wilson Dec. 30th 8 a.m.

Pres. Van Buren Jan. 13th 8 a.m.

Pres. Pierce Dec. 18th 6 p.m.

Pres. Jackson Dec. 22nd 6 p.m.

Pres. Taft Jan. 1st 6 p.m.

Pres. Grant Jan. 19th 6 p.m.

For Bookings, Passenger and Freight Information apply to

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CANTON BRANCH—No. 4, Sha Kuo Street.

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WEEKLY SAILINGS.

Next Sailing 15th Dec. for Kwongchowwan.

S.S. "WINGLEE"

CAPTAIN F. SMITH

and European Officers.

First class Passenger accommodation, Fans, Electric Lights

in every stateroom, Baths Hot and Cold, Excellent Cuisine.

The Round trip takes one week.

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Queen's Statue Pier.

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DAY and NIGHT.

MODERATE CHARGES.

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ENGINEERS and SHIPBUILDERS, BOILER MAKERS, BRASS and

IRON FOUNDERS. All work done in this establishment is guaranteed.

We have over thirty years' experience. We own two shipways and can

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Town Office: 64, Connaught Road Central, Hong Kong. Tel. Central No. 459.

Shipyard: Sham-Sui-Po, Kowloon, Hong Kong. Tel. Kowloon No. 9.

Estimates furnished on application.

Hong Kong, April 1, 1924.

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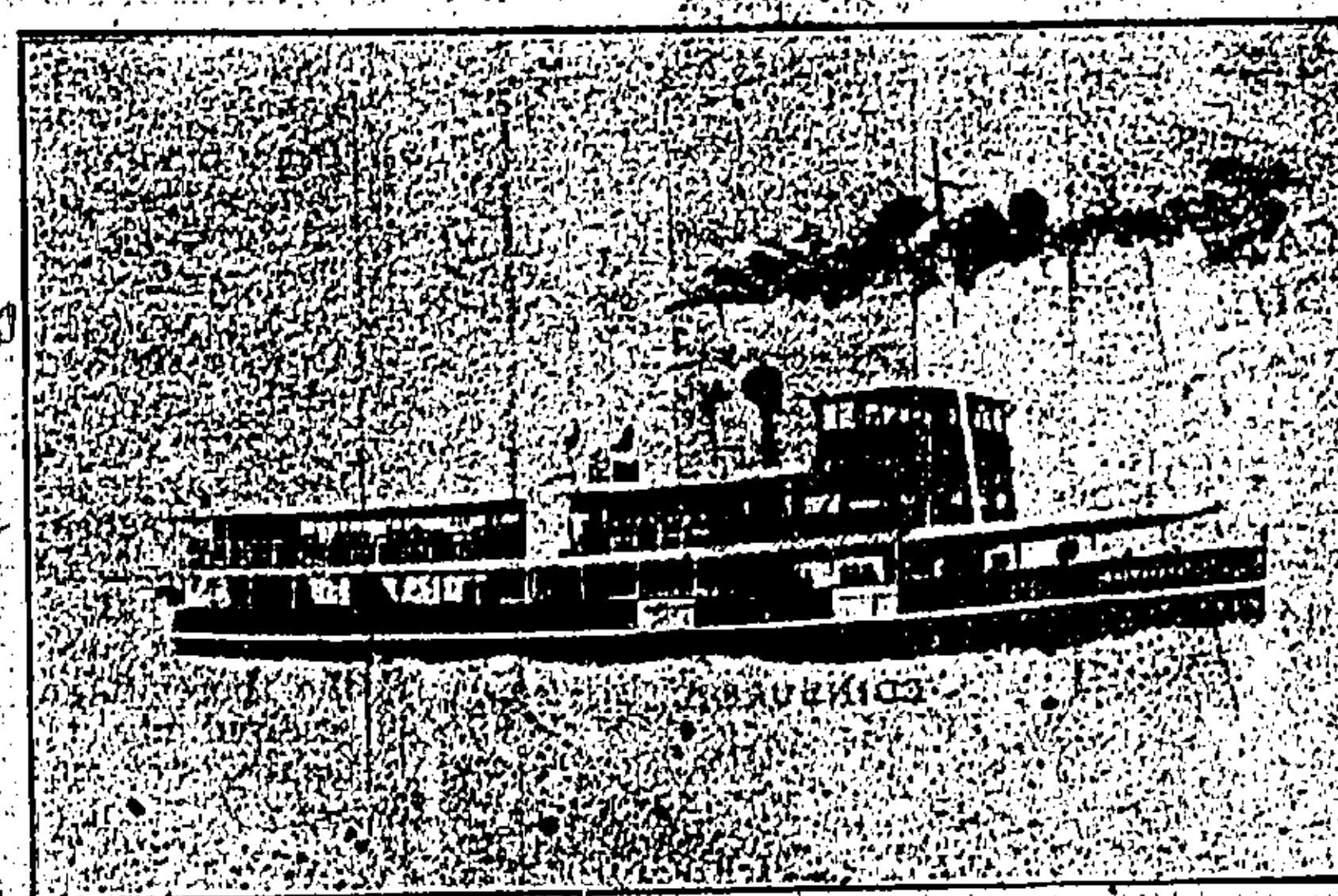
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Please address enquiries to the Chief Manager:

R. M. DYER, B.Sc., M.I.N.A., Kowloon Dock, Hong Kong.

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(COMPANIES incorporated in ENGLAND).

MAIL AND PASSENGER STEAMERS.

TAKING CARGO FOR

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PORTS, EUROPE, &c.

PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL FORTNIGHTLY
DIRECT ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS.
(Under Contract with H.M. Government.)

S. S.	Tons	From Hong Kong	Destination
NALDERA	16,086	22nd Dec.	Bombay, Marseilles & London.
MANTUA	16,946	5th Jan.	Bombay, Marseilles & London.
KALYAN	9,144	19th Jan.	Marseilles, London & Hull.
*ALFORD	5,273	24th Jan.	Straits, Colombo & Bombay.
MOREA	10,953	2nd Feb.	Bombay, Marseilles & London.
*KIDDERPORE	5,334	7th Feb.	Straits, Colombo & Bombay.
KASHGAR	9,005	16th Feb.	Marseilles, London & Hull.

*Cargo only.

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TALMA	10,000	6th Jan.	Singapore, Penang & Calcutta.
SANTHIA	7,754	26th Jan.	Singapore, Penang & Calcutta.
TILAWA	10,000	5th Feb.	Singapore, Penang & Calcutta.
TAKLIWA	7,336	13th Feb.	Singapore, Penang & Calcutta.
TAKADA	6,949	18th Feb.	Singapore, Penang & Calcutta.

B.I. Apcar Line steamers have excellent accommodation for 1st and 2nd class passengers. All steamers are fitted with wireless and carry a qualified surgeon.

EASTERN & AUSTRALIAN SAILINGS (South).

*ST. ALBANS	4,500	28th Dec.	Manila, Sandakan, Thursday Island, Townsville, Brisbane, Sydney & Melbourne.
ARAFURA	6,000	1st Feb.	
TANDA	9,950	1st Mar.	

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Regular monthly sailings from Hong Kong to Japan and Hong Kong to Australia.

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ARAFURA	6,000	8th Jan.	Moji, Kobe, Osaka & Yokohama.
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H.K.A.A. ANNUAL

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Motorcycles.—1. Shiere Co., Ltd. (an aluminium lamp). 2. Mr. P. Sands (a clock).

Empire car.—The following ladies who took various roles received cut-glass articles: Miss Barbara Walker (Britannia), Miss Essie Rose (Australia), Miss Phyllis Capell (Canada), Miss Yvonne Kelly (South Africa), Mrs. K. S. Parri (India), and Miss Violet Capell (organiser).

Dutch car.—The following ladies each received a pair of silver Dutch shoes: Mrs. M. Van Heurn, Mrs. V. Keyser, Mrs. J. Van Nieuwenhuysse, Mrs. M. de Bruyn, Mrs. C. Ramondt, Mrs. R. de Vries, and Mrs. L. Wierink.

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Traffic regulation is all important and we should assist and be grateful. We must also thank the Public Works Department for the general upkeep of the roads which makes motoring in this Colony so pleasant but I want you not to forget the work done behind the scenes by this Association which is of the utmost benefit to one and all both individually and collectively. Every man and woman in this Colony owing a car ought to be a member of this Association.

Before calling upon Mrs. Wolfe to present the prizes, I should like to express this Association's appreciation of the very hard work put in by Mr. C. M. Mannors who organised the Tattoo procession so successfully. (Applause.)

Before Mr. Justice Deane in the Supreme Court, Singapore, Teo Hoo Lye was successful in his application for possession of the Royal English School premises, occupied by the principal and founder, Mr. F. Neelankavil. His Lordship made an order for possession to be handed over as from December 1 this year and for payment of double rent as from October 1 last. By this decision, it is understood over 800 pupils will be deprived of school premises.

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All claims against the vessel must be presented to the undersigned on or before the 27th inst. or they will not be recognised.

All broken, chafed, and damaged Goods are to be left in the Godowns, where they will be, examined on the 18th inst. at 10 a.m. by our surveyors, Messrs. Goddard & Douglas.

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All claims against the steamer must be presented to the undersigned on or before the 1st January, 1929, or they will not be recognised.

All broken, chafed and damaged Goods are to be left in the Godowns, where they will be examined on the 17th inst. at 10 a.m. by Messrs. Goddard & Douglas.

No Fire Insurance has been effected.

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Hong Kong, 10th Dec., 1928.

PASSENGER LIST

DEPARTURES.

Passengers departed from Hong Kong for Australian ports by the s.s. "Changtee" yesterday were:—
Dr. Albert Shem, Mrs. B. G. Quick, Major Bird, Mr. A. C. Acree, Mrs. H. D. Mathews, Miss Joan Mathews, Mr. J. Mitchell, Miss Una Mitchell, Mrs. E. W. Clarke, Capt. and Mrs. R. F. Mitchell, Mr. C. W. N. Scott, Dr. H. D. Mathews, Mr. H. D. Stainfield, Rev. J. E. Morris, Mrs. E. Mackintosh, Mr. Karl Martens, Mrs. Gar-siu Wong, Mr. Sam Wong, Miss Annie, Mrs. Peter, Mrs. Dorothy Vera, Mr. Wong Ken-ching, Mrs. Ann Ah-chee, Miss M. Challis, Miss E. May, Mr. Clement Roxford, Mr. C. Alexander, Mr. G. Lewis, Mr. Percy Thomas Young Saye, Mr. Robert Melville, Mr. Shiu Cheung, Mrs. D. N. Young Saye, Miss Jessie, Miss Mary Lee Yon, Miss Ivy Lee Yon, Mr. Fred Lee Yon, Mr. Kum Hin, Mr. Nin Sing, Mr. W. A. Low Yow-sing, Mr. Lum Lee, Mr. Wong Hee, Mr. Lee Quay, Mr. Young She-king, Mr. Chin Loon, Mr. Young Yee-fong, Mr. Ah Fang, Mr. Oh Jung, Mrs. Lilly Oh Jung, Mr. May Oh, Mr. Abel Oh.

STANDARD TIME.

SUNRISE AND SUNSET IN HONG KONG

Sunrise and Sunset in Hong Kong for December, 1928, (standard time of the 120th Meridian, East of Greenwich), is as follows:—

Dec.	Sunrise.	Sunset.
15	6.55	5.41
16	6.55	5.42
17	6.55	5.42
18	6.57	5.42
19	6.57	5.43
20	6.58	5.43
21	6.58	5.44
22	6.59	5.44
23	6.59	5.45
24	7.00	5.45
25	7.00	5.46
26	7.01	5.47
27	7.01	5.47
28	7.02	5.48
29	7.02	5.48
30	7.02	5.49
31	7.03	5.49

Mr. W. J. Oudendyk, the Netherlands Minister, left for Nanking with Dr. C. T. Wang last week to sign the new Sino-Dutch Treaty.

President Liner

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Pres. Grant Jan. 29th

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Pres. Taft Jan. 8th
Pres. Jefferson Jan. 22nd
Pres. Lincoln Feb. 5th

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Pres. Wilson Dec. 30th 8 a.m.
Pres. Van Buren Jan. 13th 8 a.m.

To Manila

Pres. Pierce Dec. 18th 6 p.m.
Pres. Jackson Dec. 22nd 6 p.m.
Pres. Taft Jan. 1st 6 p.m.

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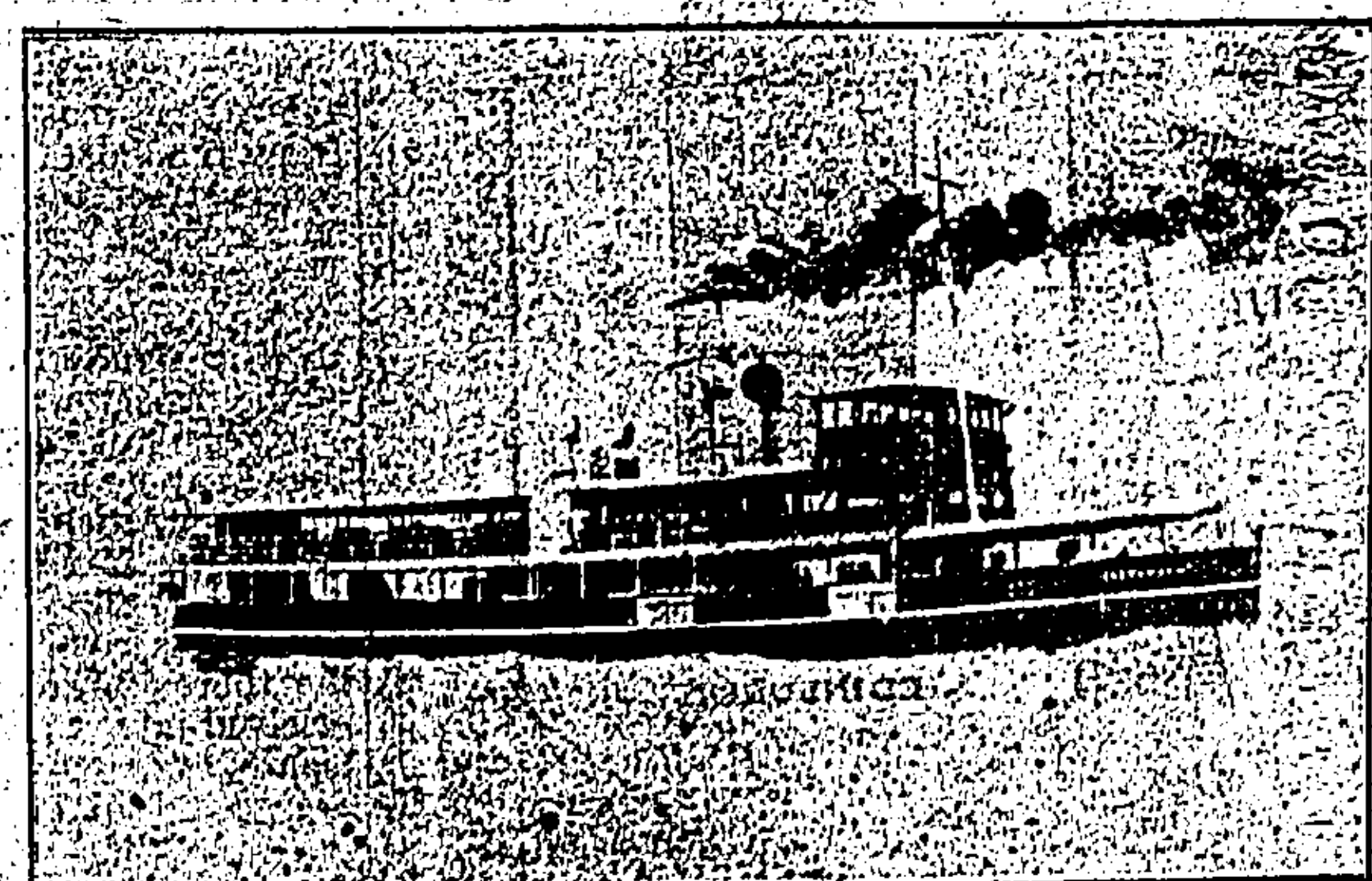
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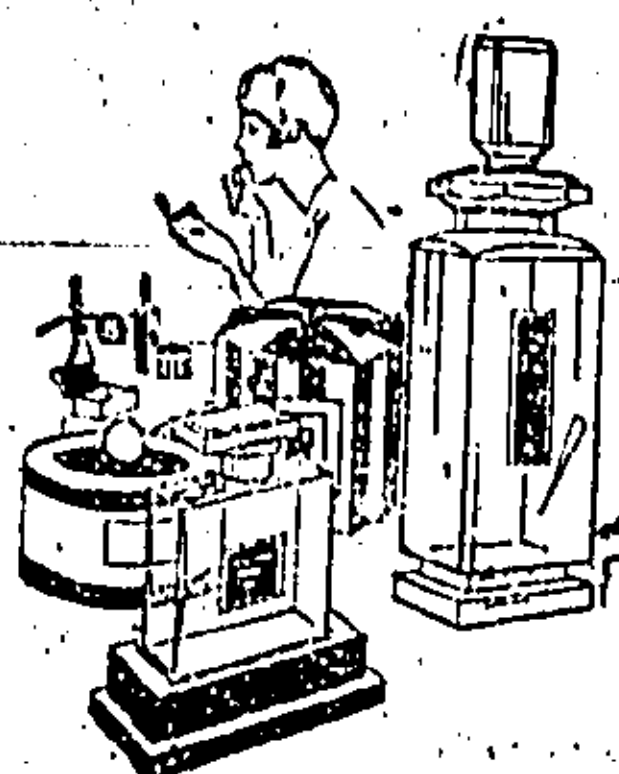
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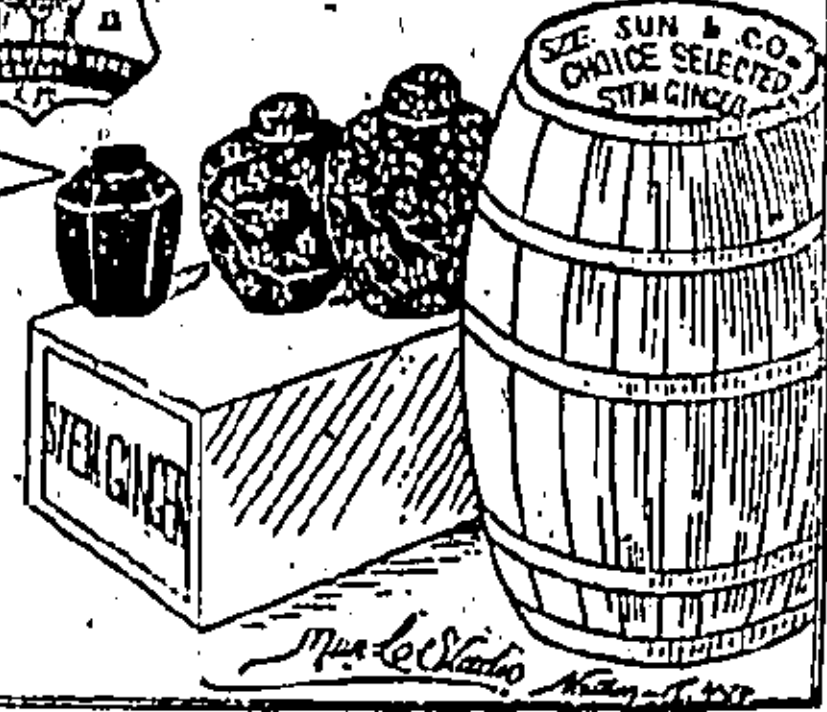
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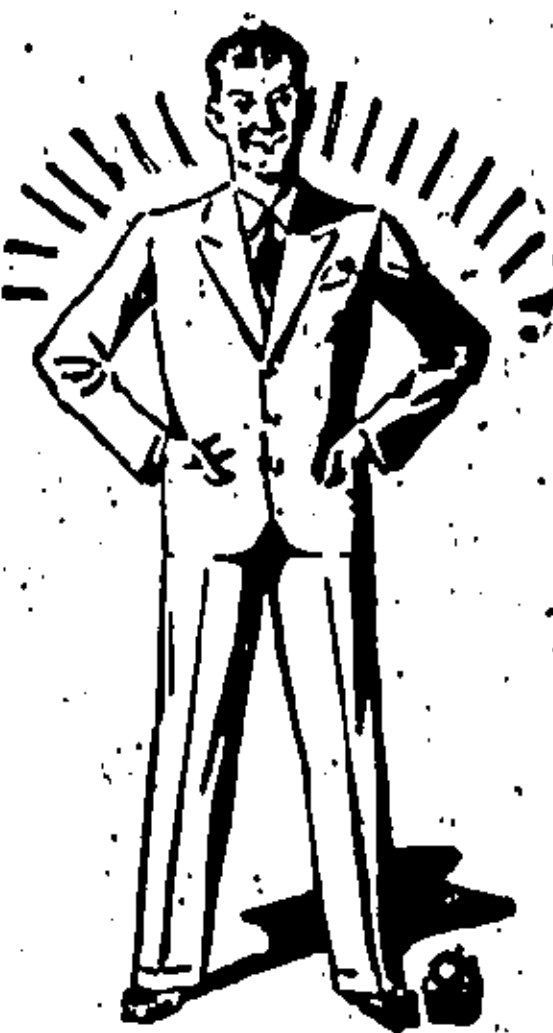


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ENGAGEMENT

The engagement is announced of James Moodie, son of Captain and Mrs. G. P. Moodie of New York and Broughty Ferry, to Anne Tolan, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Tolan of Hong Kong.

Hong Kong, Saturday, Dec. 15, 1928.

A LOOK AROUND

(By The Mail Men)

It does seem hard "Kick" that one has to be always kicking against the Government, seeing that it cannot kick back, but I think it is time something was said about the sanitary arrangements as affecting the centre of this little town. My "kick" in this instance, has regard to those garbage carts that go around Des Vaux-road, between noon and one o'clock every day, perhaps Sundays excepted. There is one unsavoury vehicle, I know, that moves casually along from the Post Office to the Ice House-street corner for six days of the week, picking up refuse. The garbage coolies throw the stuff from baskets into the cart as nonchalantly as would the head of the department throw a cigarette end through the window (not that I say he is given to this particular practice) and the consequence is, if there is any wind blowing at all, dust and microbes and germs come floating across the thoroughfare to be gleefully received into our clothes, nostrils, mouth, and anywhere else they can get. Is it good enough?

Then there is this drains cleaning business. You know the stunt I mean. A gang of workmen in the middle of the road with passage blocked at both ends while they fish with a large-sized chain in the drain. In this case, you do not get anything blown on to you, but if you happen to go near enough you may be the recipient of a nice collec-

tion of sewage, which doesn't look well on a trousers-leg or a silk stocking. The main objection to this form of local activity is the smell. You know what Kipling said about smells? No. Well, he said that smells were mightier than sights and sounds to make your heartstrings quake.

Now Kipling—Why Not? and I think I can vouch for this—was never in Hong Kong but he could not have put it better if he had been. These drains, of course, have to be cleaned and, I suppose, cleared, but why on earth choose the middle of the day to do it? The same applies to this garbage collection. These operations, apart from the degree of the offensiveness of the act, are on a par with the workings of the night-soil coolies. We have night-soil; why not night-garbage and night-drain cleaning?

The report of the Ross Institute for Tropical diseases, recently held in the Council Chamber of the Rubber Growers' Association, Eastcheap, E.C., states, inter alia:—"Malaria control by means of mosquito control was not primarily a Medical question at all." The Tai Po District Council fully agree and have forwarded a resolution to the Ross Institute that Cement of the Green Island variety is! The inmates of the Anopheles Maternity Home disagree and have forwarded a resolution to that effect to the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Anopheles.

Cash Sweeps This is the time of the year when a good many people's thoughts turn to cash sweeps—and getting rich quick. The authorities have laid down certain regulations, one of which is that the commission must be restricted to 10 per cent. I know one or two institutions which have jettisoned their annual futter on the Hong Kong Derby because there is not enough in the proceeds for the club concerned. Again, one is forbidden to offer sweep tickets for sale in shops, etc. But let's see what the Home experts say, since our local luminaries, an opinion—"sweep time is always a bad time for lawyers. Lay friends will worry their lawyer friends about the legality of sweepstakes," says one.

The usual answer is that the gaming law applies to public sweepstakes, not private ones. This reply generally calls forth the remark that surely some of so-called bona fide sweeps in Hong Kong are public ones. There seems to be no satisfactory answer. One section expressly forbids the keeping, either publicly or privately, of any place for a lottery. Result, the average lawyer tells his lay friend that it is too difficult for him to understand, and the subject drops. The lay friend thinks the lawyer a fool, and the lawyer thinks the law is a Haas in this particular case. The subject illustrates the

difficulty of stopping gambling by legislation. Legislation has never cured a human vice. So long as the public want to bet, legislation or no legislation, they will do it. And there is some wisdom in the authorities' masterly inactivity.

The feeling is abroad that there should be a clock roundabout the top of Pedder-street. While I do not share that feeling, not having felt the necessity for it, I am quite prepared to back up the efforts of those who are clamouring for a "buckaroo" timepiece. That is the whole trouble. People became used to seeing Lane, Crawford's clock over the old jewellery store, and they became used to seeing the one over Sennett Freres. Both have gone; but what some folks get used to in this little Colony they cannot apparently do without. Which, incidentally, is why they stay here so long. However, if a clock is really needed at this particular point, and if the one presented by the late Mr. Lepraik at a cost of over \$600 (I am not sure of the exact figure) cannot be reclaimed, I suggest that one of the newspapers in the Colony run a public subscription to defray the cost of erecting a giant chronometer. I am not charging anything for this suggestion.

One phase about the Colonial Service, as it applies particularly to Hong Kong, that is not commonly known, is that relating to H.E. the Governor, Sir Cecil Clementi, K.C.M.G., who will be returning shortly from long leave at Home. In most reference books the salary set down against that of Governor of Hong Kong is \$26,000 per annum. This is not strictly correct. The amount includes £1,200 entertainment allowance. Ordinarily, when the Governor is on half-pay leave, H.E. the Officer Adminis-

The Civil Service

Information concerning the Civil Service in Hong Kong has been given in these columns on previous weeks. At the end of this series will be found a number of very interesting paragraphs. Further articles about the Colonial Service, as it applies to Hong Kong, will appear on successive Saturdays in this column.

tering the Government. (In the present instance, the Hon. Mr. W. T. Southern, C.M.G., Colonial Secretary) receives half the Governor's pay and half his own pay (\$2,000 a year) during the period in which he is "acting." The Officer Administering the Government in the absence of the Governor is entitled to draw in full the allowance provided for entertainment.

A Governor is appointed during His Majesty's pleasure but his tenure of office is generally confined to a period of six years from the date of his assumption. This has been the rule in Hong Kong for some time; a notable exception being the late Sir Henry May whose term of office was longer on account of the War. It will be recalled that Sir Cecil Clementi came here direct from Ceylon. In the event of a Governor being appointed from Home, he is allowed \$800 from Imperial funds for passage out. Governors of Australian States, Fiji and the Straits Settlements and the Governor-General of Canada get the same amount. Those getting more are the Governors-General of Australia (\$2,000), New Zealand (\$1,500) and South Africa (\$1,500). All the others get less.

The leave of a Governor is regulated by special rules of local application; but in most of the Colonies without responsible Government the Governor may be granted leave with full salary, exclusive of allowance, for not more than six weeks in any one year. On appointment, half salary is allowed as a rule from the date of embarkation. Then, when a Governor retires or is transferred, he is granted the same amount for passage, as when going out to take up an appointment. In this connection, it is interesting to note what happens in the case of transfer of a Government official other than the Governor, as for instance Mr. S. B. B. McDermery, who is to be Deputy Chief Secretary in Tanganyika. In such an event, an officer is entitled to free passages by the most direct route in the class of accommodation usually given to his rank.

Travelling by Governors in ships of H.M.'s Royal Navy does not seem to be favoured. Nevertheless a scale of allowance exists for the entertainment on H.M.'s ships "at the table of the Captain or Commanding Officer" of Governors or other public officers. Sir Cecil Clementi, when he paid an official visit to Marshal Li Chai-sum in Canton last March, proceeded in H.M.S. "Tarantula,"

the senior ship in the West River gunboat flotilla. According to the scale, the allowance for entertaining him was \$4 a day. For men in his suite, the amount was 21 shillings a day, the same as for other public officers. This scale provides for bigger amounts during a certain number of days, and smaller amounts after that period. A male over 16 years of age counts as an ordinary adult; a female over 16 is charged two-thirds; children (of either sex) between 7 and 16 one-third; and children under 7 one-fourth.

In a striking sermon in Westminster Abbey recently Dr. Burnes, Bishop of Birmingham, urged that the Church could do much to satisfy the needs of our age by combining religious sincerity with modern scientific knowledge. "either we must hold the universe to be a barren enigma, or that which is spiritual has existence apart from the physical phenomena by which we recognise its presence." "Daily News" (London).

Unless cause is shown, the name of the Kwong Shun S.S. Co., Ltd., will be removed from the register of companies in three months.

Messrs. Gande, Price & Co., Ltd. have issued a wall calendar for next year. The art print in the centre is entitled "Sweets to the Sweet" and is very pleasing to the eye.

Mr. J. R. G. Wyatt, Boarding Officer, Harbour Department, has registered an invention, "improvements in sextants and the like" under the provisions of the Patents Ordinance.

It is announced in the "Gazette" that the Hong Kong Rope Manufacturing Co.'s privilege under the Rope Co.'s Tramway Ordinance of 1901 is to be extended for a year as from to-day.

A new regulation in regard to the Colonial Auxiliary Forces long service medal is announced, as follows:—The medal shall be worn after all British war medals in such order as may from time to time be assigned to it, suspended from the left breast by a green riband of one inch and a quarter in width.

It is notified that a competitive examination for the Indian Civil Service, open to all qualified persons, will be held in London in July and August, 1929, and that copies of the regulations, syllabus of examination, and forms of application to be filled up by the candidates may be seen on application at the Colonial Secretariat.

The unusual picture "Barbed Wire" is being screened for the last time to-day at the Queen's Theatre. Two other excellent pictures also being finally screened are "The Prince of Pilsen" at the World (5.15 and 9.20) and "The Escape," at the Star. Nina et Jacques, the popular dancers will give a farewell performance to-night at the Queen's.

A qualifying examination for appointments of probationer clerks in the local Government Service will be held in Queen's College hall on Monday, Jan. 14, at 9 a.m. Intending candidates must forward to the Assistant Colonial Secretary by Jan. 7, a certificate as to character and education from the headmaster of their last school together with one unmounted photograph on the back of which should be written their name, address and date of birth.

CORRESPONDENCE

OUR INDIFFERENCE TO HEALTH

(To the Editor of the "China Mail.")

Sir,—A short while ago I had an opportunity to extensively look into the housing conditions in Wanchai, West Point, Shamshui-po and Yau-mat. I noticed the remarkable fact that almost all the old houses, as well as many of the new ones just completed or still in erection, had no provision whatsoever for a toilet, not to mention the absence of a separate wash place, although these are the first necessities in every human dwelling. As everyone knows, the Chinese flats in those parts of Hong Kong are, as a rule, occupied by several families, consisting of men and women and children of every age and sex. This is well known also to our Building Authorities, yet designs for such anti-disease houses are daily passing through their hands and are approved for erection. One can see a great number of them in erection everywhere. No wonder that we have an epidemic spreading through one of the

above mentioned densely populated parts of our city, severely endangering the public health.

The object of this letter is not to find fault with our Authorities, but to consciously co-operate with them for the abolishment of undesirable conditions.

In this spirit of service to the Community I beg to submit to our Building Authorities the urgent demand of a group of well-meaning citizens that henceforth no designs for houses, submitted to them for approval, be accepted, and passed, unless each and every flat is provided with a special toilet room, fully segregated off from the kitchen and the living rooms by brick or cement walls and ceiling, also having a window on the outside wall large enough to fully light it, and having also a vent pipe with outlet above the roof. These are surely most elementary demands, and their acceptance would cost the Government no money at all. Such sanitary and cultural improvement is to-day an absolute necessity and should be brought into operation forthwith by incorporation into our Building Ordinance. This simple provision in our laws could be extended also to include the demand for a separate bath room with window and ventilation, as above. This new regulation when made law would to a great extent ensure the health and well-being of our fellow citizens and increase their feeling of self-respect.

Another thing which likewise urgently needs to be regulated by law is the terrible smoke nuisance one of the worst evils of Hong Kong, another serious danger to the health of one and all. One need only go through any of the hundreds of narrow Chinese streets and observe the clouds of smoke emerging from the kitchen hearth through the living rooms into the street, to feel that a stop must be put to this. It appears all to be a matter of demanding, again by Law, of an up-to-date new type of stove, which would convey the smoke through the smoke stack high up into the air, and not let it wander all over the premises with its soot and stink. Truly, the methods employed now are utterly out. Building Authorities will be glad to meet the desire of its citizens for improved laws, no doubt, and take the above into practical consideration at one of its next meetings.

In the near future a large number of new houses will be built on the Praya East Reclamation. It is now the duty of every citizen to co-operate with the Authorities to the end that only up-to-date, modern and healthy houses will be erected there. Let us get rid of the slum type of houses of Wanchai and reflect the progress and the needs of our more enlightened and self-respecting age in the improvement of our Building Laws.

Yours etc.,
 HERBERT E. LANEPART.
 Hong Kong, Dec. 14, 1928.

"TOM JONES"

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY'S
 BIG SUCCESS

BRILLIANT FIRST NIGHT

As a "first night" performance, the Hong Kong Philharmonic Society's presentation of "Tom Jones," in the Theatre Royal last night, was a veritable triumph. Not that the performance was faultless—amateur performances very seldom are—but it must be said that the opera went off with a swing and with ease, by principals and chorus alike admirably by the excellent conducting of Mr. W. H. Fitz-Earle, A.M.C.M., of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, and an efficient orchestra.

It was indeed, a delightful performance, and all concerned are to be heartily congratulated. Then, again, the manner in which the opera is produced, with charmingly appropriate scenery, greatly adds to the general success. This is to the credit of Mr. R. R. Davies, who thoroughly deserves all the complimentary remarks that are likely to be showered upon him. The audience—a very large one—was very appreciative throughout, and the consensus of opinion at the final curtain, we feel certain, must have been that our Philharmonic Society had again scored another big success.

The opera, of course, is delightful and is so very well-known and is still so great a favourite with amateur players and audiences at home and abroad that it is unnecessary to give in detail the "story" of which the libretto consists. Fielding's immortal novel "Tom Jones" is, of course, the basis of the story, purged of its racy, verbal crudities and "Rabelaisian humour." Instead, the "Zumerzet" dialect is made the most of. (Continued on Page 15.)

OUR WEEKLY SERMON

"China Mail" Rakes The Globe For Messages

XI—A B C OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Mary Eddy Baker and the Fundamentals

[By Judge Clifford P. Smith]

One of a series of religious addresses to be given over station WABC operated by the Atlantic Broadcasting Corporation, in this city, was broadcast yesterday at 5 p.m. by Judge Clifford P. Smith, Committee on Publication of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts. Judge Smith talked on "The A B C of the Christian Science Religion." His address follows:

Christian Science is the religion founded by Mary Baker Eddy and represented by the Church of Christ, Scientist. It is a Christian faith and practice based directly upon the words and works of Christ Jesus, as distinguished from later creeds and customs. Mrs. Eddy has defined it as "divine metaphysics" and as "the law of God, the law of good, interpreting and demonstrating the divine Principle and rule of universal harmony" (Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures, page 111; Rudimentary Divine Science, page 1).

Jesus declared that the purpose of his life was to "bear witness unto the truth" (John 18:37). What he taught and proved was the reality or truth of being. It was the truth as to God and man and as to God's law for man. It was the truth as to God's goodness, as to man's life derived from God, and as to the real man's freedom from what seems to be a life of mingled good and evil.

Founded on Original Christianity. Christian Science accepts and reiterates this fundamental aspect of original Christianity. Christian Science also is based on the reality or truth of being. It distinguishes absolutely between what is real and what is apparent or seeming but not real, and it puts this distinction into practice for the benefit and betterment of mankind. There is no reality beyond what is absolutely good. Evil of every sort is illusory and unreal. These ideas are of inestimable value to mankind, not only because they are true, but because they can be put into practical use; they can be demonstrated in human experience.

The word "real" may need to be defined for the purpose of this address, so that there may be no misunderstanding. The following is part of the definition of this word in Webster's New International Dictionary: "Actual, as distinguished from fictitious or imaginary; also, existing intrinsically or inherently, as distinguished from seeming or apparent." This is the meaning of the word "real" as it is used by Christian Scientists. The words "true" and "truth" are correlative and have almost the same meaning.

Evil Classified As Unreal. Christian Science differs further from other modern teachings, not only by classifying good as real and evil as unreal, but also by reducing the distinction—the contrast—between good and evil to the difference between what is genuine consciousness or thought and what is error or illusion. The only real mind or source of thought is God, Spirit, the divine Mind. All true consciousness or thought is derived from God; it is received from the divine Mind. As Jesus said, "I can of mine own self do nothing" (John 5:30). Paul applied these propositions specifically to thought when he said, "We have the mind of Christ." "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think any thing as of ourselves; but our sufficiency is of God" (1 Cor. 2:16, II. Cor. 3:5).

Christian Science likewise accepts and reiterates this fundamental aspect of original Christianity. It insists upon man's God-given ability to think truly and to enjoy the results and rewards thereof. The non-spiritual thought in human consciousness is not true thought; it is error. It is evil which can be abandoned and excluded progressively. It is foreign matter that does not belong to man. It is that which detracts from and obscures true manhood. Material sense is non-sense; spiritual sense is God-given intelligence.

Differentiation of Thought. When Jesus said to Nicodemus, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit;" "Ye must be born again" (John 3:6-7), he distinguished between material and spiritual thought; he indicated that the human consciousness—the human self—must be purified and spiritualized. He expressed the same idea again when he said, "It is the spirit that quickeneth (or quickeneth) the flesh; the flesh profiteth nothing" (John 6:63). The common name for the opposite of Spirit is matter, and matter is non-spiritual thought. Therefore, Mrs. Eddy interpreted the Master's sayings correctly and simply when she wrote that "the human self must be evangelized. The task God demands us to accept lovingly to-day, and to

abandon so fast as practical the material, and to work out the spiritual which determines the outward and actual" (Science and Health, page 254).

For Christian Scientists, the way indicated by these quotations is the way of progress, service, and salvation. By endeavoring to be spiritually minded, the Christian Scientist also endeavors to attain his true selfhood, to fit himself for Christian service, and to enter the kingdom of heaven. By abandoning material sense for spiritual sense, the adherent of Christian Science is united with the divine Mind, is separated from error or evil, and is enabled to utilize the divine law and power for any and every good purpose. Anyone's character and condition, even his environment, is determined by the quality of his consciousness; it depends on the materiality or the spirituality of his thought.

Practical Use of Spirituality. For the foregoing reasons, one can make the broad but correct statement that Christian Science differs from other modern teachings by insisting on the universal value of spiritual resources for practical uses. This religion insists that these resources are available to be employed in a methodical way throughout the range of human affairs and human interests. The application of Christian Science to health is becoming generally known, but this application is only an instance of an availability that is universal. For another instance, the practice of this religion includes employing absolute intelligence in a methodical way for all of its infinite uses, and there are in human life few problems or situations, if any, for which absolute intelligence does not furnish the remedy or solution.

An address on the A B C of the Christian Science religion ought to contain more than I have yet said with regard to healing and health. The aim of this religion is not only to prepare people for a heavenly hereafter but is to transform their present experience into order and harmony. Such a purpose necessarily extends to such a subject as health.

Religion Applied to Health. Furthermore, as I have already indicated, Christian Science aims to be the religion of Jesus, and there can be no question but that he applied his religion to health. Nor can there be any question but that he commanded his followers to do the same. He described himself as "the light of the world," as "the way" or "Wayshower," and he declared positively that other men can do what he did. These facts are shown by John 8:12, 14-16, 14:12, 18:37, and other citations in the Gospels. The earliest name for his religion was the "way" or "the way of truth." See Acts 9:2, II Peter 2:2, and other citations in the New Testament. Christian Scientists, therefore, plead with all men to recognize the lawful and scientific nature of what Jesus did, and to regard his example as one that can be lawfully and scientifically followed. He is the light of the world because he taught and demonstrated the truth or reality of being, thus intending to make it known and useful to all men.

Rule Eternal and Universal. When Jesus cured the man whose right hand was withered, declaring that it was lawful to do so, he proved two propositions: First, that there is a principle and rule by which such a healing is possible; second, that he had acquired the understanding thereof. The Principle and rule of Christian healing must be eternal and universal and must be available to all who possess the necessary understanding. The only personal factor is the understanding; and in the last analysis it is personal only in the sense of being individual. The belief that Jesus exercised a power peculiar to himself is one which he refuted explicitly and repeatedly.

What are disease and health? In the final analysis not only disease and health but mortality and immortality are opposite mental states, resulting from contrary modes of thought. On the one hand is material sense, which has no principle—no cause or substance—and is simply an illusion. On the other hand is spiritual sense, which is created and sustained by God, the divine Mind, the divine Principle

LOCAL EXAMS.

UNIVERSITY MATRICULATION AND SENIOR

BIG HONOURS LIST

The results of the Matriculation and Senior examinations conducted under the auspices of the University of Hong Kong last month, are out.

There is an honours list of good length, Queen's and St. Joseph's Colleges having the best aggregate results. The successful candidates were: Matriculation Honours List. Queen's College:—No. 805, Chow Kook (Dist. Trigonometry); 820, Li Kung (Dist. Mathematics, Geography, Physics and Trigonometry); 823, Ling Kam-hon (Dist. Physics); 827, Harbans Singh (Dist. Urdu, Physics, Chemistry and Trigonometry); 828, So Kai-sung (Dist. Chemistry); 833, Wong Mung-fay (Dist. Physics and Higher Mathematics).

Wah Yan College:—No. 861, Tia Meng-sau (Dist. Trigonometry). St. Joseph's College:—No. 876, Cheung Shu-ling (Dist. History and Trigonometry); 877, F. A. Gill (Dist. History, Higher Mathematics and Trigonometry); 878, H. F. Gonsalves (Dist. English and Trigonometry); 882, M. H. Murphy (Dist. English, French, Trigonometry and Mechanics); 884, Pak Chong-charen (Dist. Trigonometry and Mechanics); 887, Albert Thomas (Dist. French and Trigonometry); 889, H. W. Wing Lee (Dist. Trigonometry and Mechanics).

Diocesan Boys' School:—No. 945, D. J. N. Anderson (Dist. English, Mathematics, Physics, Trigonometry and Mechanics); 946, S. A. Broadbridge (Dist. Geography and Trigonometry); 957, A. T. Nomanphay (Dist. Physics and Trigonometry); 955, Wong Sui-sing (Dist. Trigonometry).

King's College:—No. 980, Chiu Put-po (Dist. Chemistry). Sacred Heart School:—No. 990, Tsang Koon-cook (Dist. History and Trigonometry).

Central British School:—No. 995, E. L. Hayes (Dist. English, Mathematics and Trigonometry); 1047, E. A. Hosford (Dist. English, History and Trigonometry). Private Study:—No. 1240, W. J. C. Fletcher (Dist. Trigonometry and Mechanics).

Senior Local Honours List. Queen's College:—No. 813, Douglas Hunt; 830, Tse Kong-in. St. Joseph's College:—No. 874, Chau Chu-wan (Dist. Trigonometry); 880, Ho Siew-um (Dist. Mechanics).

St. Mary's School:—No. 1055, Carmen M. da Silva (Dist. Needlework). St. Stephen's Girls' College:—No. 1178, Choy Oi-chee (Dist. Biblical Knowledge and Music).

Italian Convent:—No. 1216, Marie Vas. Central British School:—No. 1217, J. A. M. Black* (Dist. English and Trigonometry). *Qualified for Matriculation.

Matriculation Pass List. Queen's College:—No. 802, Cheung King-chiu; 809, Chung Shing-hoi; 811, E. S. Ho; 814, Jack Hunt (Dist. Trigonometry); 818, Li of all true being. What Paul wrote to the Romans on this subject was both Christian and scientific. "To be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace" (Romans 8:6). In these words, he explicitly declared that death and life are conditions of mind or thought.

Health a Spiritual Quality. Christian Science, therefore, teaches that any and every lack of health is only a subjective condition of material thought; it is a product of the material element in human consciousness; it is the result in a particular case of the general supposition that life inhabits matter and is mortal. On the other hand, health is a mental and spiritual quality to be gained and preserved as such.

For these reasons, Christian Science healing is an application of the distinction between absolute or real being and the human or mortal concept of man. Freedom from disease follows the absolute knowing of the truth concerning God and man; healing is brought to pass when a belief of disease which had been entertained in thought is dispelled and destroyed by the law and power of God, and the unity of being is such that one individual can help another to obtain this victory. Jesus once said, "Every plant, which my heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up" (Matthew 15:13). In other words, nothing is real or enduring beyond that of which God is the author. This is the basis on which Christian Science healing is accomplished. Therefore, this healing is the sign of man's complete dominion over evil, and every case of true healing not only gives reason for hope in other cases, but it advances the time when the last vestige of evil shall be expelled from human experience and the great Teacher's declaration shall be completely fulfilled,—"Christian Science Monitor."

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Wah Yan College:—No. 840, Cheung Wai-man (Dist. Mathematics); 846, Kong Yue-kau (Dist. Trigonometry); 849, Lai Wook-ki; 862, Tong Shing (Dist. Trigonometry); 863, Tse Chu-cheung (Dist. Trigonometry); 868, Wong Yuk-shu (Dist. Trigonometry). St. Joseph's College:—No. 873, Chao Pao-yung (Dist. Trigonometry); 883, A. F. Noronha; 885, J. C. Quincey; 886, C. F. Rozario; 888, C. M. C. Victor (Dist. Trigonometry); 896, Woo Pak-chuen (Dist. Trigonometry).

St. Joseph's College:—No. 874, Chan Kee-kok (Dist. History); 906, Li Man-yick. Diocesan Boys' School:—No. 950, Chow Hon-shu (Dist. Trigonometry); No. 953, A. S. A. Kyum (Dist. Trigonometry); 954, Lee Ian-pit; 959, W. A. Thomson (Dist. Trigonometry); 960, Wan Kat-lam (Dist. Trigonometry); 961, Wee Chai-ang; 962, Wee Chai-gee; 966, M. M. Yafyabbaoy.

St. Stephen's College:—No. 957, Chan Kwong-chung; 968, Chang Yung-shing; 970, Kho Pek-po; 972, Lee Lock; 975, Tan Chu-sung; 977, Tse Eng-lai.

King's College:—No. 984, Lau Shing-ki; 985, Leung Mo-shun (Dist. Trigonometry); 986, Ng Yee-sin. Private Study:—No. 1007, W. Hunt; 1019, Lim Bo-chin; 1025, Quek Cheng-kim; 1026, Shum Ip-kwong (Dist. Mechanics); 1243, Chan Shu-fatt.

Bellios Public School:—No. 1038, Fung Mui-tsing; 1039, Ho Siu-hing; 1041, Ng Po-yung; 1044, Wong Lai-wan.

French Convent:—No. 1057, Rose Perry. The following have qualified for entry into the Medical Faculty:—No. 1010, William Lai Fook; 1028, Tay Kum-swan; 1245, R. Leong.

Senior Local Pass List. Queen's College:—No. 801, Chan Po-yung; 804, Chow Ho-man (Dist. Trigonometry); 808, Chui Ping-kuen; 821, Li Kai-yung; 824, Lo Ho-lai; 825, Ng Woo.

Wah Yan College:—No. 850, Lau Ip-yuen (Dist. Trigonometry); 854, Leung Yung-chung; 856, Ma Shung-chi; 857, Mok Ping-nam; 858, Ng Tsun-fan; 860, Tang Ning-wah; 865, Wong Chak-chuen; 866, Wong Kam-shuen; 1144, Luk Kong-leung.

St. Joseph's College:—No. 876, Chao Wing-ki; 891, C. M. Xavier. St. Paul's College:—No. 983, Chan Ki-sum; 907, Pong Tak-ming; 908, Tang Nai-chiu; 910, Tse Wai-lam.

Tutorial Institute:—No. 913, Chan Sau-ping; 919, Fogg Yat-hiao; 920, Kan Lai-to; 933, Tan Cho-cher; 938, Tsai Kwom-shiu (Dist. Trigonometry); 940, Wong Ka-che; 941, Wong Lan-kei.

Diocesan Boys' School:—No. 955, Ma Chiu-chong; 963, B. Wong; 964, Wong Ki-hui.

King's College:—No. 981, Fung Hing-kan (Dist. Trigonometry); 982, Lai Chin-chong.

Private Study:—No. 1005, Ho Man-kwong. (Continued on Next Column.)

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SHADOWS BEFORE

COMING EVENTS ANNOUNCED IN THE "MAIL"

To-day—Queen's Theatre; "Barbed Wire."
To-day—World Theatre; "The Prince of Pilsen."
To-day—Star Theatre; "The Escape."

To-day—Theatre Royal; The Hong Kong Philharmonic Society presents "Tom Jones," 9 p.m.
Dec. 16—Public Band Concert, Botanic Gardens, 4-5.30 p.m.
Dec. 16-17—Queen's Theatre; "The Patsy."
Dec. 16-17—World Theatre; "Tess of D'Urbervilles" (at 5.15 and 9.15); Chinese picture "A Lady Detective" (at 2.30 and 7.15).

Dec. 16-17—Star Theatre; "The Bugle Call."

Dec. 18—Queen's Theatre; "Why Sailors Go Wrong."

Dec. 19-22—Queen's Theatre; "Fazil."

Dec. 17-19—World Theatre; "Across the Pacific."

Dec. 18-19—Star Theatre; "Beau Geste."

Dec. 19—Theatre Royal; The Hong Kong Philharmonic Society presents "Tom Jones," 4.30 p.m.

Dec. 20-22—World Theatre; "The Magic Flame" (at 5.15 and 9.15); Chinese picture "Nemesis" part 1 (at 2.30 and 7.15).

Dec. 20-22—Star Theatre; "The Flame of Yukon."

Lammerts Auction: Dec. 18—At Sales Room, Duddell-st., a large assortment of toys, 2.30 p.m.

Sports To-day—Fanning Hunt meet at Sheung Shui, 2.30 p.m.

Dec. 16—Fanning Paper Hunt Dec. Cup, Jardine's Bungalow, 11 a.m.

Dec. 18—H.K.Y.M.C.A. Hockey, 1st XI vs. University I, 5 p.m.

Dec. 19—Fanning meet at Mr. Potts's bungalow, 2.30 p.m.

Dec. 19—H.K.Y.M.C.A. Basketball, "A" vs. "D," 6.15 p.m.

Dec. 20—H.K.Y.M.C.A. Hockey, 2nd XI vs. Club de Recreo, 5 p.m.

Dec. 21—H.K.Y.M.C.A. Basketball, Postponed League Matches, 6.15 p.m.

Dec. 28—H.K.Y.M.C.A. Hockey, 2nd XI vs. H. K. Club "A," 5 p.m.

Miscellaneous. Dec. 18—Display of drill and action songs by pupils of Quarry Bay School, 2.30 p.m.

Dec. 23—H.K.Y.M.C.A. Quiet hour, Speaker, Mr. J. H. Hunt.

Dec. 25—Christmas Day, H.K.Y.M.C.A. Christmas Tiffin, Members will invite Service Guests, 1 p.m.

St. Stephen's College:—No. 1127, Ching Wong-fatt; 1129, George Lau; 1136, Ling Sung-kui (Dist. English); 1140, Yeung Sze-keung.

Dockin School:—No. 1150, Leung Shu-yau.

Central British School:—No. 1154, A. C. Maycock; 1155, R. H. A. Woolley (Dist. English); 1048, P. C. Hynes; 1218, M. L. W. Bryson; 1219, B. Budden (Dist. English); 1220, E. B. Moses.

Bellios Public School:—No. 1042, B. A. Remedios; 1043, Tse Tong-fai; 1221, F. D. Gomes.

Italian Convent:—No. 1049, A. Albuquerque; 1050, L. Cheung; 1051, H. Silva; 1052, Tam Bick-hing; 1211, M. Geng; 1212, M. de la Sala; 1213, Annie Tse; 1214, Cecilia Tse; 1215, Mary Tse.

St. Mary's School:—No. 1053, I. Pestonji (Dist. English); 1054, T. Sanchez; 1955, W. Wong; 1193, A. Britto; 1199, D. Gosano; 1200, B. Remedios; 1201, S. Remedios; 1202, I. S. Remedios; 1203, C. V. Ribeiro; 1204, E. Rosario.

St. Stephen's Girls' College:—No. 1174, Au Yuet-hang; 1175, Chan Shuk-hang; 1176, Chan Wai-lan; 1177, Cheng Mei-hing (Dist. Biblical Knowledge); 1179, Ho Hon-sum; 1180, Kwok Pui-chee; 1181, Kwok Wai-fun; 1182, Law Pui-yew; 1183, I. Mok; 1184, O. Surh (Dist. Biblical Knowledge).

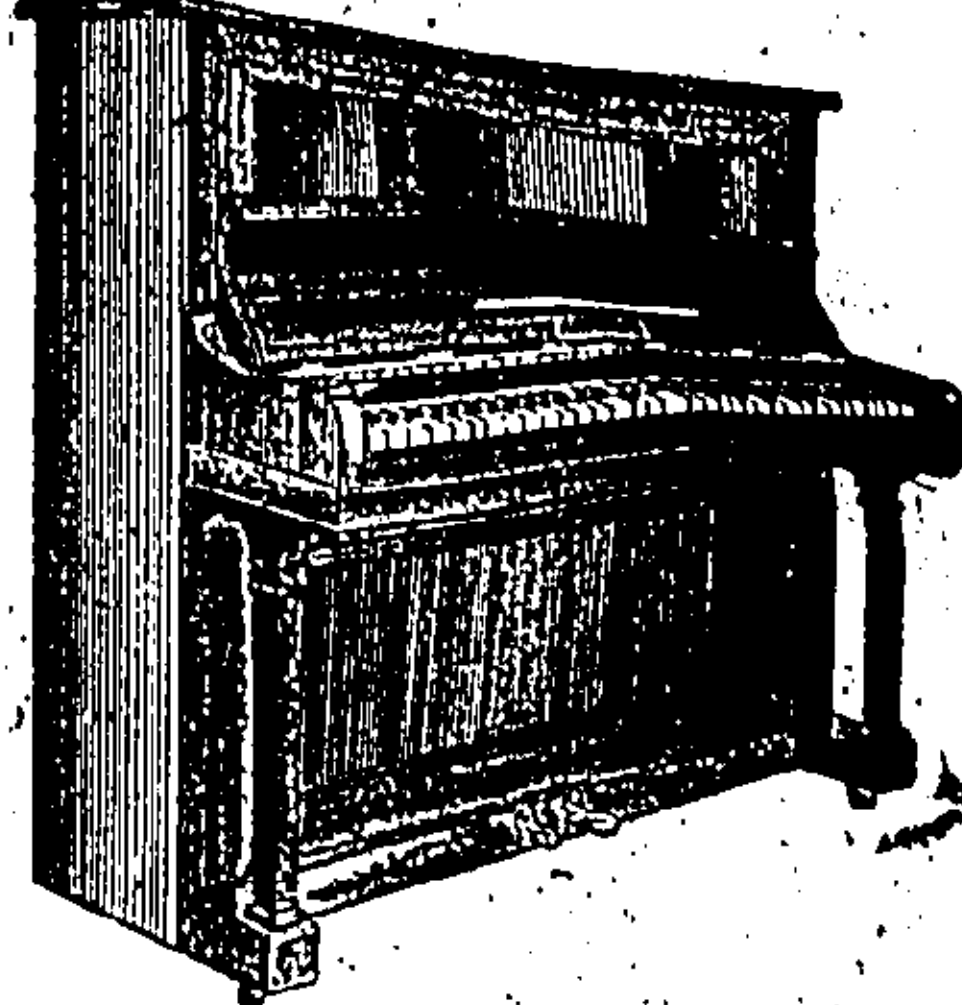
Diocesan Girls' School:—No. 1187, E. L. Batalha (Dist. Domestic Science); 1188, E. Broadbridge (Dist. Domestic Science); 1189, M. Chan Tong; 1190, E. Kew; 1191, E. Lang; 1192, E. Lee Mong-kow; 1193, M. Wong.

French Convent:—No. 1206, L. Chue; 1207, D. Hirschberg; 1208, S. Hong; 1209, R. O. Pau.

*Qualified for Matriculation.

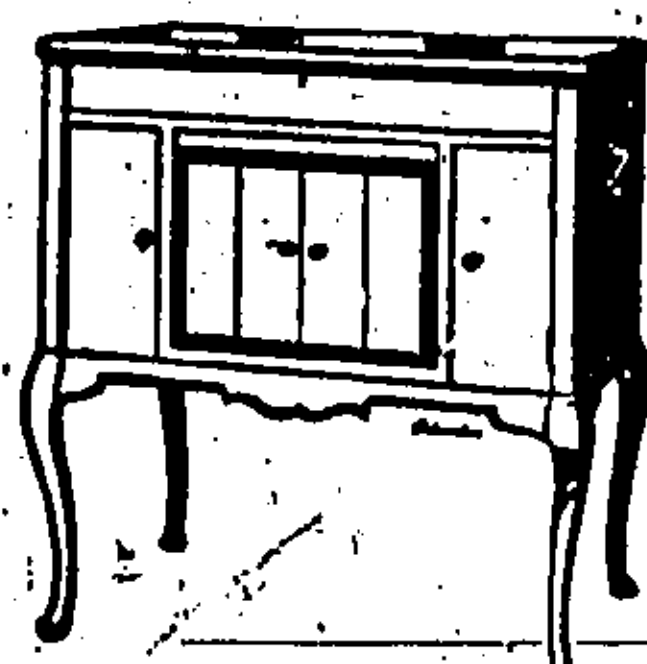
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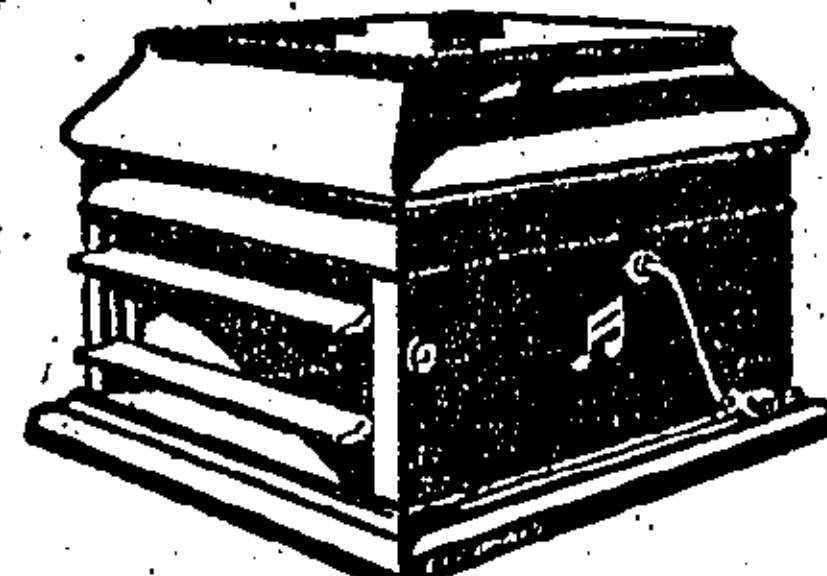


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1 qt. Martell's XXX Brandy	1 qt. V. de Pasto Sherry
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INCORPORATION

STATUS OF H.K. CHAMBER OF
COMMERCE

TWO RESOLUTIONS PASSED

Two resolutions were passed yesterday, at an extraordinary general meeting, by the Hong Kong General Chamber of Commerce to set in motion the requisite machinery for incorporation under the Companies Ordinances.

The following members were represented:—J. M. Alves & Co. (Mr. J. M. Alves); A. V. Apcar & Co. Ltd. (Mr. D. H. Cooper); Banker & Co. Ltd. (Mr. Li Hoi-tung); British-American Tobacco Co. (China) Ltd. (Mr. F. A. Perry); Butterfield & Swire (Mr. N. S. Brown); Chun On Fire Insurance Co. Ltd. (Mr. T. N. Chau); Compagnie des Messageries Maritimes (Mr. C. Lesdos); Dowell & Co. Ltd. (Mr. T. G. Weall and Mr. F. Syme Thomson); Fung Tang (Mr. Wong Tak-kwong); General Electric Co. of China, Ltd. (Mr. A. B. Raworth); Gibb Livingston & Co. Ltd. (the Hon. Mr. C. G. S. Mackie); A. Goetz & Co. (Mr. A. Goetz); T. M. Gregory & Co. (Mr. H. M. Gregory); T. E. Griffith, Ltd. (Mr. P. A. Dixon); Hong Kong & China Gas Co. Ltd. (Mr. L. J. Blackburn); Hong Kong Electric Co. Ltd. (Mr. F. R. Marsh); Hong Kong & Shanghai Banking Corporation (the Hon. Mr. A. C. Hynes); John D. Hutchison & Co. (Mr. T. E. Pearce and Mr. P. S. Cassidy); Jardine, Matheson & Co. Ltd. (the Hon. Mr. B. D. F. Beith); Kailan Mining Administration (Mr. W. Wright); Keller Kern & Co. Ltd. (Mr. E. Kern); Lowe, Bingham and Matthews (Mr. J. Fleming); W. R. Loxley & Co. (Mr. W. L. Patten); Mackinnon, Mackenzie & Co. (the Hon. Mr. C. G. S. Mackie and Mr. A. E. Martin); Mitsui Bussan Kaisha, Ltd. (Mr. T. Takahashi); A. B. Moulder & Co. Ltd. (Mr. Wong Oi-kut); National City Bank of New York (Mr. G. M. Hall); Nippon Yusen Kaisha (Mr. Y. Uchida); J. M. da Rocha & Co. (Mr. J. M. da Rocha); Alex. Ross & Co. Ltd. (Mr. A. W. Hayward); Shiu On Steamship Co. Ltd. (Mr. T. N. Chau); Sing Hing & Co. (Mr. N. C. Horne); South British Insurance Co. Ltd. (Mr. F. S. Harrison); B. M. Talabi; Union Insurance Society of Canton, Ltd. (Mr. Paul Launder); Harry Wicking & Co. (the Hon. Mr. J. Owen Hughes).

Mr. T. G. Weall (chairman) presided. He was supported by the Hon. Mr. C. G. S. Mackie (vice-chairman), the Hon. Mr. A. C. Hynes, the Hon. Mr. J. Owen Hughes, the Hon. Mr. B. D. F. Beith, Mr. N. S. Brown, Mr. Paul Launder, Mr. T. E. Pearce, Mr. P. A. Perry (of the general committee), Mr. M. F. Key (secretary) and Mr. R. A. Wadeson (of the firm of solicitors to the Chamber).

The Reasons

The Secretary read the notice convening the meeting. The Chairman said:—Before proposing the resolution which you have just heard I should like to say a few words regarding the reasons for the steps which are contemplated.

The Hong Kong Chamber of Commerce was first formed in the year 1861 with a foundation membership of 62 (which it is interesting to note included several firms whose representatives are with us on the present occasion). At that time a fairly simple form of organization was considered sufficient, and under it the Chamber has done a great deal of useful work for 67 years.

As was only to be expected the membership has during later years considerably increased and consequently there are many spheres of manufacture, shipping and commercial activity now coming within the scope of the Chamber's business which it is difficult to deal with properly under the existing organization.

Responsible Duties

In addition to this, the liabilities and responsibilities of the Chamber have substantially increased, more particularly in connection with the certification of Rice exported from Hong Kong; and in a great number of instances officials of the Chamber are called upon to carry out very onerous and responsible duties.

As was explained in the circular sent with the notice convening this meeting, members of an unincorporated Association have an unlimited liability in relation thereto; any one having a claim against the Chamber can—after he has exhausted the Chamber's funds—pursue the members individually until he obtains all that the Courts award him. Your Committee are anxious to protect the members from any such unpleasant consequences, and in this connection I should like to point out that under the proposed Memorandum of Association of the Chamber, when registered, the liability in the future of each member will be limited to \$10.00. It is also significant that the Chambers of Commerce of the principal cities in the British Isles have all adopted the safeguard of incorporation.

Highly Desirable

In view of this your Committee has been advised by the Legal Sub-Committee that it is highly desirable in the interests of the members, that the Chamber should secure the advantages and limitations of liability, which would be obtained by the registration of the Chamber, as a Limited Company under the Hong Kong Companies Ordinances.

I do not think that the proposed Memorandum and Articles of Association call for special comment. Messrs. Deacons, by whom they were prepared, have based them on those of the Chambers of Commerce of London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham and the British-Rumanian Chamber. All that is considered best has been taken from the Memoranda and Articles of Association of those Chambers and incorporated in those suggested for adoption by the Chamber in Hong Kong. Members have had an opportunity during the last two weeks or more of perusing the draft at the offices of the Chamber. The objects as set out in the Memorandum are those almost universally adopted by Incorporated Chambers of Commerce and include the foundation of scholarships to assist young persons training for commercial careers and to advance and promote commercial and technical education; apart from this the Memorandum might almost be called "common form."

A Few Points

So far as the Articles of Association are concerned there is little to say, and I only propose to touch on one or two points arising out of them; it has been thought desirable to encourage firms and limited companies to become members as such; and for that purpose it is provided by the Articles that no person being a member of a partnership firm, or a Director or officer of a Company, shall be qualified for election as an individual member unless his firm or company are already members of the Chamber or unless the General Committee in view of any special circumstances sanction his election. It is hoped to have the old Association wound up and the new Company formed and registered by January 1 next year. The General Committee will consist of the same members who compose the present Committee; their names are set out in the Articles of Association and they are to hold office until the annual meeting in 1930, instead of retiring at the usual annual meeting which will be held a little over a month from the present date.

Arbitration

The need for confidential representations to local or foreign authorities has been reorganised and the Committee has been given power, by Article 42, to make representations on behalf of any section of the members to any appropriate authority and in their discretion to keep such representations and the results secret.

The Committee are also given power to make "Bye Laws" to govern the general business of the Chamber, and I may say that a complete set of "Bye Laws" for the conduct of arbitrations has been compiled with forms for the use of arbitrators, and when approved will be printed and incorporated with the Memorandum and Articles, a copy of which will be sent to all members. In case of any doubt as to the procedure to be adopted members can then refer to the "Bye Laws" for guidance and act without fear of making any false step. The Articles also provide that all members of the present Association shall automatically become members of the Limited Company under the Articles.

The Resolutions

I do not think that there is anything further that I can add, and I therefore beg to move the first resolution contained in the notice, namely:—

That the above named Association be wound up and that for that purpose John Fleming and Archibald Ritchie, Chartered Accountants, both of 3 Queen's Road, Central, Victoria, Hong Kong, be appointed liquidators with all necessary powers for conducting and completing such winding up at a remuneration to be settled by the Committee.

After this resolution has been seconded I shall be glad to answer to the best of my ability any questions that members may desire to put.

Mr. P. S. Cassidy seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

The chairman then moved the second resolution:—

That in the place of the above named Association a Company, Limited by guarantee named "The Hong Kong General Chamber of Commerce" be formed and registered under the Hong Kong Companies Ordinances 1911-1925 that such formation and registration be undertaken and carried out by the existing Committee of the above named Association and that the Memorandum and Articles of Association thereof be determined and settled by them in such manner as in their absolute discretion they shall think fit and that the assets and records of the above named Association be taken over by and transferred to the Company forthwith after the completion of the said winding up and the said registration; and that all necessary expenses of and incidental to such winding up, formation, registration and transfer be paid by the said Committee out of the funds of the above named Association.

Mr. A. E. Martin seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

The Word "Limited"

The chairman added: During the next two weeks the necessary steps will be taken to wind up the present organization and to register the new Company so that it shall come into being on Jan. 1, 1929. As an Association existing not for the purpose of profit, a licence will be applied for and will doubtless be granted by H.E. the Governor to omit the word "Limited" from its title.

There will be no necessity to trouble the members to attend any further meeting in connection with this matter, and I thank you for your attendance.

"WHY SAILORS GO WRONG"

TO BE SCREENED AGAIN AT
QUEEN'S

The excellent comedy "Why Sailors Go Wrong" which was so well received by local movie fans when it was shown recently at the Queen's will be screened again at that Theatre for one day more—Tuesday next, according to a special announcement in this issue.

"Sammy Cohen and Ted McNamara, the incomparable comedy team of "What Price Glory" and "The Gay Retreat" are responsible for the plot of fun which the picture contains. The story is about two comical taxi drivers who, after a number of highly amusing and cleverly devised situations find themselves being shanghaied from a big city and marooned on a tropical island where lions, cannibals and dark-skinned beauties make things mighty warm for the pair. This environment proves a unique background for the comedy touches and adds much to the general fun. "Why Sailors Go Wrong" is quite the funniest comedy seen in Hong Kong for some time and those who have not already seen it should not miss this final opportunity.

Persons who take the responsibility of circulating rumours of which they cannot produce proof, as was the case recently when some busybody, for purposes best known to himself, started the story that the King was dead, should be treated as was the commercial gentleman here who was a noted defeatist during the war. His pessimistic utterances were reported to the police by one of the persons to whom he uttered them, and, for excellent reasons, he never offended again.—"Singapore Free Press."

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WHY
SAILORS
GO WRONG



SAMMY COHEN
TED McNAMARA

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EATING WITHOUT APPETITE:

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FOR DEFICIENT DIGESTION:

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repast.

FOR DISORDER OF THE STOMACH:

drink two liquor-glasses "WURM" at all
times.

BEFORE DINNER, AND BEFORE GOING TO BED
ONE "WURM" IS THE BEST REMEDY FOR ALL
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Sport Columns

CRICKET

OLD AND YOUNG AT PLAY

OTHER MATCHES

On the Hong Kong Cricket Club's ground to-day a match will be played between members "under thirty" and "over thirty," commencing at 2 p.m.

The team are:
Under 30.—A. C. I. Bowker (Capt.), H. J. Armstrong, J. Bonnar, C. Bradley, H. F. L. Ewin, H. V. Parker, V. W. L. Stanlon, J. A. Summers, R. H. D. Wade, C. D. Wales and L. Goldman.

Over 30.—H. R. B. Hancock (capt.), Capt. A. N. Evers, Major D. Gaye, A. W. Hayward, E. J. R. Mitchell, T. E. Pearce, Rev. E. K. Quick, A. Reid, Col. T. A. Robertson, W. K. Tait and S. A. Arthur.

The following have been selected to represent the University Past and Present in their annual match against the Combined League to-day at 2 p.m. sharp at Pokfulam.—A. A. Rummah (Capt.), D. Laing, T. E. Yeoh, E. Zimmerman, C. W. Lam, W. Hong Sling, S. V. Gittins, A. P. Guterres, F. I. Zimmerman, E. A. Lee, A. T. Lee.

The K.C.C. Teams

The following will represent the Kowloon C.C. in a friendly match against the Navy on the latter's ground at King's Park at 2 p.m.—N. H. Ross (Capt.), A. W. Ramsey, E. F. Pincher, R. E. H. Oliver, G. A. V. Hall, F. S. W. Smith, Lieut. H. A. R. Patten, H. T. Buxton, A. E. Silstone, L. J. Blackburn and W. M. Gittins.

The Kowloon C.C. second team to meet the Club de Hecero in a League game on the K.C.C. ground at 2 p.m. will be as follows: H. Overy (Capt.), N. A. E. Mackay, D. S. Green, B. Petheram, A. R. F. Raven, G. Lee, O. B. Raven, J. Hirst, A. Hargreaves Browne, F. Hamblin and A. J. V. Smith.

SNOKER

A close game was witnessed yesterday when Mr. F. E. Silva narrowly defeated Mr. H. da Luz in the semi-final of the Palace Hotel snooker championship. Scores:—Silva (34, 73, 44, 31, 59) total 241 da Luz (45, 16, 52, 74, 48) total 235.

On Monday, at 9 p.m. da Luz will play F. Jones for the third prize of the tournament. On Wednesday, also at 9 p.m., A. J. Osmund will meet Silva in the final, with the distribution of prizes to follow.

BASKET BALL

The Y.M.C.A. beat the St. Andrew's Young Men's Club at basket-ball by 10 points to 8, at the Y.M.C.A. yesterday.

"TOM JONES"

(Continued from Page 6.)

especially when Squire Western, Gregory, Dobbin, Honour and several others, racy of the soil of "Zumerzet," are on the stage. Suffice it to say that the love affair of the debonair Tom Jones (the founding) for the irascible Squire Western's charming daughter, Sophia, continues to make its appeal.

As "Tom Jones" Mr. D. M. Richards was quite successful and would have been more so if he had swaggered a bit more convincingly, for Tom was a well-known "buck." Mr. Richards' voice, more pleasing than powerful, was on the whole equal to the demands made upon it. His singing of "A Soldier's Scarlet Coat," was very good as was also his part in the duets with "Sophia."

Mrs. A. M. Bowes-Smith, a singer of much experience and one whose highly cultured voice is very pleasing, took the part of the lovesick lady, and both vocally and histrionically is highly successful.

As a fiery old Squire Western, Mr. A. J. Brock is good but would be better were he more redolent of the soil of "Somerset" in his make-up. His is rather a dandified Squire, but his irascibility is convincing, particularly in his first meeting with the versatile Patridge.

Mrs. J. Hurst as Honour is one of the outstanding successes. She sings delightfully, acts naturally and looks the saucy wench she is representing.

One of the most delightful items of the evening is her singing and dancing in "The Green Ribbon," when she is attended by half a dozen gay cavaliers.

In the dual part of Miss Western and Lady Bellaston

HOCKEY

KOWLOON INDIANS BEAT "VARSITY" "A"

In an interesting game of hockey, the Kowloon Indian Tennis Club defeated the University "A" team on the Marina ground yesterday by four goals to two.

The University started strong and scored two goals in the first half, but the Indians netted four times after crossing over Ahmed Khan was responsible for three goals.

Visit to Shamenee
The Hong Kong Hockey Club is sending a team to Canton to-night to play with Shamenee to-morrow. Those travelling are—W. K. Tait, W. Woodward, D. Lyon, H. R. Remington, A. A. Dand (captain).

TO-DAY'S SOCCER

Lai Wah Cup final, kick-off 3.30 p.m.—The Army v. Chinese, H.K.Y.C. ground. Referee, L.S.B.A. Atkinson, R.N. Linesmen, Mr. Stokes and Mr. Anderson.

Division I, kick-off 4 p.m.—Kowloon v. Police, Kowloon F. C. ground. Referee, P. O. Cowan.

Division II, kick-off 2.15 p.m.—Athletic v. S. China "A." H.K.F.C. ground. Mr. Lawrence.

Kick-off 2.30 p.m.—Eastern v. Queen's, Athletic ground. Referee, Pte. Lamb. St. Joseph's v. Navy, St. Joseph's ground. Referee, Sgt. Clark.

Small Units v. Kowloon, Kowloon F. C. ground. Referee, Mr. Samy.

Recreio v. R.A., King's Park. Referee, L/Cpl. Sheard.

L. A. R. Duncan, J. H. Plummer, F. E. G. Munn, E. D. Lawrence, T. J. Price, G. E. R. Divett.

Next Week's Teams
Hockey Club teams for next week have been chosen as follows:—

1st XI v. Royal Navy on the U. S. R. C. ground at 4.45 p.m. on Wednesday:—W. K. Tait, O. E. C. Marton, D. Lyon, A. A. Dand (captain), E. J. R. Mitchell, J. E. Noronha, J. H. Plummer, H. Owen Hughes, E. D. Lawrence, C. C. Francis, G. E. R. Divett.

2nd XI v. 2nd XI of 2nd Batt. K.O.S.B.'s on Monday at 4.45 p.m. W. K. Tait, J. E. Henry, R. R. Todd, L. A. R. Duncan, Major J. P. S. Greig (captain), Rev. N. Evans, T. Whitley, W. Woodward, T. J. Price, W. A. Nowers, E. C. Fincher.

"A" team v. University 2nd XI at King's Park at 4.45 p.m. on Friday:—R. W. Sapsed, E. R. Robinson, G. Rankin, E. R. West, A. C. Howell, A. J. W. Ashby, A. A. R. Botelho, H. V. Parker, R. D. Beaumont, I. W. Shevan, G. R. Vallack, F. E. G. Munn (captain).

Mrs. L. C. F. Bellamy, though no great singer, proved herself to be quite a clever actress.

Mr. E. G. Canniford, in the unattractive part of Bliffl, was successfully colourless. He is not intended to "shine" and he did not—hence his success.

As the infatigable Patridge, Mr. Oscar Eager has a part for an experienced comedian, and it is high praise to say that, on the whole, his portrayal was successful. He should, however, "let himself go" a bit more and doubtless he will in the performances to come.

Had Mrs. D. M. Richards, who was quite good as Peggy, changed parts with Mrs. J. Hollidge, equally good as the hostess of the inn at Upton, the exchange, we believe, would have been an improvement. Mrs. E. D. G. Aris as Susan was one of the daintiest of serving maids.

The other characters, all important in their little way, being of the minor order—call for no special comment, with the exception of Gregory, cleverly performed by Mr. P. Hale.

The Chorus—a very important element in "Tom Jones" as in every opera, rose splendidly to all occasions, reflecting the utmost credit upon themselves and their conductor, Mr. Fitz-Earle, who guided singers and orchestra most successfully.

"Tom Jones" is a great success and we predict big audiences for the six remaining performances, one of which is a matinee at which we hope a large number of young folks will be present.

Most attractive and appropriate is the staging, the dresses of the ladies dazzlingly charming and even the men, sartorially, are well worthy of mention. "Tom Jones," with Edward German's delightful music, Charles H. Taylor's sweetly sentimental lyrics, and the more or

less clever libretto of A. M. Thompson and R. Courtneidge, will probably prove to be one of the Philharmonic Society's real triumphs.

The singing of "Don't You Find the Weather Charming?" "To-day My Spinet," "The Barley Mow," "For Ago My Love," "Gurt Uncle Jan Tappit," and "The Green Ribbon" were among the most attractive features of a very pleasant evening.

The dancing was likewise most gracefully performed.

The cast follows:—
Tom Jones (A founding)
Mr. D. M. Richards
Mr. Allworthy (A Somersetshire Magistrate) ... Mr. E. Hanlon
Bliffl (His nephew) ... Mr. E. G. Canniford

Benjamin Partridge (A village barber) ... Mr. Oscar Eager
Squire Western (A fine old English gentleman) ... Mr. A. J. Brock
Gregory (his servant) ... Mr. P. Hale
Grizzle ... Mr. R. D. Thomas
Dobbin ... Mr. R. D. Thomas
Squire Cloddy ... Mr. H. G. Annis
Pimlott ... Mr. T. J. Magill
Tony ... Mr. A. A. Lewis
An Officer ... Mr. H. V. Parker
Highwaymen ... Mr. F. S. W. Smith
Post Boy ... Mr. A. T. Bates
Walter ... Mr. G. W. R. Griggs
Colonel Hampstead ... Mr. H. V. Parker

Tom Edwards ... Mr. T. V. Harmon
Colonel Wilcox ... Mr. C. Bennett
Honour (Maid to Sophia) ... Mrs. J. Hurst
Miss Western (Squire Western's sister) and
Lady Bellaston (A lady of quality) ... Mrs. L. C. F. Bellamy
Ettoff (Her maid) ... Mrs. E. Larmour
Hostess of the Inn at Upton ... Mrs. J. Hollidge
Bessie Wisacre ... Miss F. E. Dunn
Lettie Wheatcroft (A friend of Sophia) ... Miss R. Cole
Rosalie Lucas ... Miss M. J. Stewart
Susan (Serving maid at Upton) ... Miss E. D. G. Aris
Betty ... Miss E. D. G. Aris
Peggy ... Mr. D. M. Richards
Sophia (Squire Western's daughter) ... Mrs. A. M. Bowes-Smith

Chorus
Mr. H. W. M. Harrison, Mrs. V. G. Thomas, Mrs. P. W. Pankhurst, Mrs. R. C. Deane, Mrs. H. L. Maher, Mrs. J. R. Pengelly, Mrs. J. H. Johnston, Mrs. D. W. Beamish, Mrs. H. Balean, Mrs. A. E. Greenway, Mrs. W. N. H. Murdoch, Mrs. S. A. Johnston, Mrs. J. N. Owen, Mrs. E. Larmour, Mrs. T. W. Carr, Mrs. M. M. Goodall, Mrs. T. J. Magill, Mrs. J. R. Way, Miss M. A. George, Miss M. Bird, Miss M. S. Scott, Miss B. Hirst, Miss D. Smith, Miss K. Murphy, Mr. M. R. Bell, Mr. J. Barnett, Mr. P. F. Robinson, Mr. W. McEvers, Mr. R. Blacklock, Mr. C. W. L. Cole, Mr. J. R. Pengelly, Mr. T. B. Smith, Capt. A. Bulfitte, Mr. S. A. Johnston, Mr. D. T. Trafford, Mr. A. E. Russell, Mr. R. S. Spencelagh, Mr. V. G. Thomas, Mr. R. W. Sapsed, Mr. H. J. Fountain, Mr. A. T. Bates, Mr. O. B. Raven, Mr. F. W. Dunn.

Gavotte:—Mrs. T. Parkinson, Mrs. W. H. Fitz-Earle, Miss M. A. George, Mr. C. Bennett, Mr. H. V. Parker and Mr. T. V. Harmon.
Jig:—Mrs. H. L. Maher, Mrs. J. R. Pengelly, Miss R. Cole, Miss F. E. Dunn, Mr. J. Barnett, Mr. F. W. Dunn, Mr. R. Blacklock and Mr. P. F. Robinson.

Morris Dance:—Miss M. Bird, Miss E. D. G. Aris, Miss K. Murphy and Mrs. R. C. Deane.
Soldiers:—Mr. W. Jeffreys, Mr. E. Uttridge, M. E. Nelson and Mr. J. Herbert.

Stage Director, Mr. C. P. Marcel; Properties, Mr. J. Greenham; Wardrobe Mistress, Mrs. H. W. M. Harrison; Prompter, Mr. W. Gill; Hon. Accompanist, Mrs. G. W. R. Griggs; Dances arranged by, Miss Daisy O'Keefe; Costumes designed and executed by, Mrs. G. H. Arnold; Wigs by, Campbell Moore; Scenery, Messrs. J. H. Hunt and O. B. Raven; Photographs by, Ming Yuen Studio; Lighting Effects, Mr. E. Hanlon; Programme and Publicity, Mr. T. V. Harmon and Mr. Gray Swinburne.

Programme Ladies
Miss Bella Pestonji, Miss Kitty Chester, Miss Nellie Field and Miss Billie Field.

The "North China Standard" (Peking) says: In response to a cable from Mr. T. V. Soong, Minister of Finance, Mr. Walter W. Fowler, president of the firm which bears his name, has arrived in Peking on his way to Nanking. Mr. Fowler is a heavy creditor of the government, having supplied equipment for various lines of railway over a number of years, the payment for which is much in arrears. It is understood there are several millions of dollars involved. Just before leaving Washington he had dinner with Mr. Shas Strawn who had been prominently mentioned as a successor to Mr. Kellogg as Secretary of State. While in Peking Mr. Fowler is staying with Mr. Alex. Mackay, his representative in Peking. If conditions warrant Mr. Fowler will remain in China some time.

EXCHANGES.

TO-DAY'S QUOTATIONS

On London—
Bank, wire 2/- 3/4
Bank, on demand 2/- 5/16
Bank, 30 days' sight
Bank, 4 months' sight 2/- 3/4
Credits, 4 months' sight 2/1 1/2
Documentary 4 months' sight 2/1 1/4

On Paris—
On demand 1247 1/2
Credits, 4 months' sight 1322 1/2

On Berlin—
On demand
On New York—
On demand 48 1/2
Credits, 60 days' sight 50 1/2

On Bombay—
Wire 133 1/2
On demand 133 1/2

On Calcutta—
Wire 133 1/2
On demand 133 1/2

On Singapore—
On demand 86 1/2
On Manila—
On demand 98 1/2

On Shanghai—
On demand 78
30 days' sight (private paper)
On Yokohama—
On demand 106 1/2

Gold Leaf, 100 fine (per tola)
Sovereigns (Bank's buying rate) 9.60
Silver (per oz.) 26 1/2
Bar Silver in Hong Kong 4% prem.
Copper Cash Nominal
Chinese Copper Cents 6% Prem.
Rate of Native Interest 7% p.a.
Chinese Sub. Coin 31% dis.
Hong Kong Sub. Coin Par.

LONDON EXCHANGES.

London, Yesterday.

Paris 124.145
New York 4.85 3/16
Brussels 34.89
Geneva 25.19
Amsterdam 12.07 3/4
Milan 92.65
Berlin 20.355
Stockholm 18.145
Copenhagen 18.18
Oslo 18.195
Vienna 34.475
Prague 163 1/2
Helsingfors 192 1/2
Madrid 29.865
Lisbon 111 1/2
Athens 376
Bucharest 807 1/2
Rio 5 29/32
Buenos Aires 47 11/32
Bombay 1/6 1/32
Shanghai 2/7
Hong Kong 2/0 1/2
Yokohama 1/10 3/4
Silver Spot 26 1/2
Silver Forward 26 1/2

—British Wireless Service.

General Feng Yu-shiang, Commander of the Second Group Army and concurrently Minister of War, recently gave a reception to his staff officers of the Second Group Army at the "cafeteria" of the Officers' Moral Endeavour Society, his body-guards and driver all eating at the same table. In the course of the simple meal, says the "Kuo Ming News Agency," General Feng remarked that the system of serving oneself by picking out the dishes of food at the counter is not only a time-saving measure but is more sanitary from the point of view of practical hygiene.

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WEDNESDAY AT THE QUEEN'S To SATURDAY

WORLD NEWS IN PICTURES.

Einstein



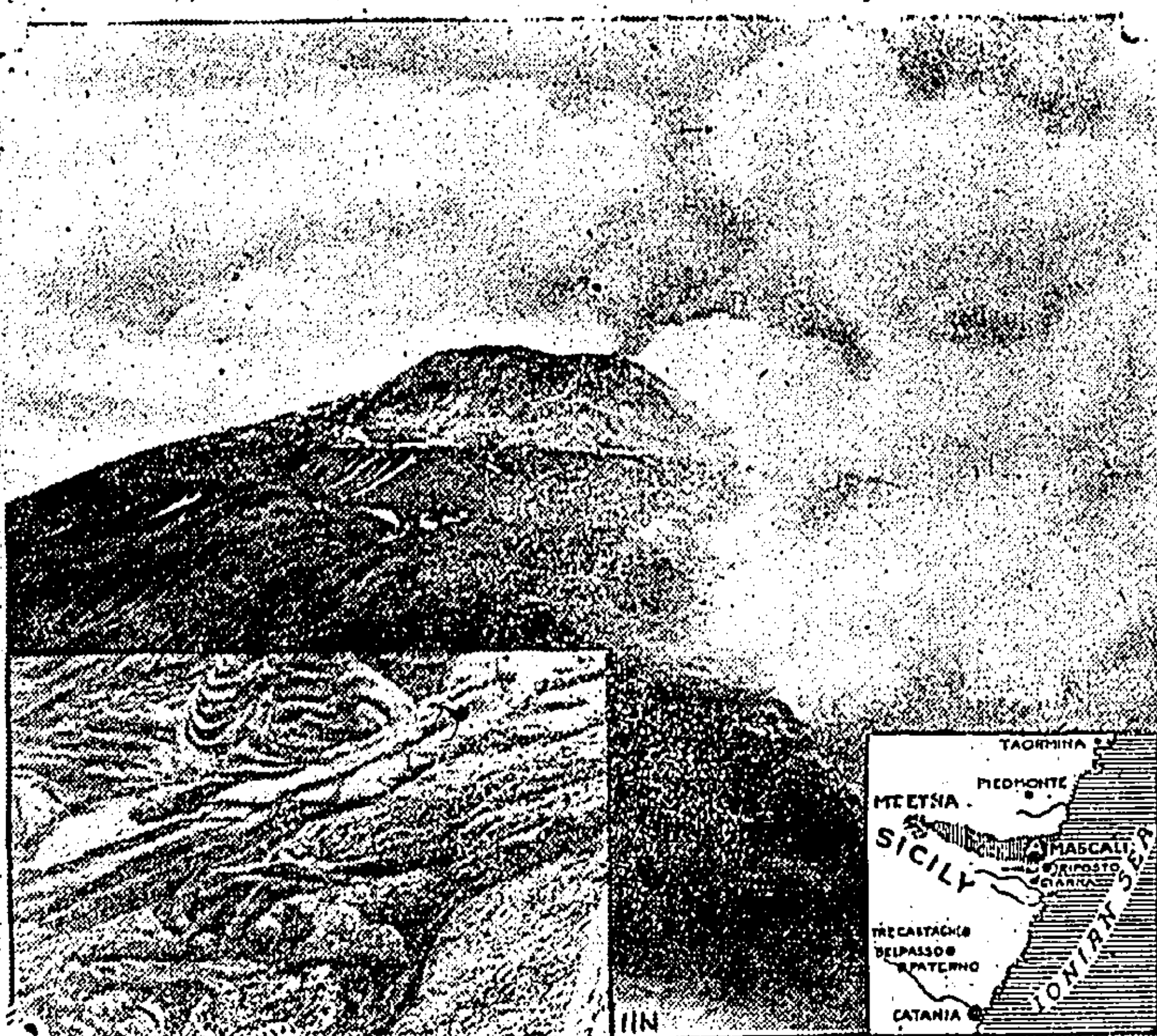
Professor Einstein, among the world's most famous men, in a new portrait study which has just been received by the "China Mail."

A Diplomatic Group



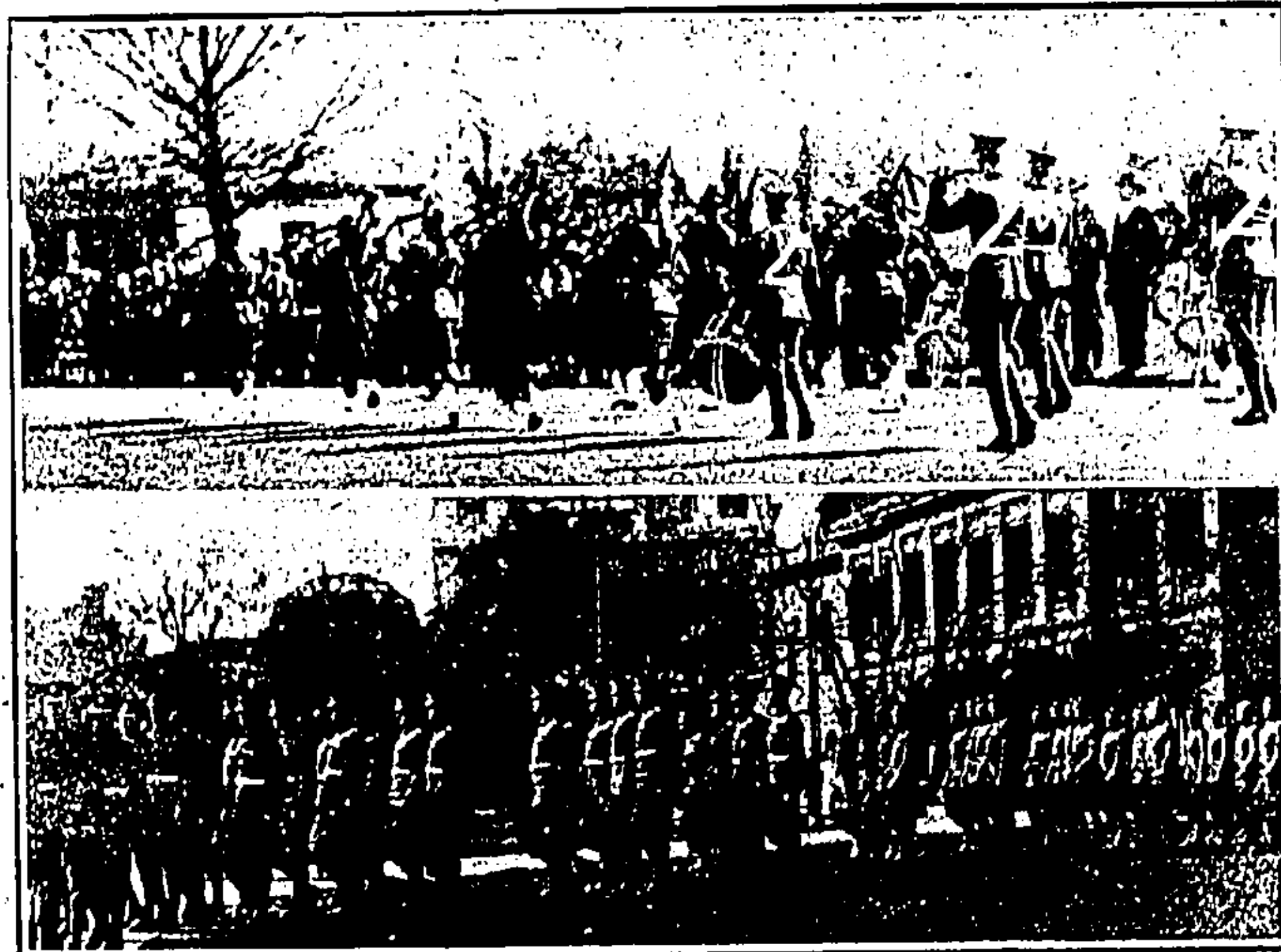
The Sino-British Joint Commission for Nanking Incident Claims met for the first time on Nov. 22, when this photograph was taken. Second from the left to right: Mr. M. J. Combe (British Consul), Dr. C. Kuangson Young (Counsellor to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs), Mr. Wu Chin (Division Chief of the Finance Ministry) and Mr. A. G. Moggson (British Crown Advocate).—(C. H. Wong Studio).

Two Towns Menaced by Mount Etna.



While craters atop Mt. Etna's lofty peak threw up fiery destruction in unrelenting measure and spread devastation in the plains below, two more towns, Nuziata and Garraffa, were in danger. Above, a remarkable photo of the volcano in eruption; and (left) a photo of the lava stream. The map shows the relation of towns in immediate vicinity of the Sicilian volcano.

St. Andrew's Day in Shanghai



A large contingent of the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards, Shanghai Scottish (S.V.C.) and members of St. Andrew's Society jointly observed St. Andrew's Day on Nov. 25, when a special service at Union Church was held. Above photos show the Guards and the Shanghai Scottish marching off the grounds of the British Consulate after the service.—(Ah Fong).

First Paper Hunt of the Season



A large number of spectators turned out to see Shanghai's first paper hunt of the season, held under glorious weather in the Minghong-road country.—(Ah Fong).

Niece in Film



Corinne Griffith, whose niece, little Jo Ann Pierce, played in "Saturday's Children."

Wedded A Commoner



Princess Elizabeth Windischgrätz, granddaughter of the late Emperor Franz Josef of Austria, who has joined the Socialist Party as a sequel to her marriage to Leopold Pelz, a Vienna teacher. Her four children, born when she was the Princess Windischgrätz, are being reared to earn their own way in the world regardless of their royal blood.

Fortune for Her



Inez Norton, an ex-Follies girl and woman of mystery, has been revealed as the flame that melted the steely heart of Arnold Rothstein, the big gambler. On his deathbed he left her the income from one-sixth of his estate, estimated at a minimum of \$10,000,000.

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Princess Divorced



Because her royal husband insisted on pawning the family jewels every time he got hard up, the Princess Murat (above) won a divorce in the Paris courts. She was married to Prince Michel Joachim Murat, a descendant of Napoleon's General of the same name, in 1918.

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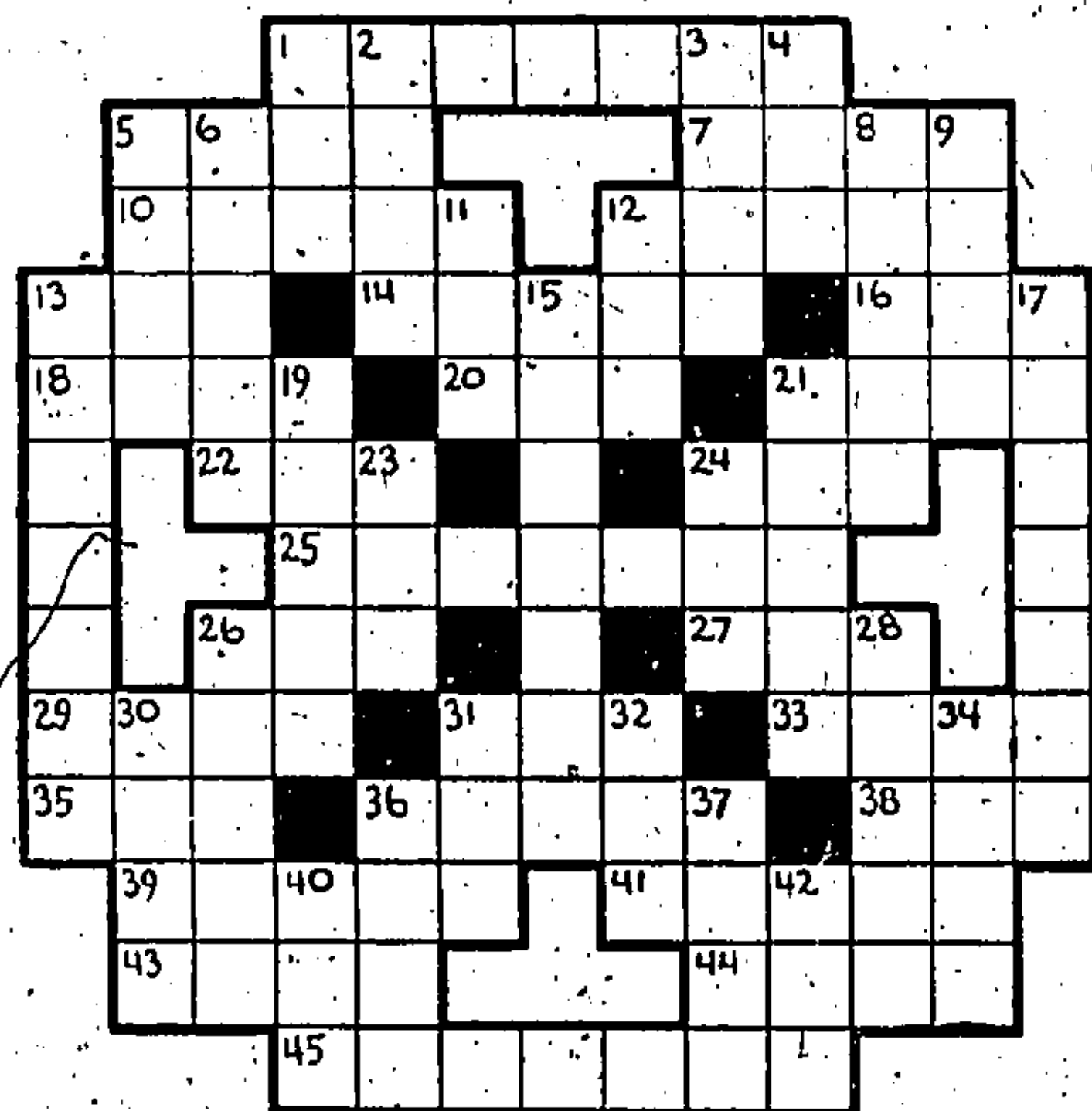
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DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

(This cross-word puzzle has been made by an expert but our readers are warned to look out for occasional phonetic spellings, such as harbor, plow, and altho.)



© THE INTERNATIONAL SYNDICATE

HORIZONTAL

- 1-Shakespearean character
- 5-Imitate
- 7-Listen
- 10-Crawled
- 12-Chessman (pl.)
- 13-A land measure (Metric)
- 14-A headlock
- 16-The first woman
- 18-Iron oxide
- 20-Wheeled vehicle
- 21-Covers
- 22-Juvenile game
- 24-To close
- 26-Assemble
- 28-A title
- 29-Part of a finger
- 31-Wager
- 33-Prudent
- 35-Colors

HORIZONTAL (Cont.)

- 36-King of Tyre (Bible)
- 38-Young goat
- 39-A heron
- 41-Opposed to Zenith
- 43-To cauterize
- 44-Choice
- 45-A sailor

VERTICAL

- 1-Pronoun
- 2-Trust
- 3-Burn
- 4-Site of Royal Botanical Gardens, London
- 5-Unbleached
- 6-A plume
- 8-Near (poetic)
- 9-Abbr. of "Answer, if you please" (Fr.)
- 11-Twitching of muscles
- 12-By

VERTICAL (Cont.)

- 13-A plateau in East France
- 15-Adapt
- 17-Departed
- 19-An ancient race of Southern India
- 21-Shouts
- 23-A fish
- 24-The bleat of the sheep
- 26-A beleaguement
- 28-Street vender
- 30-The Greek god of war
- 31-Wood-boring tool
- 32-A shade of brown
- 34-To inflame
- 36-Greek queen of the gods
- 37-Female horse
- 40-Batter
- 42-Daughters American Revolution (abbr.)

(The solution of the above cross-word puzzle will appear in Monday's issue along with a new cross-word puzzle.)

YESTERDAY'S SOLUTION.



HONG KONG HEIGHTS

For the information of visitors the following list of some of the highest points on the Island and Mainland is published:-

	Feet.
Victoria Peak	1823
Signal Station	1774
Mt. Parker	1734
Mountain Lodge	1725
The Eyrie	1725
Peak Hotel	1805
Tai Koo Sanatorium	1000
Mt. Davis	877
Bowen Road (Alterbeds)	297
Taimoshan	3124
Mainland	Feet.
Taimoshan	3124
Kowloon Peak	1971

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

EXILED TROTSKY

"THE PRINCE OF JOURNALISTS"

HIS NEW BOOK

"The Prince of Journalists," a compliment paid to Trotsky by no less a critic than Mr. Bernard Shaw, is quoted by himself in his new book (produced in secret, and thereby causing much concern in Russia), "The Real Situation in Russia," published by the Avalon Verlag, Dresden. In a book of three hundred pages, containing nothing that is absolutely new, no actual facts that the best observers in Russia to-day have not already told the world when they had recrossed the frontier and could speak and write without being censored, Trotsky's powers of description and persuasion are such that Soviet Russia is revealed in her weakness as no other writer has succeeded in revealing her, states the "Observer's" Berlin correspondent.

Smuggled into Germany and printed partly from the manuscript defending his position when forced into opposition in 1927, the book is Trotsky's own Apologia. He has been accused of deviating from the tenets laid down by Lenin and founding a new party based on "Trotskyism." He repudiates the "insult" with energy. "Against opportunism! Against a split! For the unity of the Lenin party!" This is the cry with which he ends his recapitulation of past history in the party and the exposition of a state of affairs which he declares is leading rapidly to ruin.

The Rise of Kulaks
Trotsky sees the origin of the present system's collapse in the growth of a new middle-class party, growing out of those Kulaks, or prosperous peasant proprietors, of whom Lenin said that they and they alone, in the history of revolutions, had restored the power of Czars, Priests, and Capitalists. He writes:-

"Twenty-five million small peasant proprietors form the nucleus of the new capitalistic movement in Russia. The Kulack class, which is recruited from this mass, is repeating the process of a primitive accumulation of capital, and slowly undermining the Socialist position. The ultimate fate of this endeavour is dependent upon the relative growth of State organisation and private enterprises. The slow development of our industries is enormously strengthening the formation of class distinctions among the peasants, and this is where the political danger lies."

In the towns the workers are seething under the surface. "Never call attention to yourself. If you want to keep the bit of daily bread you've got, don't talk too much." This, says Trotsky, is leading to the formation of a dissatisfied proletariat outside the trade unions and organisations, which, composed of thousands of officials, are becoming more and more a bourgeois body. In factories and works the "works councillors"—that body of delegates drawn from among the men themselves which has been taken over with so much success by German industrial life—are being summoned less and less. Men are afraid to complain in case they lose their jobs.

"Blind Obedience"
The League of Communist Youth, which is the association of those who will one day be called upon to follow in the footsteps of the men who have made present-day Russia, are being systematically deprived of all power of criticism, or even individual, thought. Blind obedience

is demanded of them, in particular when the destruction of a member of the Opposition is in question. The Russia of the future can have no leaders educated on this system. Those unhappy wretches who by word or deed have had the misfortune to criticise the Stalin regime find themselves in exactly the same position as political prisoners of the old regime, men and women of intellect and breeding penned together with the lowest types of criminal, with no word, no gift, and no sign from the outside world until their fate and destination is sealed.

The Next War
For all these evils Trotsky has practical suggestions. Striking at the root of the matter in reforms at home he points to the necessity of their being carried out before the next world war—Imperialism versus the Soviet State—takes place. That this war is unavoidable, he adduces from the following conclusions:-

"1. The efforts which Capitalism has made during the past few years to regain power, the success obtained, and the consequent necessity for new markets. This applies to all great Powers.

"2. The bourgeoisie of imperialist countries has convinced itself of the growth of economic power in the Soviet Union, but sees that the present system of a proletarian dictatorship based on the monopoly of foreign trade will never secure a free market for the capitalists in Russia.

"3. The imperialist bourgeoisie speculates on internal difficulties in the Soviet Union.

"4. The collapse of the general strike in England, and that of the Chinese revolution which followed, has filled imperialists with hope that it is possible to crush the Soviet Union."

England is the enemy. Trotsky refuses to believe that it is England's desire to open up trade with Russia. "Imperialist England has other plans."

'PAINFUL PEREGRINATIONS'

One of the latest additions to the libraries is that well-known volume of William Lithgow's "Rare Adventures and Painful Peregrinations." The old adventurer, who was first published in 1632, and is not wholly reliable, describes his forced exile and wanderings in Europe and the "Near" East. Perhaps the most interesting chapters are those in which he tells of his adventures in Spain, when, taken for a spy, he fell into the clutches of the Holy Office, was racked and otherwise tortured in a most workmanlike and painstaking manner, and finally escaped, to write his memoirs, only by the merest change. It is a good little book, but should not be taken too literally, for its hero was something of a rogue. Edited by B. J. Lawrence.

SIXPENCE A DANCE

[Spoiled, by William C. Borth, Hutchinson].

The hectic life of a professional dancer, whose sleek golden hair his lady employers all wish to ruffle, is described in a story full of slushy sentiment by William C. Borth, who, we are told, is himself an amateur prize-winner in the dancing world. The average flapper may think Tony Stirling "lovely," but the average man will see no cause to revise his opinion of the jazz business. Even the author who does his best, cannot convince the reader that Tony, hiring himself out at 6d a dance to elderly ladies who wish to "protect" him, is doing a man's job in the world. Still, it is a phase of life unknown to most of us, and therefore of some interest.

"SEELY SUSSEX"

COUNTY IN HISTORY AND SPORT

[Sussex in the Past. By Viscountess Wolsley. (Medici Society. 15s.)]

Already in "Some of the Smaller Manor-Houses of Sussex," Lady Wolsley has sent a large number of Sussex lovers on a voyage of rediscovery of the county which she knows more thoroughly and depicts more entertainingly than almost any of her contemporaries. In her new volume, which is enriched by eight admirable water-colours and an informative chapter on Prehistoric and Roman Sussex, by Garnet Wolsley, she confines herself to the Steyning district, to the valley of the Adur and the Chichester area.

Her power is twofold. She makes us see the present beauty of old houses and churches, and her excellently-developed historic sense enables her to unfold with a very exceptional skill precisely what took place in them through the ages. Historians have a knack of being verbose and dull. Lady Wolsley is invariably entertaining, and almost too brief. She never allows her genuine personality to be weighed down by her scholarship.

THE NATURAL WORLD

[Sport and Nature in Sussex Downs. By "Frederick F. Wood. (Duckworth. 6s.)]

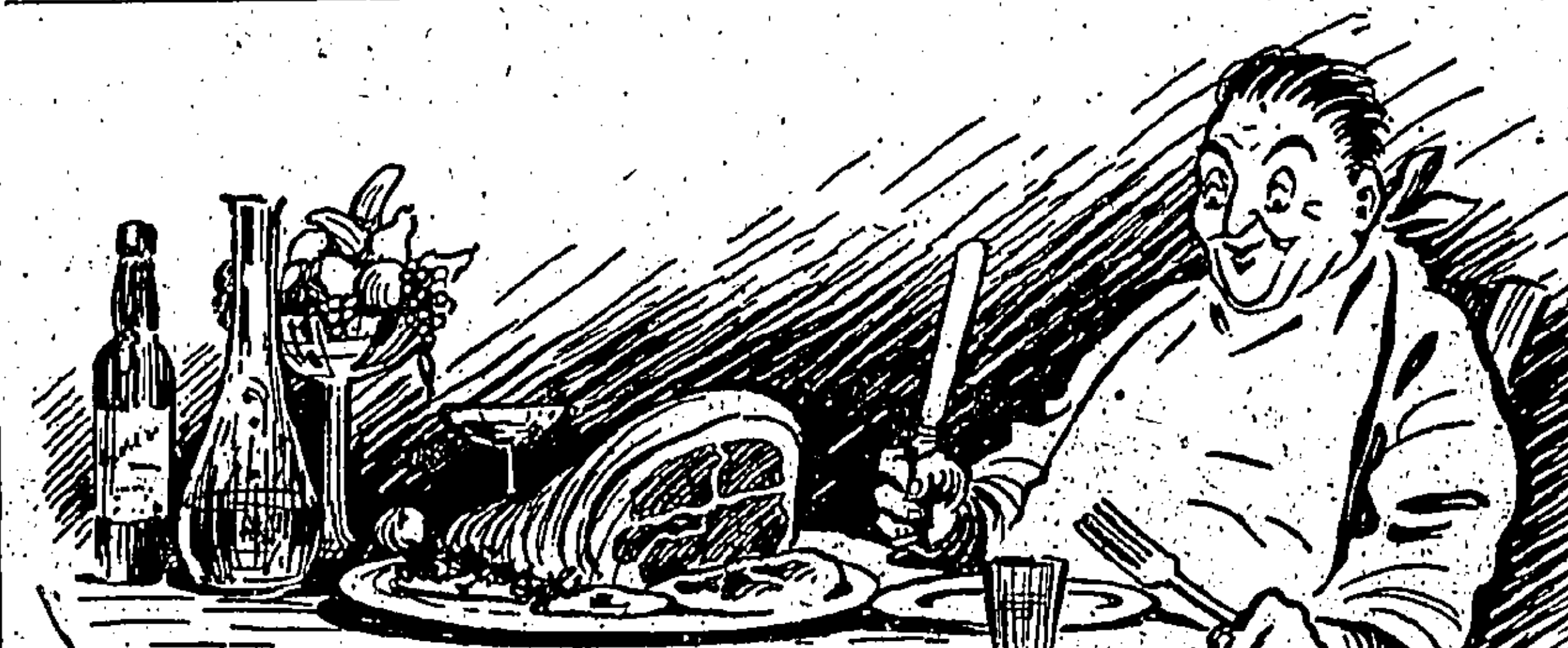
With the modesty of the born sportsman Mr. Frederick Wood, who whips in to the Brighton Beaches, disclaims any pretensions to be a writer. "As I am a good deal better runner than writer I must ask forgiveness for lack of style in the recording," says this ingenious young 50-year-old athlete. In point of fact he knows his Sussex and describes it as engagingly as Lady Wolsley, but what a different Sussex it is. Mr. Wood is concerned with ridding, porching, rabbiting, bagging, hunting, coursing, the habits of wild birds, and the appearance of wild flowers.

He tells us things that most of us do not know before, how animals shelter in wild weather, and how hares resist the attacks of stoats, and in addition to his knowledge of animal life he betrays a deep sympathy with them. He is particularly angry with hunters who chop a hare or fox for the sake of sending up the season's score. His idea of a good day is a good run, not a succession of bad kills; the best part of hunting to him is not the man or the horse or the fox, but the hound. In a word he is alive to every manifestation of beauty in the natural world, and his whole book is a paean of thanksgiving for being permitted to be alive and out of doors in so exquisite a corner of England as the South Down country.—"Daily Telegraph."

A LITTLE TOO EASY

[The Crime in the Crypt, by Carolyn Wells Lippincott (Philadelphia).]

The only trouble with the mystery story by Carolyn Wells, which begins with a dead body found in a sarcophagus in the crypt of a cathedral, is that the reader will be able a little too easily to point, early in the story, to the solution which Mr. Fleming Stone found right at the end of the book. Otherwise, there is plenty of action, and the book has touches of the humour for which this American writer is famous. It is a very readable story in a pleasant, light style.



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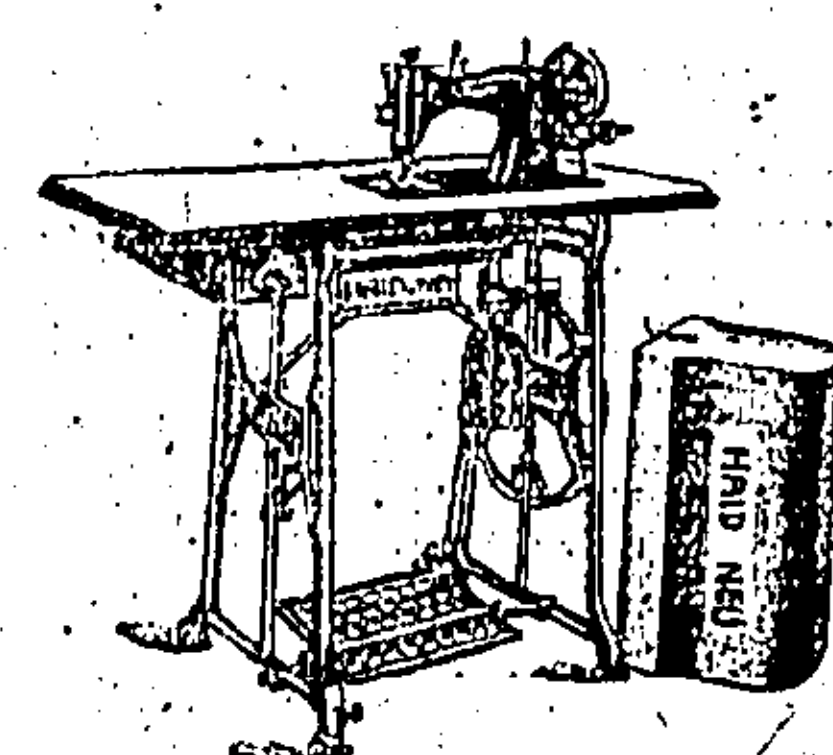
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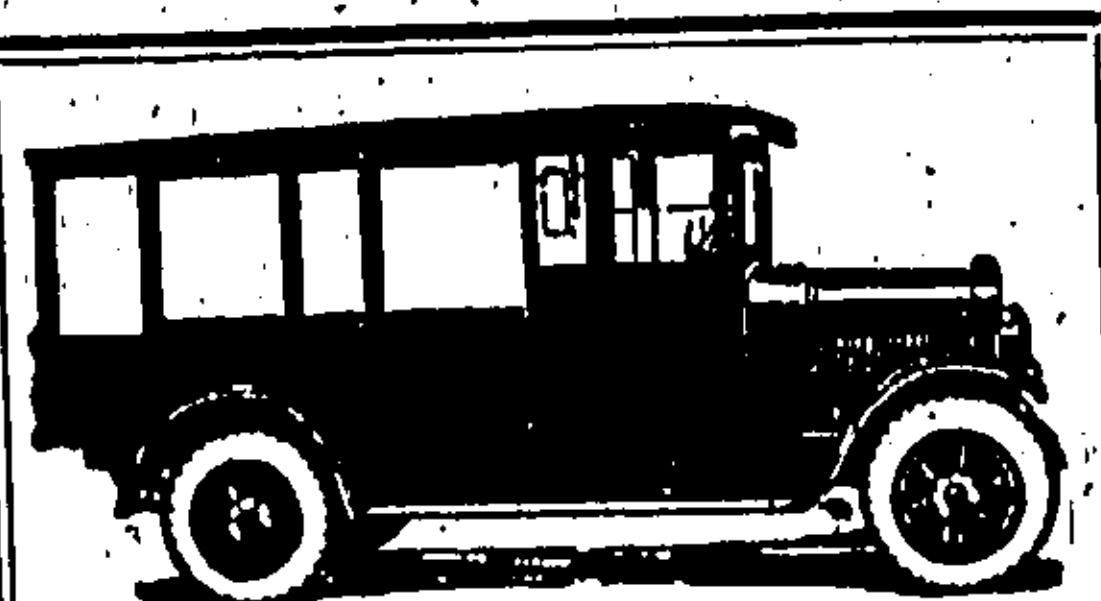
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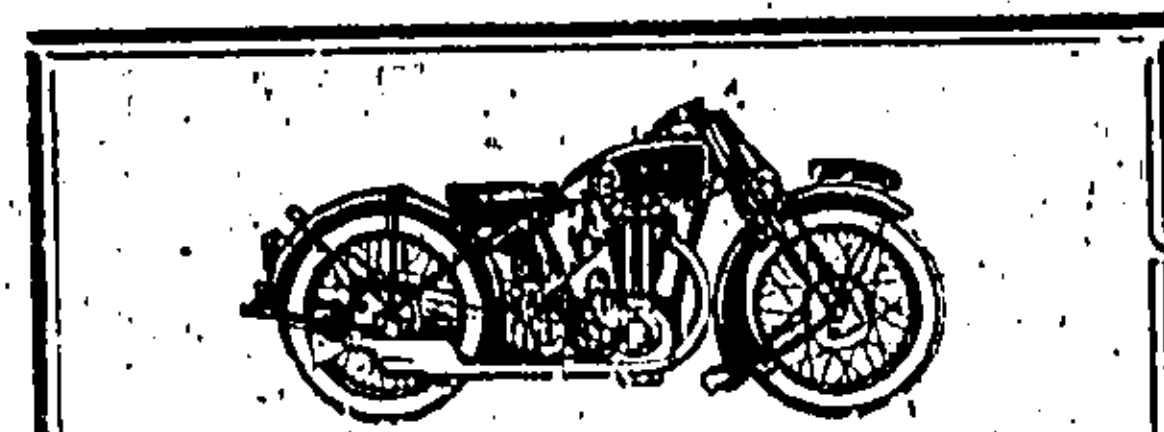


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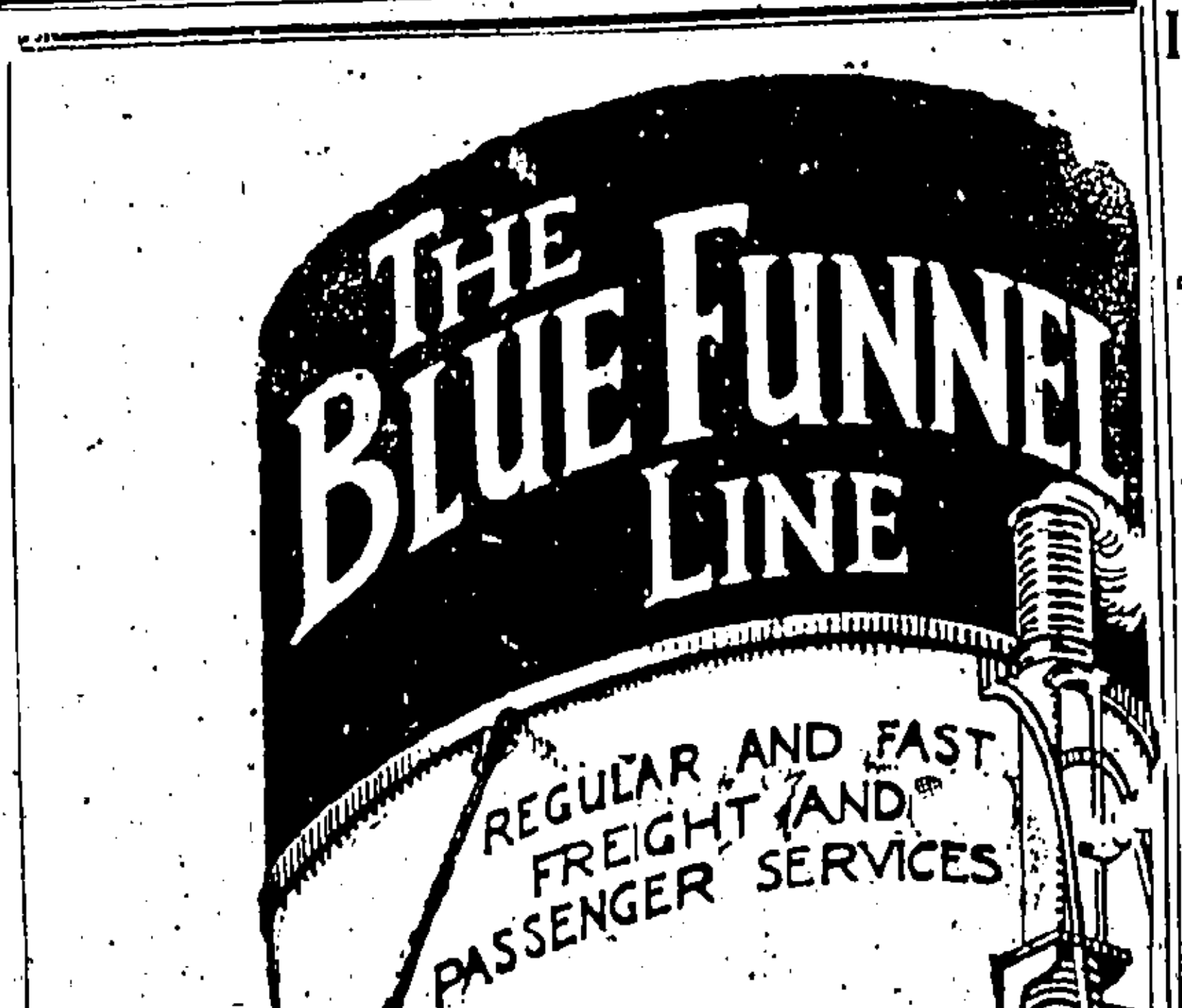
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INWARD MAILS.	
From	Per
U.S.A., Honolulu, Japan, Shanghai & Europe	SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15.
via Siberia (London, 23rd & 24th Nov.)	President Monroe
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16.	
Europe via Negapatam (Letters and papers, London, 15th Nov. and parcels, 8th Nov.)	Aeneas
MONDAY, DECEMBER 17.	
U.S.A., Honolulu, Japan and Shanghai	President Pierce
Manila	President Madison
Straits	Tresillian
Shanghai and Amoy	Ning Hai
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18.	
Shanghai	Porthos
Japan	Sado Maru
Straits	Gazana
Saigon	Athos II.
OUTWARD MAILS.	
For	Per
Straits, Ceylon, India, Mauritius, E. & S. Africa and Aden	SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15.
Esquillo	2.30 p.m.
Kiangchow	2.30 p.m.
Anjou	4 p.m.
Sam Shui and Wuchow	5 p.m.
Hoihow, Pakhoi and Haiphong	5 p.m.
President Monroe	5 p.m.
Manila	5 p.m.
Parcels for Germany via Hamburg	5 p.m.
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16.	
Bangkok via Swatow	Kiangsu 9 a.m.
Swatow, Amoy & Formosa	Hozan Maru 9 a.m.
Shanghai and Dairen	Kanchow 9 a.m.
MONDAY, DECEMBER 17.	
Straits & Calcutta: Parcels Noon.	
Letters 1 p.m.	Hosang.
Swatow	Hydrangea 2.30 p.m.
Shanghai, Japan, Honolulu, U.S.A., Canada, C. & S. America and Europe via San Francisco—due San Francisco, 9th Dec. and Europe via Siberia. Parcel (Dec. 17) 5 p.m. Registration (Dec. 18) 9.45 a.m. Letters (Dec. 18) 10.30 a.m.	
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18.	
Hoihow, Pakhoi and Haiphong	8.30 a.m.
Japan	Chusan
Saigon	Ginyo Maru 10 a.m.
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 19.	
Shanghai, Japan, Hong Kong, India, Mauritius, E. & S. Africa, Aden, Egypt and Europe via Marseilles—due Marseilles, 18th Jan., 1929. K.P.O. Registration 10 a.m. Letters 1 p.m. G.P.O. Registration 12.45 p.m. Letters 1.30 p.m.	
President Madison	Porthos 1 p.m.
Athos II.	1.30 p.m.
Shanghai and Japan	Shantung 1.30 p.m.
Amoy	Haining 2 p.m.
Swatow, Amoy & Foochow	

*Correspondence bearing vessel's name only.

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INDIA AND BRITISH CONNECTION

PLAIN TALK

"WILD MEN" AND A "HINDU OLIGARCHY"

LOYAL MESSAGE

Calcutta, Yesterday.
A conference, comprising the council of the European Association and delegates of all the provinces of India, have sent a message to the Queen expressing deep sympathy with the King's illness and stating that the conference shared her anxiety and prayer for His Majesty's complete recovery.
The conference also adopted a resolution giving the fullest support to the Council's memorandum sent to the Simon Commission.
Mr. C. B. Chatterjee, presiding at the Conference, said: "It is useless for wild men to aim at the immediate establishment of a Hindu oligarchy and to talk of their inherent rights and ignore the British connection. We British residents in India have inherent rights also and are determined that any scheme of responsible Government shall recognise these rights."
Ruter.

FORGED NOTES

THE CASE AGAINST A BATCH OF CHINESE

LUCKY THIRTEEN

The case in which a number of Chinese and two women are charged in connection with the recent discovery in Hong Kong of a quantity of forged 500 banknotes of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation (1923) issue, was called before Mr. R. E. Lindell, at the Central Magistracy this morning, when Mr. J. Somerset Fitzroy, who is the prosecution for the Crown, said that he had no objection to the discharge of thirteen defendants. Beyond the statements he had made to the police, they had no further evidence against him.
Mr. F. H. Losby, who is appearing for the first five accused, which includes one of the women, asked for the discharge of third, fourth and fifth, as previously Mr. Somerset Fitzroy had intimated that the case against them was very weak.
This, Mr. Somerset Fitzroy objected to, and said that he did not wish their discharge, until Mr. R. E. Dovey, Government analyst had given evidence regarding the forged notes. This would be given at the next hearing, and the prosecution said that it might be such as to make Mr. Lindell pause before he thought they were absolutely innocent of the crime.
Accordingly the thirteen defendants were discharged, but the third, fourth, fifth and twelfth defendant were remanded with the other defendants, not legally represented, until Monday morning at 11.30 o'clock and 2.15 p.m.

ROYAL LIFE SAVING SOCIETY

By the last mail, the local Hon. Representative, Mr. F. K. M. Ewart, of King's College, received the information that the Chief Executive of the Royal Life Saving Society had appointed the following as Official Examiners in Life-Saving: Sgt. F. J. Toms, L/Bdr. W. E. J. Pratt and Gunner P. French, all of the 12th Heavy Battery, R.A. The new examiners put in very sterling work in Hong Kong last Summer, and this official recognition of their efforts is a gratifying and well-deserved compliment. Toms returns home soon, and L/Bdr. Pratt and Gunner French are now both in Ceylon, where they will carry on the work of the Society next season.

DANISH TREATY

Shanghai, Yesterday.

A new Sino-Danish Treaty was signed on Dec. 12. The text is similar to that of the Sino-Italian Treaty.—Ruter.

DUKE OF ABERCORN

London, Yesterday.

The Duke of Abercorn has been gazetted Governor of North Ireland for a further six years.—Ruter.

BRITISH MINERS' DISTRESS

PRIME MINISTER MAKES WIDE APPEAL

LORD MAYOR'S FUND

London, Yesterday.
Mr. Baldwin, in a letter to the Lord Lieutenants of Counties appealing for assistance to raise additional help relief in the continued distress in the coalfields mentions that the Government have appointed an organising secretary to undertake the co-operation of the various relief agencies.
The Lord Mayor's fund was practically exhausted at the end of November. The Lord Mayor has asked all the chief citizens of the cities and municipalities of England and Wales to hold public meetings and otherwise enlist support to establish organisations for the collection of contributions and the reception of gifts and clothing.
Mr. Baldwin suggests that Lord Lieutenants inaugurate county organisations to further the objects of the Lord Mayor's fund.—Ruter.

IN POLAND

HOME-MADE GUILLOTINE FOR FOREIGN GOODS

DEMOLISH "OLD ENGLAND"

A newly formed organization which has been called the "Polish League for Economic Self-sufficiency" has begun a vigorous campaign for discouraging—with the aid of physical violence if necessary—the sale of imported goods and encouraging the public to buy home-made products. The campaign was opened by a mob of Warsaw students demolishing a new store which an enterprising trader had named "Old England." This emporium, which is on the main shopping street of the capital was about to be opened as a high-class gentlemen's store for the sale of British goods.
This secured for the League a good measure of publicity for the formal opening of the campaign, which began with an enormous gathering on the Saxe Place parade grounds—in the centre of Warsaw—to witness the "execution" of imports and the wares they handle. A mock guillotine was erected in the centre of the square, and with great solemnity the executioner and his helpers proceeded to cut to pieces effigies of imports as well as various and sundry "lives" that are now being sold in Poland to the supposed detriment of native industries.
British Goods Destroyed
Boots and shoes from Great Britain, ladies' garments and cosmetics from France, glassware from Czechoslovakia, kitchen utensils from Germany, food products from the United States, and a miscellaneous assortment of other articles were chopped to pieces to the accompaniment of loud applause from the assembled multitude. The temper of the demonstrators is such that all the prudent storekeepers in town—most of them being Jews—are now prominently displaying signs in their windows reading "All goods sold here are made in Poland."
It is somewhat of a paradox that, while Polish statesmen and economists—heartily supported by Mr. Charles S. Dewey, the American Financial Adviser to the Polish Government—lay great stress on the claim that Poland's consideration of the excess of imports over exports denotes, in the first place, a healthy building up of the country's economic structure, and secondly, that foreigners, who are, of course, financing the unfavourable trade balance, are showing the utmost confidence in the political and economic stability of Poland, irresponsible students at the same time are being incited to acts of violence and pantomime with the object of stopping the importation of foreign merchandise.
It is no doubt high time that the Poles began seriously to consider ways and means for the correction of the trade balance, but it is a problem that calls for intelligent economic statesmanship, and not one to be left to the impulses of mob demonstrators.

MR. HOOVER'S TOUR

ANTI-AMERICAN DEMONSTRATION HELD IN BUENOS AIRES

CLASH WITH POLICE

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Muffled police charged into the demonstrators and several were wounded and arrested.—Ruter's American Service.

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HON. SIR HENRY POLLOCK RESUMES

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Sir Henry became an official member when he undertook the duties of Attorney-General in the absence of the Hon. Sir Joseph Kemp, Kt., Bach, C.B.E., K.C., who has now returned, and he had to relinquish the post on account of his injury.
The Hon. Mr. J. Owen Hughes sat on the Executive Council in Sir Henry's place, as an unofficial member; and Sir Henry's seat in the Legislative Council, also as an unofficial member, was taken by Mr. C. Gordon Mackie.

STILL FINE

"N. E. winds, moderate, fine" is the forecast till noon tomorrow, for Hong Kong and the adjacent coast.
For Formosa Channel it is: "N. E. winds, fresh."

THE PRINCE OF PILSEN

AT THE QUEEN'S

FINAL SHOWINGS TO-DAY.

AT 2.30, 5.10, 7.15 & 9.20.

THE ESCAPE

AT THE STAR

FINAL SHOWINGS TO-DAY

Continuous 2.30 to 11.15.

LOVE AND LIFE IN THE SHADOWS OF THE GREAT WHITE WAY!

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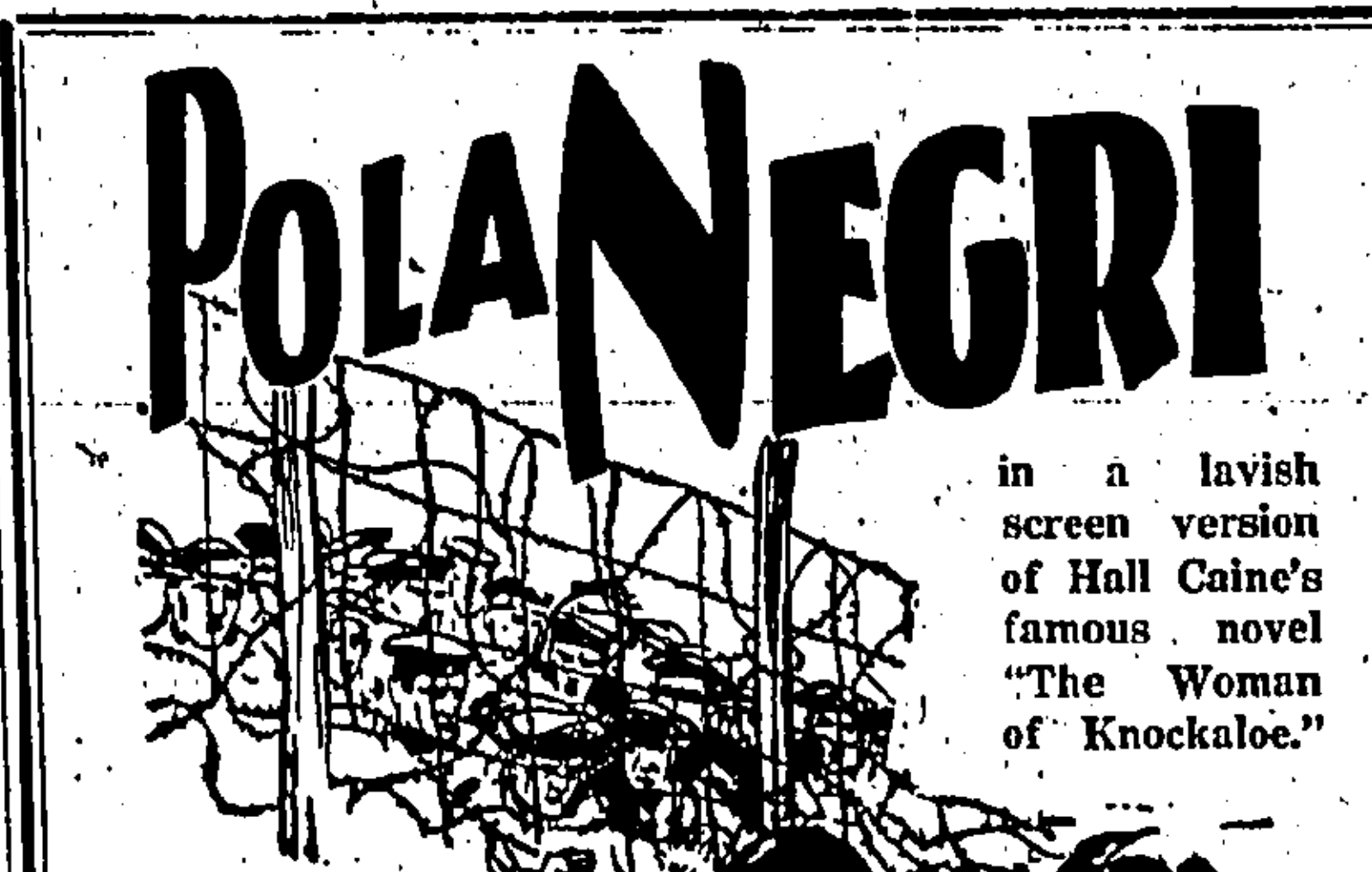
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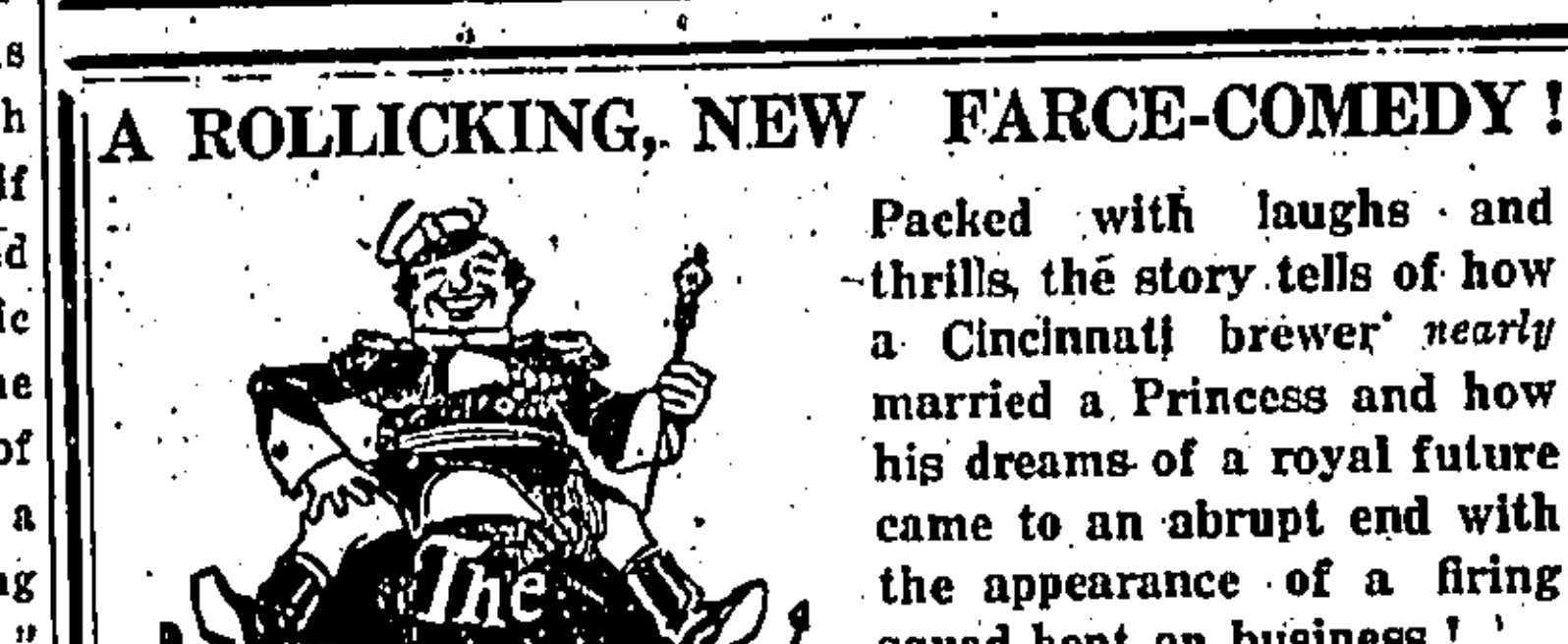
AT THE STAR

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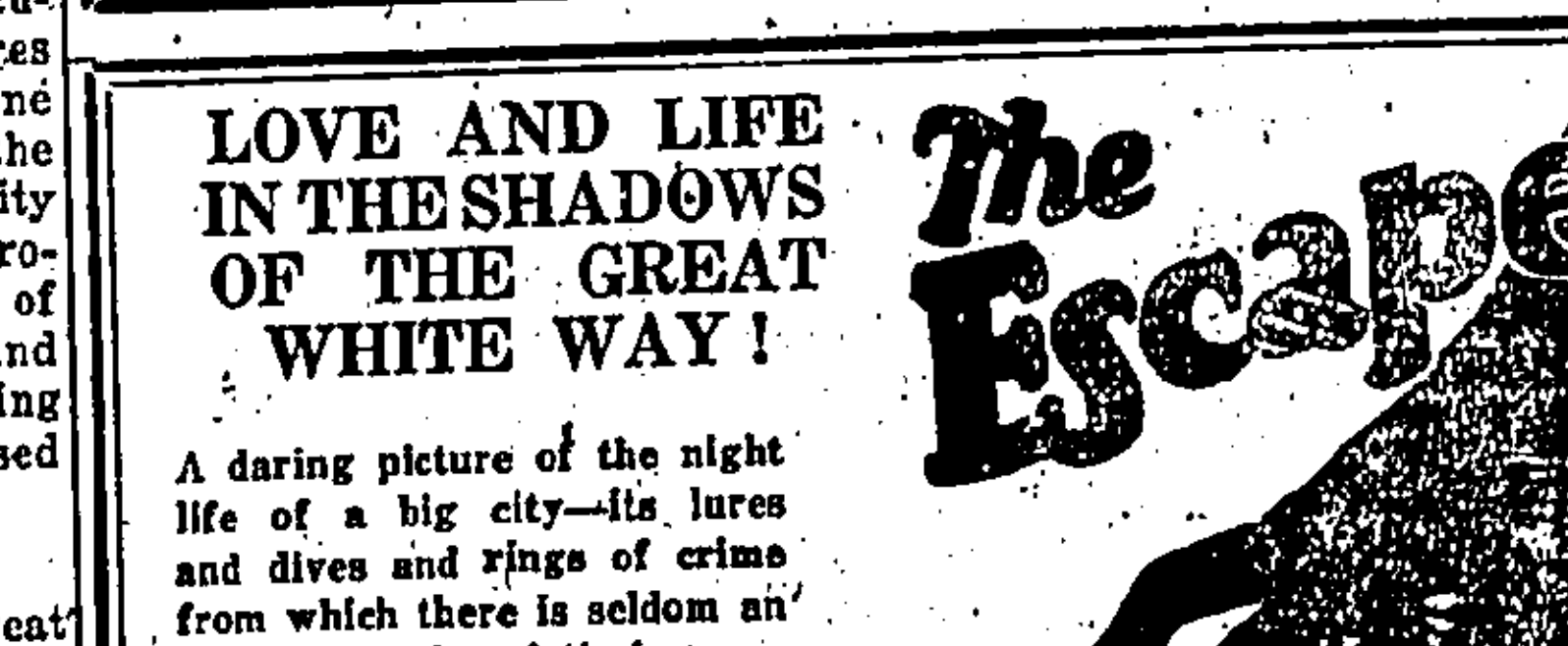
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NINA ET JACQUES
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AT THE QUEEN'S FINAL SHOWINGS TO-DAY.
AT 2.30, 5.10, 7.15 & 9.20.



THE PRINCE OF PILSEN
Packed with laughs and thrills, the story tells of how a Cincinnati brewer nearly married a Princess and how his dreams of a royal future came to an abrupt end with the appearance of a firing squad bent on business!
With
GEORGE SYDNEY ALLAN FOREST.
AT THE WORLD FINAL SHOWINGS TO-DAY.
5.15 & 9.20.
2.30 & 7.15 CHINESE PICTURE, ASHES OF THE LOTUS.



The Escape
A daring picture of the night life of a big city—its lures and dives and rings of crime from which there is seldom an escape for the victim!
With
VIRGINIA VALLI WILLIAM RUSSELL
AT THE STAR FINAL SHOWINGS TO-DAY
Continuous 2.30 to 11.15.

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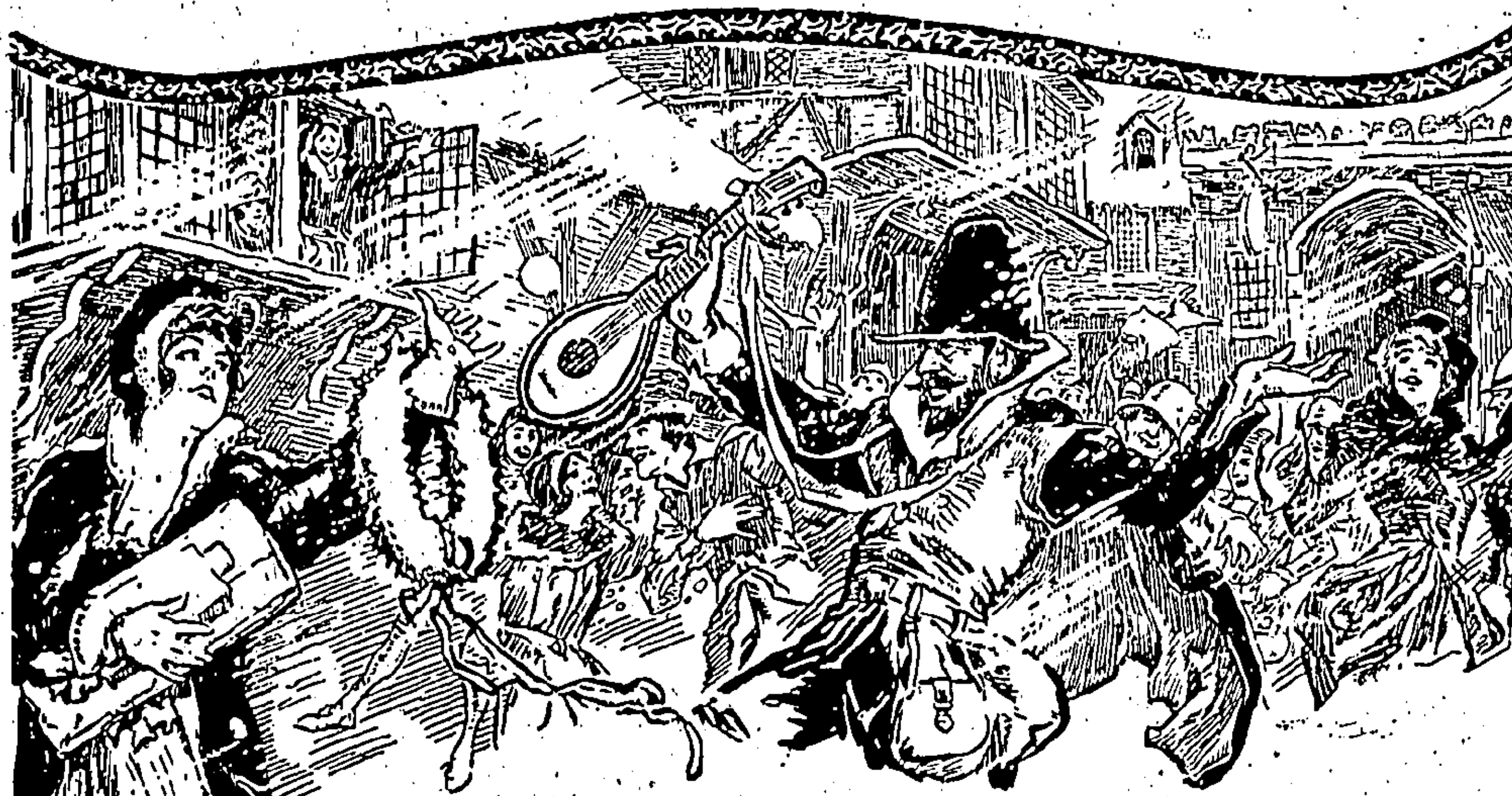
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CHRISTMAS
SUPPLEMENT
1928.

To wish you
the
Compliments of the Season
and all
Good Wishes
for
A Merry Christmas
and
A Happy New Year.



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China Mail.

Christmas Supplement 1928.

HONG KONG, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1928.

1

THE HAND OF SANTA CLAUS

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

It was five o'clock, the hour of the "aperitif," and the Boulevard was agog with life as I sat sipping my vermouth and cassis on the terrace of the Grand Cafe, in Paris, and gazing thoughtfully upon the passers-by.

Suddenly I was aroused by hearing my name uttered, and, turning, found standing before me a rather pretty, well-dressed English girl, a complete stranger to me.

"I hope you will forgive me addressing you," she said, blushing slightly, "but, knowing you by reputation as a cosmopolitan, and that you know Paris well, I thought perhaps you would be kind enough to give me advice."

"Certainly," I said, pulling a chair for her to seat herself at the little tin table.

"Well," she began, not without some hesitation, "the fact is that my sister is missing, and I have come here in search of her. Shall I go to the police?"

"I certainly should," I advised her. And then, in response to my questions, she told me how she and her sister lived with their widowed mother at Reigate, in Surrey. Her sister, a smart, good-looking business girl, had a year before been engaged as secretary by an American named Martin, who was conducting some financial business in Paris. She had gone to France with her employer, and for six months her letters had been frequent and cheerful. Suddenly, however, they had ceased, and all letters sent to her had been returned by the Post Office. In response to a letter to Mr. Martin, a reply had been received from him in New York to say that, four months before, she had left him in Paris of her own accord, and he had neither seen nor heard of her since. She said that her name was Doreen Enderby, that her sister's name was Lillian, and that the last address she had given was in the Rue des Petits Champs, a long, narrow street not far from the Opera.

My friend Lucien Dumont, the chef de la Surete, would, I knew, have left his office by that hour, hence I made an appointment to meet her next morning. She was there punctually, and in a taxi I took her to the Prefecture of Police.

Dumont, the elegant, brown-bearded police functionary, seated at his table in his rather cold official room, heard her story, now, and then jotting down notes and placing in a pile the lost girl's last letters. However, I could see by his manner that the affair was uninteresting to him. The police of all countries are daily pestered by persons anxious

to trace missing friends who, for the most part, disappear purposely, either because of family reasons, love affairs, or financial trouble. True, some meet with foul play, but they are not numerous.

Presently he gave her a promise to have inquiries made, and dismissed us. Outside she told me that she was staying at a cheap hotel much patronised by English tourists, and I promised to let her know the result of the inquiries.

That same afternoon I returned to the Prefecture, whereupon Dumont, looking up from his littered table, said:

"Inspector Belin is just going round to the Rue des Petits Champs to inquire about your friend's sister. Would you like to accompany him? I expect the girl has run away with a lover, as most missing girls do."

I expressed keen interest in the affair, and with Belin, the tall, cadaverous-looking man—who, by the way, brought the "Blue-beard" Landru to justice—I went to Miss Lillian Enderby's last address.

The apartment was on the third floor of a high-dingy house, but on ringing the bell at the door several times there was no response. Returning below, Belin sought the old crone who acted as "concierge," and from her ascertained that the flat belonged to a young man named Pietro Pasquali, an Italian artist, who, having returned to Italy for six months, had sub-let it to a young English lady, a Mademoiselle Enderby. The lady arrived in the month of November, and was seen on Christmas Day, when she came down and gave the concierge twenty francs as a present, and remarked with glee: "Santa Claus visited me in the night, and left me a well-filled stocking!"

The old woman laughed at the joke, and thought no more of it till, two days later, the young lady went away. She waited for her return, but though many months had gone by, she had not come back.

"Have you the key?" Belin asked. A negative reply having been given, he called a workman who was repairing the roadway, and with a crowbar we soon forced the door.

The interior, dusty and neglected, was a cosy artist's studio, but somewhat surprising. In the salle-a-manger there were remains of a repast, evidently dinner, for covers were laid for three, but only two persons had apparently eaten. Upon the buffet stood several dishes that had been consumed by mice, while upon the table there was a half-empty bottle of wine, two glasses hav-

ing apparently been used. The fruit had decayed, and the flowers had withered. The bedroom was in disorder, with a number of dainty feminine garments lying upon the bed, as though a woman had packed and left in great haste. The kitchen was quite clean, hence the food had evidently been purchased ready cooked.

Beyond the salle-a-manger was the spacious studio, with a big window and polished floor, upon which were spread some Eastern rugs. On the easel was a beautiful picture of a dancing girl wearing a black "loup," and at the end of the model's throne, a chair upon which lay overturned.

Belin stood in the centre of the room and took in every detail.

"The girl packed hurriedly, after eating her dinner with a companion," he said, slowly. "She had prepared for two guests, one of whom did not arrive. They were men, because of the whisky and syphon and cigars on the table—two men!"

"What is your theory?" I asked, for the famous detective never spoke without something at the back of his mind. "Have you any idea of what has happened to the missing girl?"

"Only that she may have run away, or she may have been murdered," he snapped.

My idea coincided with that of Dumont—that the sprightly English business girl had run away with some good-looking lover. Paris is a seductive city for English girls. It seemed that after preparing a meal for her friends, she had eaten her dinner with a companion, walked out of the place, and vanished. Yet if such theory be correct, I reflected, why had she packed in such feverish haste?

"The girl has, I think, gone away with her pet boy," said Belin.

At the moment I did not follow his trend of thought. I knew him to be one of the most astute and clever agents of the Surete, for as such he had proved himself from the first moment that the notorious Landru, who gave another name, had walked out of that china shop in the Rue Rivoli.

In half an hour he had called a local locksmith and placed upon the door a new American lock, the key of which the locksmith gave him. Belin then revealed his identity to the old woman doorkeeper, saying in an officious voice:

"Nobody enters here. You, madame, are responsible to the Surete. Anything you can tell us will be welcome. Understand? There is a mystery here which we are determined to solve."

Belin, as he walked back across the Place de l'Opera, seemed preoccupied. I asked him the reason, but all he said was:

"There's something wrong. Something has happened to that girl. What occurred I don't know. I have to think it out."

Days went on, and Belin continued his activities. From the old concierge he discovered that the English miss had several men friends, including a handsome young bachelor name Pierre Petit, who lived on the same floor as herself, the doors of their flats being opposite. The old woman had often seen them pass in and out of each other's door, and they appeared to be on excellent terms. But the curious feature was that about a month before the inquiries were made, young Petit had packed a large trunk, locked his door, and, giving the concierge the key, told her that he would be absent from Paris for at least six months.

With Belin I entered the young man's apartment, but there was nothing abnormal. All was in excellent order, his clothes carefully packed away against moths.

The father of the young man Petit was found to be living about thirty miles out of Paris, at Moret-sur-Loing, so thither we went. He was a pleasant old fellow, a retired bookseller, who had kept a shop in the Rue de Rivoli, and at once he told us how his son had gone on business to South America for the firm with which he was employed. Only a week before he had received a letter from him in Rio de Janeiro.

"Do you know of his association with a young English lady who lived on the same floor as himself, a Mademoiselle Enderby?" Belin asked.

"He brought her here on two occasions,—on a Sunday," replied his father. "I thought her a very nice young lady. She was engaged to marry a rich Belgian—a diamond-cutter in Antwerp, my son told me. He came here once."

"Do you recollect the name, monsieur?" asked Belin, eagerly. "Try and remember, as it is of the greatest importance."

"The name was Maertens, I believe—indeed, I am sure it was. He was a stout, red-faced man, rather coarse, I thought. Next time my son came down—a week before he left—I questioned him about the Belgian, but he said that he had but little knowledge of the man except that he was very rich and came to Paris frequently to sell diamonds. It was just after Christmas, and he said that she had told him that Maertens had acted as a very generous Santa Claus to her."

"You have no suspicion that mademoiselle has eloped with your son?" asked the famous detective-inspector.

"Not in the least. She left her apartment just after Christmas, saying that she was returning to England to prepare for her marriage."

"Then perhaps she has eloped with the Belgian?" I suggested.

Belin shrugged his shoulders. And finding that he could learn no more, he took down the address of young Petit's employer and the address of the firm's branch in South America, and together we returned to Paris.

That evening I sat in his office at the Surete while he rang up the Antwerp police. He was not long in speaking with the director of the detective department of that city, having given the code prefix which the police used to guarantee that the conversations are genuinely from the source they are supposed to emanate. Police officials are naturally always on their guard against receiving false information, or such as will lead them off the scent of some absconding criminal.

Belin wasted no words. He asked if they had received any report concerning a diamond-cutter of Antwerp named Maertens,

and at once received a reply that the gentleman in question left his wife and family and went to Paris several months before, but had not been seen since.

As I was listening upon the second receiver, I heard the Belgian police director add:

"We have made inquiries in Paris, and it seems very probable that he has gone away with a young English girl with whom he was seen on several evenings in Montmartre."

"Is there any actual evidence that they have gone off together?" asked Belin.

"None. But our inquiries showed that just after Christmas they both disappeared. We found the English girl's apartment locked."

"Have you a photograph of Maertens?" Belin asked.

"Yes. I will post one to you to-night. But one was sent to your department on February third last, with particulars."

"Thanks. I'll look it up. I am Belin, of the Surete, and I may probably travel to Antwerp to see you. Au revoir!" And he rang off.

"It looks like an elopement. They are in America, I think," said my friend. And then we parted, for I was entertaining friends at dinner at Vian's that night.

Next morning the missing girl's sister called at my little flat in the Rue Lafayette, and in high glee showed me a telegram from her mother to the effect that Lilian had written to her from the Hotel de Londres, at Genoa, to say that she was quite well and would be returning to England shortly. I at once took her to Belin, who telegraphed to Mrs. Enderby asking that the letter should be sent at once.

On the following evening Miss Enderby brought it to me, and I took it at once to Belin.

"H'm!" he grunted after scrutinising the post-mark. "An envelope of the hotel in Genoa posted at Forli, the other side of Italy! She recognises her sister's handwriting?" he asked, and I replied in the affirmative.

After a delay of nearly an hour he spoke to the manager of the hotel in Genoa, saying who he was, and inquiring about the young English girl and the stout, red-faced man who was missing.

"We had a young English girl answering the description staying here about ten days ago. There was a young Italian with her. I do not recognise the description you give of the Belgian."

"What was the name given by the Italian?"

"Giovanni Marchetti. They were apparently husband and wife, and were devoted to each other. When they left they took the Rome express."

Then, after some further inquiries, he hung up the receiver, and turning to me, said:

"I think that's all we can do. It is a funny case, but the girl is evidently alive, and, as I fully expected, has gone away with a young man."

"But where is Maertens?" I queried.

"Ah! That is a matter for the Belgian police." And, taking up the photograph which had been sent to the Surete in February, he carefully examined it. His was the face of a "bon vivant," a heavy, sensual countenance with half-closed eyes.

"But she could furnish some information?" I suggested. "It is proved that they disappeared from Paris almost simultaneously."

"True. Perhaps that old concierge in the Rue des Petits Champs might tell us something about him," he said. And together we strolled round to the dark, gloomy old house.

"Oh, yes, monsieur, croaked the old woman in her high-pitched voice as soon as she saw

the photograph. "It is Monsieur the Baron—the great friend of mademoiselle. He was her Santa Claus, she said."

"Did he often come here?"

"Sometimes he would come in two or three times a day, and then I would not see him again for weeks. The Baron gave me many 'pourboires.' He is a very nice gentleman."

"When did you see him last?" queried Belin.

The old woman hesitated. "I think it was the evening before mademoiselle went away," she replied.

"Did she go away alone?" asked Belin.

"I did not see anyone with her, monsieur."

"You are sure that this gentleman was with her on the night of Christmas Eve?" he asked, tapping the photograph.

"Certainly he was, monsieur."

If he had been there on the night in question, then it was probable that he had dined with her. But for whom had that third place at table been prepared?

At ten o'clock next morning we let ourselves into the stuffy little place, opened the windows, and with his assistant, named Peyron, we made a minute search of the place. Some letters from the girl's mother and sister were found, as well as one from her American employe. She had certainly left hurriedly, and could have taken scarcely any of her wardrobe. What, we wondered, was the great haste?

Searching in the bedroom, Belin found concealed under the paper lining of a drawer a tiny white paper packet containing a white powder, which we took at once to be cocaine.

"This may be snow!" the detective remarked. "We'll send it to Doctor Paul to be analysed." And he at once dispatched his assistant out to Versailles with the little packet.

We remained there for another hour, after which we parted, and I returned home.

That evening I was summoned hurriedly by telephone to the Prefecture, where I found Belin awaiting me in a state of some excitement.

"That powder we found is pronounced by Doctor Paul, the medico-legist, to be one of the most dangerous of all Eastern poisons. It is, he says, prepared from the juice of the tuber *Alocasia Denudata* with Papaya, and the dose can be so regulated as to cause either permanent insanity in two or three days or death within a quarter of an hour. He has asked for the wine-glasses on the table, and has found traces of the poison in one of them!"

"Then somebody was evidently poisoned in the flat the evening the girl left!" I exclaimed, amazed.

"Yes. Was it the Belgian, Maertens?" he asked.

In an hour a hue-and-cry was raised all over Europe, and inquiry soon made in all the lunatic asylums, with the result that from the great asylum outside Lyons came a few days later a report that a patient answering the description, and identical with the photograph, was an inmate there. He had been found wandering insane and penniless in the streets of Lyons on the night of December 27, arrested by the police and, being unable to give any account of himself, had been taken to the asylum.

At once Belin became active. Inquiries in the underworld of Paris resulted in the girl's companion, young Marchetti, being identified as a desperate young Italian criminal. It was plain that the girl and he were associates in the dastardly attack upon the Belgian. They secured from him on that Christmas Eve loose diamonds and cash to the extent of nearly fifty thousand pounds.

How the man managed to secure the poison is not known.

Christmas & New Year Announcements.

HONG KONG HOTEL.

MONDAY, 24th December, 1928. Christmas Eve Special Dinner Dance (8 p.m. to 12 midnight).
 WEDNESDAY, 26th December, 1928. Boxing Night Carnival (8 p.m. to 1 a.m.).
 MONDAY, 31st December, 1928. New Year's Eve Special Dinner Dance (8 p.m. to 12 midnight).

REPULSE BAY HOTEL.

MONDAY, 24th December, 1928. Christmas Eve Carnival (8.30 p.m. to 1 a.m.).
 MONDAY, 31st December, 1928. New Year's Eve Carnival (8.30 p.m. to 1 a.m.).
 TUESDAY, 1st January, 1929. Special Tiffin (Orchestra 1 p.m. to 2.30 p.m.)
 Tea Dance (4.30 p.m. to 6.30 p.m.).

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 and New Year's Eve Carnival.
 To Hong Kong Hotel 1.15 a.m.
 To Peak Hotel 1.15 a.m.

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24th December, 1928—1.00 a.m.
 26th December, 1928—1.00 a.m.
 31st December, 1928—1.30 a.m.

DINNER \$4.00 per person.
 TEA DANCE \$1.00 per head.

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QUEENIE'S CHRISTMAS QUEST.

By M. C. RAMSAY.

"DADDY! Daddy! Why don't you listen? I've something most important to tell you!"

The impatient note in the sweet child-voice gripped at John Haldane's heart. It wasn't cricket, he told himself, to neglect the poor little kid till she was forced to speak like that. With a sigh, he put down his pen and wheeled round in his swivel chair.

"What is your Majesty's pleasure?" he said, with the whimsical smile the little lass loved above all Daddy's expressions.

"It's about Christmas and my letter to Santa Claus. It's too important this year for Nursie helping with, 'cause, you see, when I told Cookie what I wanted she said nobody but the master could arrange with Santa about it, and he was too busy with his new book to bother. You—the sweet lips quivered—"you didn't use to be too busy to bother about your little girl, Daddy!"

"I'm not too busy now, darling," he said, and held out his arms. She needed no further invitation. She was on his knee on the instant, her arms round his neck, her cheek close to his.

"It's so frightfully important, Daddy, and such a tremendous"—she brought out the big word with triumph—"such a tremendous thing, that I've got to whisper it. Bend close—closer."

Her lips were almost touching his ear.

"I want Santa to bring me a new Mummie! I've everything, everything a little girl's heart can long for, Nursie says. But I can't have that, can I, if I want the bestest thing of all—a Mummie? I don't want a frightfully expensive one, Daddy. I don't think the expensive ones are so cuddlesome. Betty Green's Mummie costs a small fortune, and Betty is frightened to cuddle her for spoiling her; and Maisie Wilson's isn't dear at all, 'cause she makes all her own frocks, and has just one tiny, weany maid. But, oh! Daddy, she is so cuddlesome! I just feel as if I would like to eat her. But Nursie says a rich, successful author's little girl can't play with such a cheap Mummie—that the Wilsons aren't our sort at all."

"Nursie is wrong, Queenie. I'll explain to her that she made a mistake. I'd rather have you play with little girls with cuddlesome Mummies—"

"But you don't understand, Daddy! I don't want any other little girls' Mummies any longer. I want my own Mummie. And I'm quite sure if you wrote to Santa Claus he would find one for me."

"I'm afraid not, darling. The last time I spoke to Santa he told me he had stopped stocking Mummies. Aunties, perhaps, or a very nice nursery governess."

"No!" She had slipped to the floor, and stamped her foot. "I don't want an Auntie or a nice governess. When the Aunties come they say I am spoilt. I'm not spoilt! No little girl can be properly spoilt unless by a Mummie! It must be a Mummie, Daddy, or I don't want anything from Santa at all!" A shadow crossed his face. He drew her back to his knee.

"Queenie, listen to Daddy. I do want to give you a Mummie, but, you see, I want

her to be just the right Mummie for you and the right wife for me. Did you forget that—that she has to be both things? And the one who could be the wife didn't want to be the Mummie. If there had not been that hitch, Santa would have brought you the Mummie last Christmas. You remember when Daddy took you in the car to a big beautiful house outside the town just a week or two before Christmas?"

She nodded, her wide eyes earnestly fixed on his face which had become a little pale.

"Well, it was Santa who told Daddy to take you there, as he was sure the pretty lady who lived in that house would be willing to be his Christmas present to Daddy and Queenie both; but—well, Santa had made a great big mistake, and that was why he made up his mind that he wasn't going to stock Mummies this Christmas."

"There were two pretty ladies, Daddy," she reminded him; "one in a lovely frock who pushed me away for fear I would crush it, and the other one in the big overall who took me to see the puppies. Are you quite sure you asked the right one? Was it the expensive one in the lovely frock?"

"Why, of course! The other one—she is a dear little thing, Queenie, but she— Well, you see, it's the expensive one Daddy cared for, and he thought he was rich enough to buy her, but her price was bigger than he thought—not in money, sweetheart. She didn't—well, she didn't want to play the Mummie part as well. She wanted Daddy to send his little girl to stay with the Aunties all the time, and just come for holidays. And"—his clasp tightened—"Daddy couldn't pay that price."

"Of course he couldn't!" Queenie snuggled a little closer. "It was very queer of Santa to make such a big mistake. I would never have thought of wanting that lady for a Mummie. She wasn't one tiny little bit cuddlesome. But the lady in the overall, who cuddled me as well as the puppies— Oh, I would so like you to buy her, Daddy!"

"But I don't think she is for sale, sweetheart," John Haldane answered. "She belonged to someone who was killed in the war, and I am quite sure she has never wanted to belong to anyone else. But suppose Daddy should write to Santa Claus again about the pretty lady? She may—we haven't seen each other since she has been travelling about, you know—but she may have changed her mind. Daddy vowed he would never ask her again; but at Christmas-time, with Santa Claus as a go-between—"

"But I don't want the pretty, expensive one," said Queenie, decidedly. "If I can't have a cuddlesome Mummie I'd rather go without. But don't you worry about it, Daddy, dear. It's bad for the new book to have you worried about anything. Nursie says. After it is finished we'll talk it over again."

He smiled, if a little crookedly, at the grown-up air. Poor wee'kid! She was needing more young company. If only Estelle— His lips quivered. Yes, there might have been a more wonderful Christmas gift—the baby brother whom Queenie had wanted two years ago—but not so

badly as the man who had lost the wife of his youth and his first-born son at the one fell blow. Ah, well! a chap had to stand up to these things. And he couldn't be utterly poverty-stricken while he had his work—and the little lass.

He kissed her passionately, then set her down.

"That is Daddy's helpful little daughter," he said. "Now run off to Nursie, while Daddy gets on with his work."

But when she had gone he could not settle to work. He was wondering if he ought to put his own inclinations aside for the child's sake, and look around amongst his women friends for one who would make a good, cuddlesome Mummie, even if she should fall short of what he wanted in a wife.

But he knew it could not be Estelle's cousin, Betty, even though Betty would marry him, which he very much doubted. Betty, his every instinct told him, was not the kind of girl to whom a man could offer less than his all—his best.

And yet, if it only had been Betty for whom he had cared—gentle, home-loving Betty—what a happy thing it would have been for them all! For he knew that she was only on sufferance at The Towers—just the handy, useful poor relation, whom the whole household could put upon because she was too loyal to go on strike, as any ordinary, properly-paid, companion-secretary would have done.

It would be a lucky household which had Betty at its head, but it was not his household for whom that joy was meant.

And, with that conclusion, he turned back to his work, and, for the time, dismissed the whole matter from his mind.

II

Little Queenie was of a tenacious nature, however. Now that she knew the real nature of their errand to the big house just outside the town shortly before the previous Christmas, she felt more, and ever more, certain that Santa Claus, in the extra rush of business had somehow blundered. He would not willingly have led Daddy astray, but he had undoubtedly done so. No "creature of sense"—a pet phrase of Cookie's—would ever have thought of sending a man to such an expensive lady as Miss Estelle Bradshaw in search of a Christmas gift for his little daughter. At the same time, in his very busiest hours Santa was not likely to have sent Daddy to the wrong house entirely. But grown-ups were very queer. They did not like to have their mistakes set right by little folks. Therefore, after days of hard thinking, Queenie concluded that it was up to her to make matters right herself.

Two days before Christmas the maids gave a party. It had been a kindly custom in Daddy's own home. He had carried it with him into married life. He dined out. Queenie was allowed to sit up, till all the guests had arrived. Then she was escorted to bed by the most favoured of the ladies, kissed and hugged to her heart's content, left feeling the most important little girl in

(Continued on Page 8.)

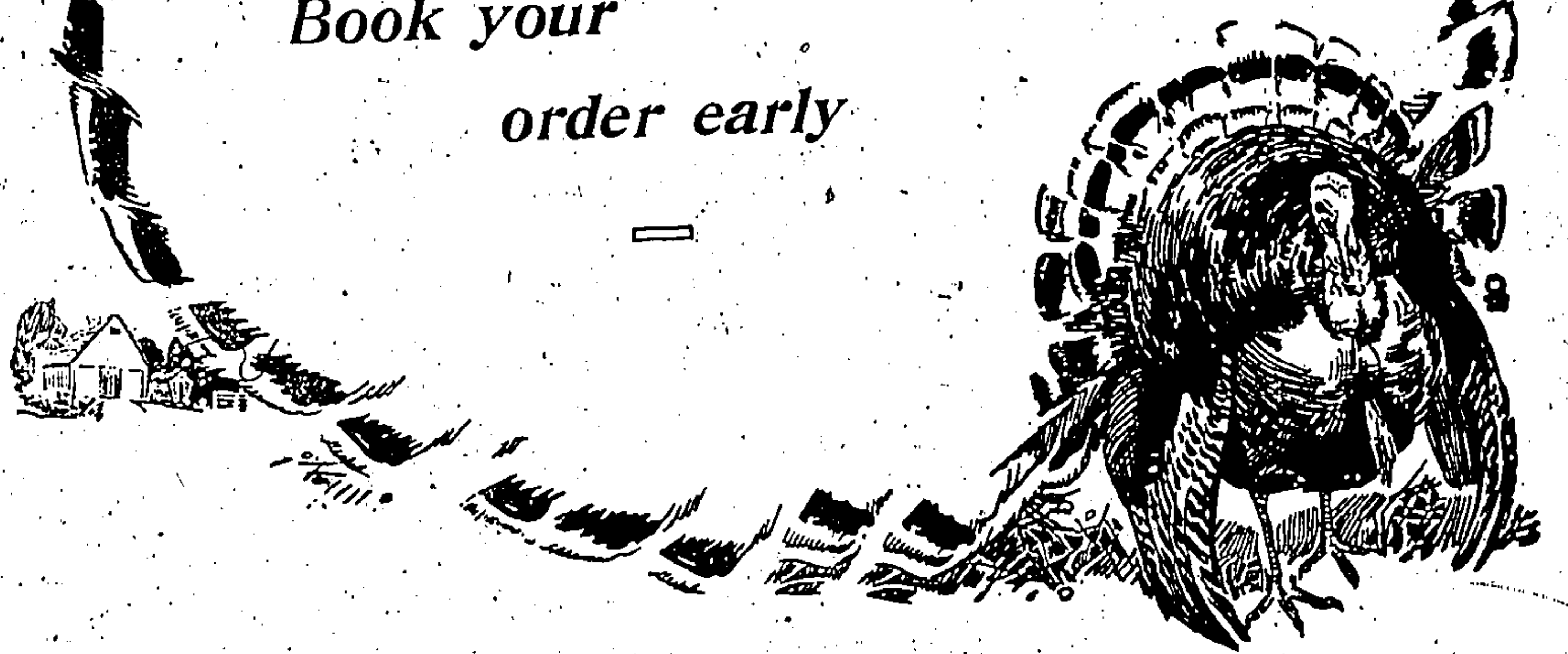
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CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE GUTTER.

By GEORGE ROBEY.

I don't like the Strand. I never did like it. In the ordinary way, I should not have chosen to spend Christmas Eve in the Strand, attired in raiment made for a far larger man, engaged in hawking a sixpenny toy.

I had my friend, Billy Baker, to thank for this.

Billy Baker is one of those idiots who are always making absurd statements and offering to bet you ten pounds they're right.

I happened to remark to Billy, as we were walking down the Strand on the evening of December the twenty-third, that those gutter-merchants the place was swarming with at this time of year no doubt were reaping a fine harvest.

Billy said, "Not at all, my boy, not at all. These poor devils make hardly enough to keep body and soul together."

It was the nasty way he said "Now put my back up."

"You don't know anything about it," I returned. "If you did, you would know that a hawker can easily make a profit of a pound a day with an outlay at five shillings."

"Ridiculous!" cried Billy. "I'd like to see you do it!"

"I bet you I could!" I exclaimed warmly. "I bet you ten pounds you couldn't!" retorted Billy. "Now then!"

It was the nasty way he said "Now then!" that did it. It left me no alternative.

Early next morning — Christmas Eve — I went to Houndsditch, suitably disguised with beard and whiskers, in the suit of clothes I have referred to. I bought a second-hand hawker's tray, and two dozen Chinamen wheeling a wheelbarrow, at half-a-crown a dozen. Armed thus, I wended my way to the Strand and took up an advantageous position in the gutter.

I had selected a really charming toy. It was a pleasure to wind it up and note the simple enjoyment it gave to the tired business man.

And the thing sold like hot cakes. By lunch time I had actually got rid of eighteen.

Just before lunch a familiar face came into sight — Kiddington's. Kiddington's gaze fell upon my toy, and he stopped to examine it. He did not recognise me. "Good! My disguise, it seemed, was perfect."

Kiddington lingered for a long time asking questions which he imagined to be witty. He is like that.

He asked what the thing was made of. I told him "tin." "Why tin?" he asked. I informed him that tin was cheap and good. "How do you mean 'good'?" he inquired. "Do you mean trustworthy?" I said "Yes," rather tersely. Kiddington wanted to know why the tin figure was dressed like a Chinaman. I said I supposed it was a Chinaman. Kiddington said "How do you mean, you suppose? Don't you know if it's a Chinaman? Do you mean to say you're selling an article you don't know anything about?"

By this time quite a crowd had stopped to listen to Kiddington's questions and my replies, and people began to titter.

I told Kiddington with suppressed rage that I knew it was a Chinaman.

He looked interested.

"You know the Chinese?" he said. "Then what is your honest opinion of the economic situation in China?"

I did not tell him my honest opinion of the economic situation in China, but I told him my honest opinion of Kiddington. He recognised me then.

He exclaimed, "Why, it's George! My old college chum!" and shook me warmly by the hand. I whispered to him to shut up for heaven's sake. He afterwards pretended he had known me all the time; but that, of course, I do not believe.

He said he would like a toy, and he made me wind up every one, in order, he said, to compare them properly. I got my hands trodden upon rather severely several times in picking up the figures that had gone too far.

At last Kiddington chose one, said "Thank awfully, old man," and walked away without paying. That was how I came to be sixpence short. Over a cup of coffee and a sardine sandwich I counted my takings: eight-and-sixpence.

It came to me all at once, then, that when I had sold my entire stock I should only have realised eleven-and-six. To win my bet, it ought to be twenty-five shillings. Therefore I should have to sell the six toys that remained for sixteen-and-six.

This, at first sight, seemed impossible. But I reflected that, at bazaars and so forth, by dint of charm of manner, even larger sums had been extorted for less value than my six wheelbarrow-wheelers.

I made up my mind to sell those Chinamen for as much as I could get. So when an elderly lady in a pink scarf paused to examine them I smiled at her with great charm.

"Better than a husband or a pom, madam," I said. "Never snaps at you — never stays late at the club. Never wants to be oiled. Goes when it's wound up, but never goes too far!"

The look she gave me froze the smile upon my lips. Muttering what sounded like "Impertinent brute!" she walked away without buying. It was a little disappointing.

An old gentleman inquired the price. I replied, modestly, "What would you say to two-and-eleven?" "If I said it, I should be arrested," he answered, and retired.

Shortly after this, two striking-looking girls stopped and said "How much?" "I'll take half-a-crown from you," I replied.

"Not if we know it!" they exclaimed simultaneously, and with a heartless laugh they went on their way.

I was beginning to feel depressed when a blue-eyed young man sauntered up. As he stood watching the toy with an engaging and innocent air, he began to whistle softly. I recognised the refrain of an old-fashioned, long-forgotten song. Half-way through, he faltered in his whistling and broke down. I finished the tune for him. He leant forward as if to examine the goods, on my tray, whispered "Hind Court in ten minutes," and walked on.

What adventure was this? My curiosity

was aroused. I decided to keep the appointment.

My blue-eyed friend was there. He slipped a small packet into my hand.

Here's five bob's worth. Quick!" he said.

Bewildered, I produced the two half-crowns he seemed to expect. He snatched them and was gone.

I opened the packet. It contained five half-crowns, four shillings, and seven sixpences. What did it mean?

A careless movement, and one of the shillings fell on to the stones with a curious flat tinkle.

In a flash I understood. Counterfeit! The man was a crook. Unwittingly I had responded to his signal. He had taken me for a passer of counterfeit money.

As I returned to my pitch, I reflected desperately that I could not possibly win my bet with this loss of five shillings to make good.

At that moment I caught sight of Kiddington returning from his lunch. He winked at me and would have passed on, but I grabbed him.

"Don't make a scene, but give me that sixpence," I hissed, "or I'll sue you for that five you owe me."

It was a low-down thing to do. I admit it. But I was smarting beneath the sense of all my wrongs, and I was determined, at any rate, to get that sixpence.

Kiddington was obviously taken aback. "I haven't any change," he stammered. "Only a pound note."

It was then I had my inspiration.

"Hand over the note, I can give you change," I said.

With a very bad grace Kiddington did so.

Slowly and carefully I counted out five half-crowns, four shillings, and six sixpences.

"Your change."

Kiddington snatched the money angrily and walked away without a word.

Concealing my delight, I made a rapid calculation — three more toys sold at their original price would do the trick.

I sold one almost immediately. Then I caught sight of Billy Baker.

Billy's office was in Fleet Street. I had taken up my stand deliberately where Billy would be likely to see me. But I had not told him that this was the locality or the day I should choose.

Had Billy recognised me? No. It was the toy that attracted him. These tired business men are curiously childish.

Billy, deciding to buy a toy, proffered me a ten-shilling note. Then Satan prompted me.

"Alf a mo', Guv'nor, while I go an' git chingel!"

I slung the tray round Billy's neck and scuttled off.

Close by, in a quiet alley, I tore off my beard and whiskers, rapidly removed as much grime from my person as I could, and approached the nearest policeman.

(Continued on Page 8.)

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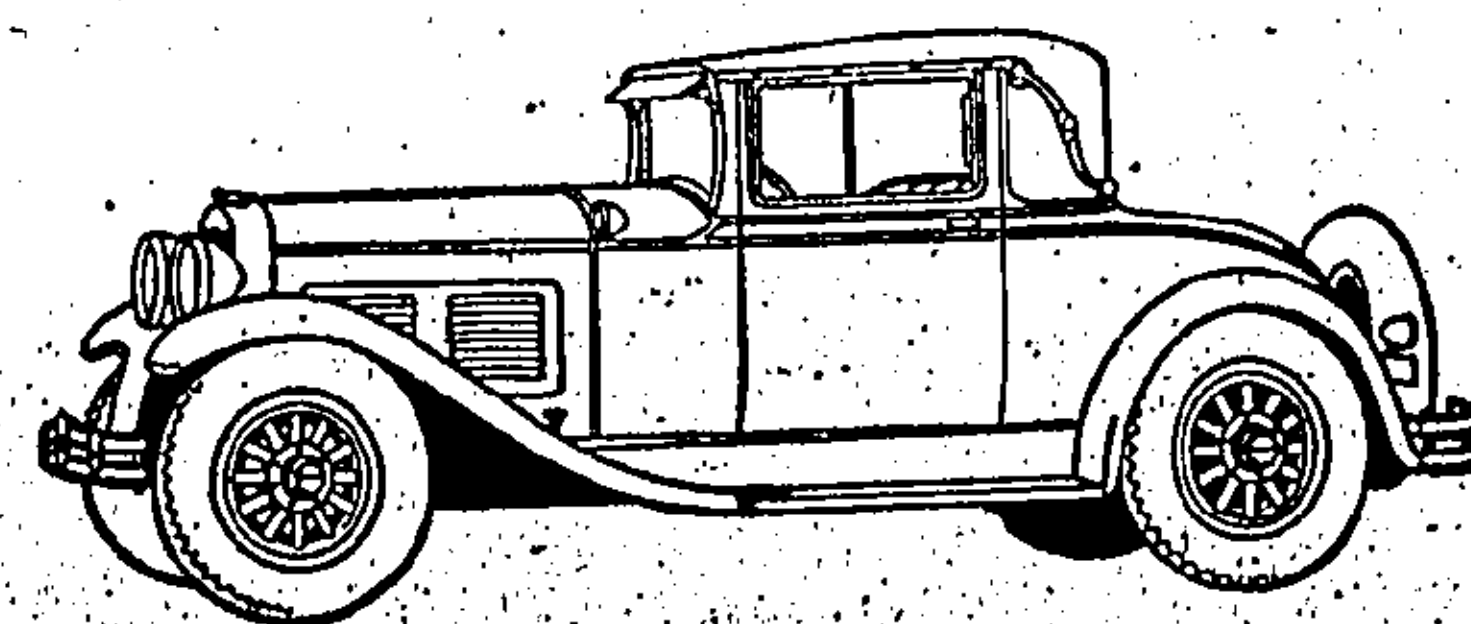
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QUEENIE'S CHRISTMAS QUEST.

(Continued from Page 4.)

the world, but—when the door had closed, the sounds of voices and gay laughter died away—the most lonesome.

But this evening she was all impatience for them to be gone. Was she not counting the moments till she could set out upon her great Christmas quest?

At last she felt it was quite safe to slip out of bed and dress herself in almost feverish haste. She stole downstairs, past the dining-room—given over to the maids for the night—and through the library, which gave access to the conservatory. There was much less chance of being caught if she escaped that way than by the front door.

The conservatory opened almost directly on to the lawn. The straight road to the short drive led past the dining-room windows, and so, for safety's sake, Queenie had to go along a short, rather dark shrubby drive. But all her natural timidity was held firmly in check. Besides, she told herself, it would only be good fairies, hob-goblins, who would be hiding in the shrubbery so near Christmas-time.

Nevertheless, she drew a long breath of relief when she was safely out on the King's high road.

She had a good sense of direction. She had not to hesitate one moment as to which way to turn. And the loneliness of the road was an advantage rather than anything else. There was much less chance of some grown-up meeting and stopping her, and asking what a little girl was doing out alone on a dark, cold winter's night.

It began to snow, softly, lightly at first, but the wind rose suddenly and drove the ever-thickening flakes against her face, so that, ere long, she was struggling rather blindly on. Several cars and taxis passed her, most going townwards, though a few were making for country houses where Christmas revels were being held, or bearing travellers home. But every driver was too intent on the perils of the road itself to cast a glance to the narrow side path and the heroic little figure staggering along.

Once or twice she had to halt and lean against a wall for support while she gathered her breath. But always before her eyes was the vision of the sweet face of the cuddlesome lady in the overall who would make all right once she reached her.

And at last she came to the great gates of the big house she sought. They were closed. But there was a little side gate, which she managed to push open, and, even as she did so, a big car came swiftly down the drive. A woman hurried out from the lodge, stumbled against the child, and knocked her down.

"What in all the world—Oh, my goodness! It's a wee lass, and soaked to the skin—a gentleman's child, too! Jackson!"—she raised her voice in warning to the chauffeur—"just wait a minute. Here's queer doings. It's—"

"I daren't!" said Jackson, getting down, however. "I'm late as it is. Sure, the London train is pretty certain to be late, but if it is not, and Miss Estelle has to wait one second for me—I say, it is Mr. Haldane's kiddy! Take her into your house, Mrs. Warden, and send up for Miss Betty. She was going to the station with me, but she had some things to finish before Miss Estelle got back. I tell you, Haldane didn't know what he was about when he sought Miss Estelle instead of—"

"Get off with you!" said Mrs. Warden. "My Jenny knows the wee lass's nurse. She's at a party there to-night. I can put two and two together as well as most folks. It isn't

Miss Estelle the little one is seeking after. For all the difference it will make. I'll take her right up to the house myself."

And when Queenie opened her eyes, some half-hour later, it was to find herself lying on a couch drawn close to a blazing fire, rolled in soft blankets, while the cuddlesome lady of the overall—only she wore a lovely frock of some soft, shimmery material to-night—was bending over her, with all the pent-up mother-love of her nature shining in her eyes.

"Where am I? has Santa Claus brought you to me after all?" the child whispered, as she sat up, and put her arms round Betty's neck. "Oh, I remember! This is the pretty, expensive lady's room. You stay with her. I came—I was so sure that Santa Claus had made a mistake last year, and so I came to see if you and I couldn't make it right. I'm quite sure he didn't send Daddy to the wrong house to look for my cuddlesome Mummie; but he did tell him the wrong name. You wouldn't have told Daddy to send me to the Aunties or get a governess, would you?"

"No! Oh, no!" Betty's grip tightened. "But you see, Queenie, darling, Daddy was looking for more than a cuddlesome Mummie for you. And I'm not clever or brilliant enough. Besides, he thinks that Jimmy was my hero, when Jimmy and I were just pals. Ever since I was a tiny girl, not much bigger than you, your Daddy was my real hero. But you see—Oh, Queenie, you are too young to understand, but you must never, never, never say to your Daddy that I— And you see, Queenie, it's because I care so much that I—I couldn't come to be your Mummie, even if Daddy should ask me, because—Oh, I must have all or nothing, 'childie, and so—and so—"

Of a sudden her iron self-control gave way. She began to sob—great, tearless sobs—while Queenie wept in fairly understanding sympathy. But that lasted only for a moment. The door had opened, unnoticed by either woman or child. John Haldane had come post-haste in answer to a telephone summons—sent by a maid because Betty had not dared to ring him up herself!

He seemed to take but two great strides forward. He was on his knees, his arms around Queenie and Betty both.

"Betty! Betty! Oh, what a blind ass I have been! It has been you all the time, and I had begun to suspect it, only I never dreamt that you cared. I'm asking all, Betty, and offering all—both for Queenie and myself. Shall we send a wireless message to Santa Claus that the mistake has been made right?"

And slowly Betty raised her head, till her eyes, shining like stars through the tears, could give the answer which her lips could not utter, because her heart was too full for words.

Even as their lips met in the long betrothal kiss, the door opened once again, and Estelle Bradshaw—who had really come home with the intention of recapturing John Haldane—stood upon the threshold with amazement, anger, dismay, chasing each other across her face. But not one of the three paid the slightest heed to her. Without a word, she turned and left the room. There was sufficient nobility in the spoilt darling of fortune not to permit of her casting a shadow upon Betty's perfect hour.

When another Christmas came round Santa Claus excelled himself in making up for his first mistake. Queenie's letter had asked for a baby brother, but, at the cuddlesome Mummie's suggestion, she had added, "But if baby boys are too expensive this year, or out of stock, just send a baby sister."

And warm-hearted, generous Santa sent both! So Queenie's cup of happiness, to say nothing of Daddy's and Mummie's, was full to the brim.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE GUTTER.

(Continued from Page 6.)

"You see that gutter-merchant over there"—I indicated Billy, who was endeavouring to disentangle himself from the strings that united him to my tray—"I give him in charge for being without a hawk's licence."

While I lingered modestly in the background, the policeman pounced upon Billy. The officer had been bored. He seemed glad of this slight distraction. He pounced upon Billy with almost unprofessional zest.

He laughed sardonically at Billy's cock-and-bull story about the ruffian who had decamped with his ten shillings.

The customary crowd collected to feast its eyes and ears. Billy lost his temper. I regret to say he called the constable "a damn fool." The constable requested him to come along of him. Billy's language grew worse. The constable remarked that that would be another ten days.

On the outskirts of the delighted crowd I gloated for some time upon this gratifying scene. Then I stepped forward and spoke a few words in the officer's ear. Simultaneously an unassuming monetary transaction occurred. With that tact and good humour so characteristic of the Force, he accepted my explanation and my money. I pressed my two remaining Chinamen into his arms. "A Christmas present for the twins," I said.

On our way to Charing Cross, I gave Billy Baker a detailed account of my successful day. As he listened his annoyance evaporated. When I had finished he said, thoughtfully, "Kiddington's pound is quite fair, of course; but my ten shillings was robbery. You're going to give it back to me?"

"Very well," I returned blithely. "Here you are! I can afford it! Now, what about my ten pounds?"

Billy put away the note. "Your ten pounds?" he said. "But you owe me ten pounds. You've lost your bet, you know!"

"Lost my bet?" I exclaimed. "What on earth do you mean?"

"Didn't you tell me," said Billy, "that you had to sell three more toys to make the money come right?"

I gazed at him blankly.

"Well, you sold only one, didn't you?"

Billy went on, "and then I turned up. And you were so darned busy making a fool of me that you forgot you were still a shilling short." O grin spread itself all over Billy's face. "It was kind of you to think of the twins, old man, but—rather an expensive present, what?"

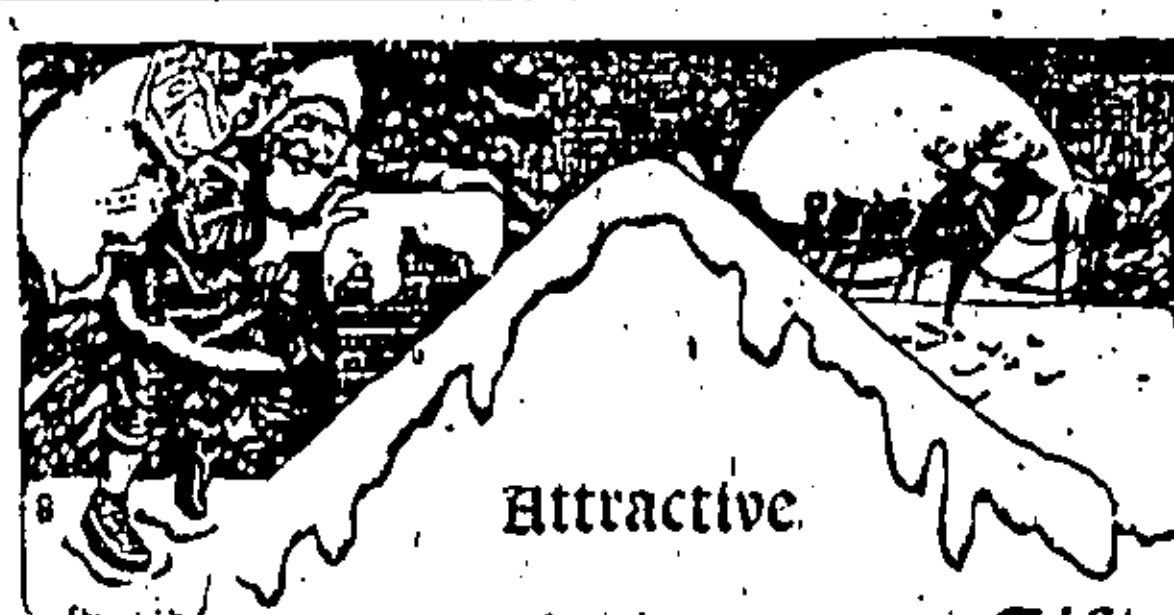
"Let me see," Wife murmured, scribbling rapidly. "I want the sitting-room papered, and I must have new electric shades for it. The dining-room is very shabby, too. I must have that papered and another carpet. The bathroom needs new tiling, and I'd like a new kitchen range and a refrigerator."

"To whom are you writing, dear?" asked Hubby, looking up from his newspaper. "To our landlord," she replied.

"I thought, perhaps, you were writing to Santa Claus," he observed.

"I contend," said Mr. Snooks at the Christmas dinner table, "that woman is nothing, if not inconsistent. How often have we heard women declare that they will never marry, and yet they marry often the first man who proposes to them. You know how it was with you, dear, don't you?—I heard you say more than once that you wouldn't marry the best man alive."

Mrs. Snooks (sharply): "And I didn't."



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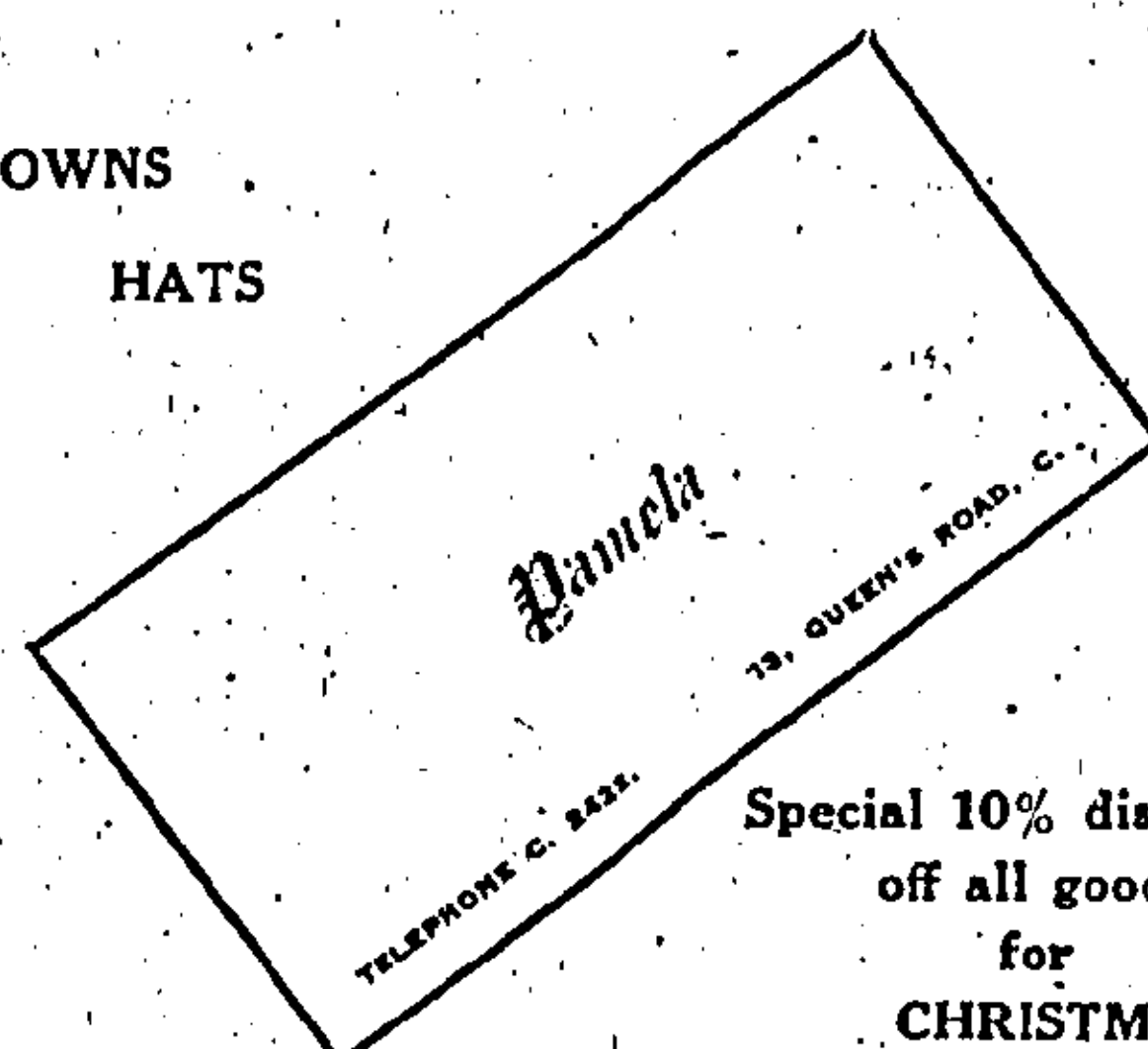
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What Hast Thou in the House?

by
Marjorie Howe Dixon



If you remember, this was the question Elijah asked the widow. She replied that her food supplies were limited to a small amount of oil and meal. Elijah found this sufficient, as you remember, to take them all past the threatening famine.

Gifts to make for Christmas start best with materials at hand. One homely friend, a pot of glue, can start a number of gifts. If you think over the empty boxes there are, and the rolls of material you have laid away, several combinations will suggest themselves.

A pretty gift for girl's room is a bright hat-box—an empty card board box covered with cretonne, with a black bow on top. A desk set in cretonne for her room can be constructed of card-board, glue, time, patience and an ink well.

Gifts of Portfolio

Portfolios are lovely and useful gifts. Two heavy card board covers with a cloth back make the basis. If you have a small-patterned or plain fabric, a pretty picture will improve the cover. If the pattern is large, omit the print. Line the inside with a thinner material and tie a folded blotter into the centre with a silk cord.

Such a portfolio can be given to a man if made with a plain cover, or to a woman if designed in cretonne. Pebbled oil cloth may be used for this purpose very nicely and can be decorated with a painted design.

Children love to help make Christmas gifts. On winter days they can be busy and happy with the joy of constructing gifts. A little girl will enjoy making a squirrel dress for a gift. A design for a squirrel about four inches high can be traced from a magazine picture and with a sheet of carbon paper can be transferred to the material. A grey squirrel on a lavender dress, or a brown squirrel on a tan dress would be a good arrangement.

Button hole stitch would do to applique the design on the dress. A leaf with an acorn could finish the shoulder. She could finish the dress if it were kept simple, with rich rack braid for binding. If this is too much for her small fingers, perhaps Auntie or grandma could finish the seams and binding on the sewing machine.

Let Children Assist

Children would enjoy assisting in making a gift to some one dear, of a miniature garden. A large deep pie tin is used, or a special tray is made. Rocks and moss are arranged to hold dirt in interesting forms. A small pen can be inserted for a pool. Its edges can be cleverly hidden with pebbles and plants.

Some of the plants suggested are these:—Kenilworth ivy with its little orchid-coloured blossom, Chinese primroses,—blue and pink forget-me-not, tiny ferns, violets, tiny cedars and a dwarf maple or two. Lycopodium, a moss of delicate fern-like quality, is excellent for its habit of climbing down, around, and over.

Such a lovely garden would afford endless pleasure to a shut-in. It could be arranged and re-arranged. Tiny bridges and stepping stones could be added. Birds and animals of pottery,—small size, could be added from time to time.

Gifts in Needlework

Needle workers have ever at their finger tips, beautiful gift possibilities. A suggestion for them is the use of bright wools, on organdie. Gay dashes of colour on an apron, a little lace and there you have a pretty gift for any feminine friend.

A set of pieces for a bed room might consist of a band of embroidery for a valance and a pair of bright bands for curtain tie-backs. A lamp shade to match these in pastel tints with ovals of embroidery would complete an unusually lovely gift.

If a person is clever at cutting linoleum blocks in simple or fanciful design, printing

of these in oil paint on natural coloured pongee is recommended. Bags, table runners for library tables, portfolio covers, cushion tops suggest themselves.

Here Are the Directions

Suppose you decide to print a dragon fly across a bag in two rows. Cut your pongee carefully by drawing threads, to the size you want, allowing for seams and a wide hem, part of which is to hold the draw-cords. Pin the pongee on a padded board. (Cover a board with a smooth thick material.) To print neatly stretch a dark thread across the material and anchor it with tacks.

Mix enough paint to finish printing. Browns and purples are suggested for pongee. Burnt orange would be good. Brush the paint evenly over the block and try it on an extra piece of cloth. Lay it flat, face down and hit it a single blow with a hammer. This trial print will show you whether or not it has been clearly cut, and also will show you places that catch the paint and will make daubs where you do not want them.

Without actually laying the block on the pongee measure roughly to see how many times you will be able to print it. Then work from the centre out, painting the block after each impression. Results from this are quite fascinating. Children with a little supervision can handle this quite successfully.

Ideas in Unpainted Furniture

Unpainted furniture offers almost unlimited possibilities for gifts. The smaller pieces, magazine racks, sewing tables, clothes hamper, small sets of shelves are always suitable gifts. Directions for using enamel may be had at any paint store these days. To add a final touch there are stencils. All cut and ready for use. Or you may choose from a most interesting catalogue a pretty decalcomania that will be the very thing for your purpose. Directions for using these come with them. Fruit, flowers, figures in silhouette are offered you.

Among other gift suggestions for your garden enthusiast is one that would have to be started early. If you collect seeds from your own garden throughout the summer, you can make up gift packets from these. You will probably send your friend fresh seed that he may not be able to obtain from the green houses.

Use of Coloured Envelopes

Bright coloured envelopes will help the appearance of this kind of gift. These can be tied together with a pretty ribbon or arranged in a box. Flower suggestions will come to you to use. Coloured illustrations from your catalogues may be used to decorate the individual envelope or the box.

Whatever you decide to make to paint, to embroider or to print,—do not neglect its final appearance,—the package in which it is sent. Any gift is valued chiefly for the kindly and loving thought it represents, and this must be displayed in the wrapping of it as well.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Those who want to buy Christmas presents for women smokers should find their task a very easy one. Half the shops in Hong Kong seem to have their windows filled with smoking trifles. The most interesting novelties are perhaps the sets of ash trays in a small container with a handle to it.

There is a new smoker's companion for the boudoir, which is rather like an inkstand in shape, but the bottles are replaced by receptacles which hold cigarettes, a container for matches is fixed in the centre, and at each side of it there are hollows which do duty as ash trays. Made in coloured glass or pretty china, these are very attractive. For men there is a practical present in the shape of a new pipe-cleaner. It screws on to the edge of the table, and the pipe is fixed on bowl downwards.

The newest travelling clock is a small silver affair about two inches square, and a quarter of an inch or so thick. A spring releases the lid, and the clock itself can be made to rest against that, while the other side acts as a base.

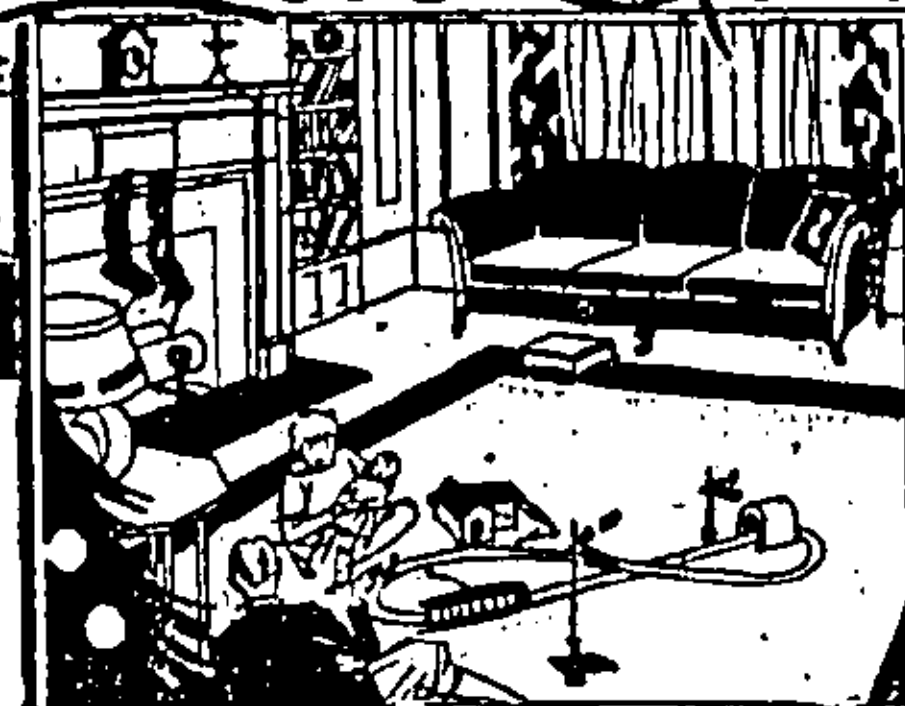
Boudoir cushions are fluffy things of marabout. One was shown recently in orange and another in blue — which are delightfully soft and light.

Everything is colourful this Christmas. Bright enamels, jade and rose and blue semi-precious jewellery, books with bright red covers, and brilliant scarves all strike a cheery note in one shop or the other.

Mr. Tomkins (to his wife, leaving home for Christmas): "I will join you in a few days. Had you not better take some fiction to read till I arrive?"

Mrs. Tomkins: "I don't think so. You will be writing me day by day, won't you?"

Fine Old Christmas



with
Snowy Hair and
Ruddy Face

WALDEN had been standing at the window for fully five minutes watching the drops slide down the window pane. Horrid old rain! Why did it have to rain? The snow was so lovely the day before and now it was rapidly turning to slush, under the steady downpour.

Christmas was over. His heart's desire, a new sled and hockey skates, had been fulfilled. But, shucks, what good were they in the rain! It just spoiled everything. Mother saw, as she always did, just what a state he was in. Drops were going to slide down his cheeks instead of the glass in another moment, if something weren't done immediately.

"Walden, dear—please come over by the fire! It's been such a happy week, hasn't it? We aren't going to spoil it with gloom now, are we? You and Lum Dum draw up your little chairs and I'll read a little further. I think it will suggest a game to you. You listen hard and see if it doesn't?"

Objected to Baby Name

Lum Dum having arrived at the age of six, sometimes objected to her baby name, and insisted on her own "Ruth Ann" with dignity. This time she didn't care. She had dressed her favourite doll at least fourteen times that morning and undressed her and put her to bed as many times. She felt quite willing that Vivian Rose Violet Lily should sleep awhile in peace, now that other amusement was offered.

Mother had read them a bit about Maggie and Tom in "The Mill on the Floss," before. The morning of the snow she had read to them the beginning of the chapter "The Christmas Holidays" because it was just that kind of a day she said. "Fine old Christmas with snowy hair and ruddy face." She began again and went on:

"Snow lay on the croft and river bank undulations softer than the limbs of infancy. Old Christmas smiled—for he meant to light up home with new brightness, to

deepen all the riches of indoor colour and give a keener edge of delight to the warm fragrance of food."

Passes Box of Candy

Walden began to brighten up when Mother read this last part, and glanced around at the firelight and the pleasant room as if seeing them for the first time. He went over very quietly, so as not to disturb the reading to get his box of candy and pass it around. The two children nibbled in silence as Mother read on.

It was Ruth Ann who interrupted suddenly, "Mother! We can play we are them. —He'll be Tom and I'll be Maggie. And we'll trim my doll house with holly like it says they did. What does it say, —Windows and mantel-pieces and picture frames? Tom, you drag out the doll house. And I'll cut some little holly from some of the Christmas wrappings. And we'll have the dolls be Aunt and Uncle Moss and the seven children. And they can all go to church and everything."

Walden had been studying the next paragraph at his mother's shoulder. "Tom and Maggie must have been in bed when they heard 'Singing under the windows at midnight,' so we'll be the singers and you pick out some more dolls to be Tom and Maggie."

Wants to Be Maggie

Lum Dum bustled over to the doll's bed in her most important manner. "Well, I declare! Vivian Rose Violet Lily has just waked up and she wants to be Maggie, she says."

She's much too big," said Walden, absently, trying to decide which doll would be Tom, and reconcile in his somewhat practical mind the fact that the toy village was much smaller than the dolls' house; and how were the miscellaneous assortment of dolls ever to get in the church which was about two inches high?

Mother had gone over to her desk to write thank you letters to her friends and New Year cards to the people she had forgotten to send Christmas cards to. She listened to see how this difficulty would be straightened out.

"There's just two boy dolls to choose from, for Tom, and they both are crazy," said Walden. "Tom was a big boy," Walden was holding out a fat smiling infant in rompers and a doll made of gum drops and tooth picks.

Poor Gum Drop!

Lum Dum looked over, "You've eaten one arm and one foot off the gum drop boy, so he won't do," she said. "My darling Patrick Henry—give-me-liberty-or-death will have to be Tom. Come here, Patrick, if you are going to church you must put your hood on. And shame on you for a big boy wearing a hood!" She giggled.

Walden laughed too and Mother returned to her letters peacefully knowing that things were starting well.

She looked up again. "Mother, how did Tom get home from school?" Walden was asking. "I'd like to have him come on my railroad train. Did they have trains those days?"

Mother opened to the previous chapter. "Oh here it is, 'The happiness of seeing the bright light in the parlour at home, as the gig passed noiselessly over the snow covered bridge.'"

"What is a gig?"

"It's a carriage, dear."

Must Go Around Switch

"Well, we'll play it is short for engine. I haven't any bridge, so it will have to go around by the switch."

Mother watched them with interest as the chubby doll, larger than the car itself, was trundled about the tracks and received with many kisses and much enthusiasm by Ruth Ann, who was Mrs. Tulliver for the time being.

"Oh mush!" said Walden, "Tom was twelve or thirteen years old, Ruth Ann. He'd hate being kissed like that!"

"Him's my darling boy, come home to his dear mother," cooed Ruth Ann who waited to see that justice was done to a scene, in which she could properly shine.

"I was glad I had remembered that chapter on Christmas in 'The Mill on the Floss,' because it gave them something new to think about. I'll have to write and tell grandmother all about it. I must go and do it right away, too, before I forget that remarkable sermon. Dear, if you only could have seen him, looking so solemn and (mischievously glancing at her husband) so exactly like his Dad."

At this point Mother fled and turning at the doorway wrinkled her nose at him. Then she went on upstairs to write to Grandmother.

QUITE THE LATEST

Ask a friend if he has seen the latest penny trick. If he says "No," ask him for a penny. When he hands it over, pocket it, and give him a paper on which you have previously written:—

Copper-Snatching Society.

If you want your penny back, find another innocent and enrol him as a member.

Solid success must be based on solid qualities and the honest culture of them.—J. Russell Lowell.

Mistress: "Why don't you bring in the plum-pudding, Jane?"

Jane: "We couldn't get the brandy to light, mum, but it's all right now—we poured a little paraffin over it."

Nervous Young Wife (to tramp): "If I give you a piece of Christmas pudding you won't come again, will you?"

Tramp: "Well, lady, you know your pudding better than I do."

NEWS IN ADVANCE

What do you think has happened?

I was told by Winnie Brown, Who has just come back from London, Santa Claus has come to town.

Don't you think he's rather early?

'Spec he's got so much to do If he visits all the countries— Britain, China, Spain, Peru.

Winnie says that really Santa Ought to scrap his ancient sleigh, And journey to the chimney-pots In a smart and modern way.

She'd like him to rush madly

In a car or aeroplane

Or if flying makes him nervous

He might come by railway train.

But I like his lovely reindeer

And the dear old roomy sleigh,

So I hope he'll come this Christmas

In the same old-fashioned way.

THE ATLANTIC'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

By CAPT. FRANK H. SHAW.

A hard gale from the north-east—a dead-muzzler—welcomed the "Ariel" to the North Atlantic, promising real Christmas weather. With the yards braced up on the backstays, and sail shortened to lower top-sails and a reefed foresail, Captain Amos Stokes said Good-bye to his hopes of making port in time, and cursed the luck of the unkindly seas. He had taken big risks and driven his ship like a fury for three hard months, but all the reckless hurry in the world couldn't beat that black north-easter.

"Never mind, dear," Mrs. Amos Stokes said, in the captain's snug cabin; "don't worry so much; I'll be all right."

"We could do it yet if the wind shifted; but it's nailed in the north-east and might stick there a month—two months. I was a fool to allow you to come to sea with me!"

"It's been worth it—easily," sighed Ethel Stokes. Amos Stokes returned to the deck to shake his big fists in the wind's eye and curse afresh the ill-luck that had companioned him. He was afraid of the future. Ordinary perils left him undaunted, but this matter of aiding a new, fragile life into the world was a different thing. With a ship you knew where you were, even in the worst conditions; with a woman—where were you? He took counsel of mate and steward, both elderly men, who had been married, but—owing to the sea's ruling—had never been at home when their children were born. Both prophesied that Mrs. Stokes would be all right when her time arrived. They expressed these opinions with spindrift cutting them bitterly in the teeth. Staring out over the livid, white-crested enormity of the wintry sea, Amos Stokes tasted doubt. Remembering how keen Ethel had looked forward to the coming of the child, he hoped for the best—without much hope. And its worst fears were realised. After three days of riotous wildness, what time she seemed determined to chase her own tail, the "Ariel" gave a display of restlessness that surpassed all her previous attempts just as Ethel's hour of travail arrived. Amos's presence on deck was urgently necessary to aid the ship through her flurries; it was equally necessary below, when his wife fought the Terror alone and unaided. Ice snapped on his eyebrows when he entered the cabin, breathless, like a man who had fought a dozen harsh rounds; he was sodden to the skin, salt-soaked, he felt, to his marrow. When he returned to the wave-swept poop, where Tunbridge, his mate, hung to the mizen-swifter, Amos Stokes's face was grey and drawn.

"No use!" he said, curtly, because of the lump in his throat.

"Meaning, sir—?"

"Child's—dead! I'm not surprised. Curse the sea!"

"And—your good lady, sir?" A strange weakness afflicted Amos Stokes. His knees shook beneath him, and he reached a steady-hand, to Tunbridge's shoulder. The "Ariel" as though exulting in the tragedy below, flung herself to a towering wave-crest, and then swung sickeningly down a seemingly interminable watery slope where the dead things of the sea seemed to taint

the air. Stokes spat the salt water out of his mouth, and spoke wryly:

"She—doesn't know, yet. She's alive—just. Asleep, sort of—coma. She'll probably die, too. She set a lot on that child." The mate, sympathetic, but helpless, nodded.

"They do—when they're first children, sir, I know." And Stokes's grasp on his subordinate's shoulder tightened.

"Do you know enough to give her—to give her—life?" he rasped, his face working. He happened to be devoted to his wife, as most deep-water sailors are. "Curse this gale! She needs peace and quiet and care—and what's she getting? Hell! When she awakens, if she does, she'll ask for the child—and I've got to tell her. Then she'll break her heart and die—I know."

He stared aloft half sightlessly, visualising an ordeal. It is not good for a man to be condemned to chase the happiness from a loving woman's soul. But it would have to be done—at the appointed time. Ethel would ask for her baby. He pictured the rapt joy of her eyes as she made the request. He also imagined the bleak hopelessness of these eyes when the truth hammered itself home to her brain. Being a sailor through it all, he said:

"Send a couple of men aloft to make that fore topgallant sail fast—it's blowing loose!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" Mr. Tunbridge hollowed his hands about his mouth and bellowed. Two men sneaked out of cover and moved, waist-deep in swilling brine, along the deck to the mainmast. They surmounted the sheerpole, and seemed literally to be blown aloft by the frantic weight of wind. Presently one of them, jockeying a jolting yard, bawled something down to the deck.

"What's he say?" demanded Amos, just about to run down to his cabin.

"Says there's a ship showing distress signals to leeward, sir."

"Let her go to—the devil, then!" Not that it was like Amos Stokes to talk in that fashion customarily. He had a name for hardihood and gallantry; and he had more than once been associated with deep-sea rescue work of the most daring kind. Men had said, indeed, that the bigger the danger offering the readier Stokes was to dare it; he liked to lick the sea at its own game. He tried to banish the idea of that distressed ship from his mind as he softly opened his cabin door and tiptoed to his wife's side. Ethel was restlessly asleep—occasionally calling in staccato words that were incoherencies. She was in a high fever—dangerously high. Her damp hands, which he caught, seemed to be reaching out to cradle the child that had never known life. There was little to be done for her, it appeared, but, dreading lest she should waken and ask that unanswerable question, Stokes administered a sedative, touching the woman he loved with infinite gentleness that seemed impossible in so big and strong a man.

There were certain sad rites to be performed, and he performed them. Then he entered the chart-house and wearily opened the log-book. It was necessary to make an entry therein.

"December twenty-fourth!" He mumbled. "Christmas Eve, eh?" It was utterly impossible not to think of another Babe; for his own thoughts were running on children. His own disappointment was intense—soul-shattering, indeed. He had dreamed of a strong son to carry on his name and his family traditions of sea-fighting. The Stokes had been sea-warriors almost from time immemorial.

"We were going to call him Noel, weren't we?" he husked, dampness that was not sea-spray dimming his eyes. "A Christmas baby!" He dried his hands, and, taking the pen, wrote shakily: "This day, the ship labouring heavily, Ethel Stokes bore stillborn child—body committed to the deep." A force, stronger than his own will, caused him to add: "I pray God be merciful to her—and me!" Then he closed the book and went on deck. The short day was already closing in; a horror of low-hanging cloud and snarling seas. There was an unnatural livid glare in the sky that was hardly light. Big water scoured the "Ariel," pouring over her main brace blocks, swirling incessantly along her decks.

Mr. Tunbridge, an arm locked about the mizen-swifter, was raking the closed-in horizon with his binoculars.

"What is it?" asked Stokes.

"That wreck, sir—there she is."

"Let her go hang! Give me a hand here." The weather forbade the opening of a Prayer Book; but Stokes recited what he could remember of the Burial Service as he committed the body of his son to the tragic sea. Darkness closed down almost as the pitiful ceremony was completed. The thin thread of an upsoaring rocket illuminated the lowering sky to leeward, to burst in vivid sparks under the canopy of cloud.

"Shall I answer it, sir—give 'em a bit of hope to hang on to?" asked Mr. Tunbridge. "They'll need comforting—even if nothing comes of it."

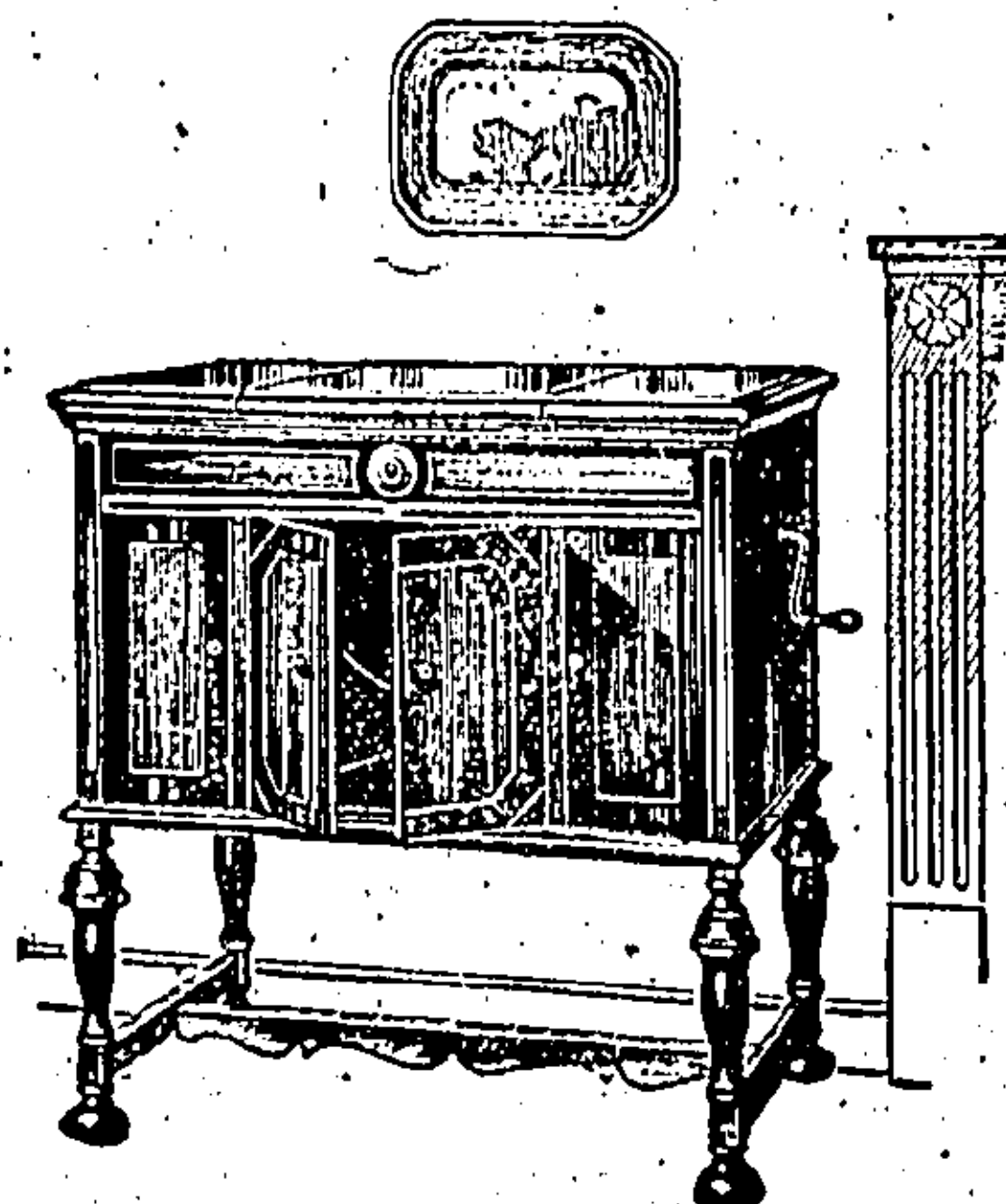
"We can't do anything—raise false hopes! Why should they have comfort when—when—" He felt he hated all humanity. Why shouldn't they suffer as he was suffering now? Why should those harassed men out there look to a robbed man for succour? In a little while now he would have to break the news to Ethel—and he believed the news would kill her. Women were like that; they clung to hope unbelievably, but when hope died they lost their hold on life and just crumpled up and—died! With sickening force, it was borne in on Captain Amos Stokes just what his own existence would be without his wife.

"If they know we're standing by through the night, sir—" persisted the mate.

"Oh, all right, then—but it's no use." The answering rocket screamed upwards into the yelling void, to be answered from the wreck. It was as though a choir of fiends yelled mockery as the wind screamed and harped in the rigging, and the canvas boomed.

"Regular Christmas weather!" said Stokes bitterly. "Wonder if it was like this in Bethlehem that other night?" He tried

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Sports Goods - - - Chocolates

to think bitterly of that astounding natal night close on two thousand years ago. He tried to think of the coming ordeal through which he must presently pass, when Ethel's consciousness returned and she reached out her hands knowingly, with the tender question on her lips. But, the human brain being what it is, and his environment stormy, he discovered himself to be thinking with ingenuously persistence of the hapless wreck out there in the hell broth. Somehow the weight of his own misery seemed lightened by reflection on the misery and suffering of others. Furthermore, he was a seaman—sympathetic and dauntless. When all was said and done, it was his own fault that the shipboard tragedy had occurred.

"I ought to have made her stay ashore," he brooded. "It was selfishness made me bring her—selfishness. Well, it's too late to fret now. Wonder what sort of weather those poor beggars are making of it?" He heard the scream of a wilder squall—its note was mocking and triumphant, as if gloating over him—Amos Stokes who had beaten the sea on countless occasions. "Get that foresail off her—bring her to," he ordered. "And send up another rocket—show him we're standing up." He took the kicking wheel himself, as the handling of the great foresail demanded the services of every available man: and for an hour or two fought his ship, with the old-time battle courage stimulating him. The rocket was answered from the distance—the wreck still survived. He presently surrendered the helm to a relief and made his cautious way below, his heart in his throat. Ethel, less restless than before, had sunk into a sodden sleep of exhaustion, the sedative taking effect. He studied her wan, damp face for a long time, his soul a-shudder with in him, apprehensive of her awakening. It

had been better, he thought bitterly, if she had died with the child; sorrow would have been spared her. He dashed moisture from his eyes, reflecting on their joint dreams. His must be the hand to strike the cup of joy from her pallid lips. Since the atmosphere of the cabin stifled him he went back to the deck, to pace feverishly, staggering to the ship's restless plunges, yet feeling some sort of wild delight in the rasp of the greedy wind on his cheek. He shook his fist at the devouring sea, hating it. He cursed this riotous Christmas weather. Half a dozen times he descended to the cabin, each time to discover Ethel heavily asleep. He was pacing the sluicing deck when the laggard Christmas dawn broke, to reveal the wreck in sorry plight.

He studied the sodden hull over which white water broke in unceasing wildness.

"Can't live much longer!" he declared. For a long time he stood, staring, his fists clenched until the knuckles showed white. It went against the grain; but—he was suffering the torments of the damned, so why should these other fellows rejoice? Then—what would Ethel have decreed? he wondered. "Ease her off the wind!" he suddenly cried. "Run her down to that ship!" And the crew, clustered on the poop, understanding what was in his mind, raised a wavering cheer.

"Less noise!" he commanded fiercely, as if the puny cries could outvie the yelling tumult of the elements! "Save your breath—it'll be needed!"

"Going to try it, sir?" asked Tunbridge, as stout a sea-fighter as his superior.

"Yes—clear away that lee lifeboat!" He had a desire to take the frail boat across the horror of boiling sea himself—with a hope that he might not return to face the pend-

ing inquisition. But the ship demanded his energy and presence.

"You game to try it?" he asked Tunbridge.

"I've been praying you'd give me the chance, sir!"

"Volunteers, then. Do your best; I'll help all I can." He didn't owe it to God to try to save His suffering creatures, for God had stolen happiness from the best woman in the world. Ethel would die when she knew the truth. Why should unknown men live? Still, a man had to do what he could—and that Babe Who had lived wouldn't wish Amos Stokes to act a gospel of an eye for an eye. It was queer how much he was thinking of the Bethlehem Baby, for he didn't pose as being a religious man.

He edged the "Ariel" cunningly towards the wreck; and then forgot his own misery in the clean joy of fighting. There was no lack of volunteers, and at the opportune moment he slipped the lifeboat, with a trickle of oil from his scuppers to smooth its passage. Tunbridge was a good man in a boat—there was no denying that. fact. Amos Stokes watched the tiny craft miraculously negotiate waves that seemed vast enough to overwhelm the largest liner afloat. He saw it tower high on noisy crests, saw it disappear from view in clamorous troughs. Then it reached the wreck and vanished under its squattering stern. There being nothing else to do, Captain Stokes ran his frantic ship ahead of the wreck, and then, wearing her, worked up to her lee in time to receive his returning boat.

Then followed hectic moments as the shivering survivors were brought aboard, and in this time the wreck lifted her stern towards the sky and sullenly plunged below a mighty comb, not again to re-appear.

(Continued on Page 10.)

CHRISTMAS TREASURE.

By FRANK GILBERT.

THE Christmas bells were pealing merrily from the village church tower as Christine Conrad passed by, and their music thrilled her.

After all, where is the soul who can hear Christmas bells unmoved? And Christine Conrad was very human. Moreover, it still wanted two more days to Christmas Day, but, being Saturday afternoon, the old sexton had gathered his little band of ringers together, and they were having a practice in readiness for the great Festival.

To Christine, spending the holiday with her office chum, Molly Bullough, the Christmas bells gave an especial touch of romance to the quiet village. This was her first visit to the little house where Molly's widowed mother lived with her brother, Larry, although Christine had met Larry in London on one or two occasions when he had been in town on business. The house was quite small, but Christine gathered that all Bullough's circumstances had not always been so modest, and that, although the family now almost entirely depended on Larry's earnings as a novelist and free-lance journalist, Molly's mother had been quite well off in her youth.

On this afternoon when Christine heard the bells she had taken a walking-stick and announced her intention of going for a five-mile tramp. Both Molly and Larry were busy.

"I'd love to come with you," Larry had said, "but I've a story that I simply must finish before Christmas."

Christine smiled. She would have liked Larry's company, but she understood, so she set out alone.

Presently she was peeping into an old-world garden, and at once the cheery voice of a man bade her welcome. "Come in, Missy, and have a look around!"

Christine liked being called Missy, so she accepted the invitation, and the old man hobbled by her side, pointing out, here and there, a clump of snowdrops, harbingers of the Springtime days of coming years.

"No garden is ever dead!" quoth the old man. "See here," and Christine saw violas from the summer still blooming bravely in the wintry cold. The minutes slipped away, and she said,

"I must be going."

Yet she was reluctant to leave so soon this peaceful garden. Then, rounding a bend in the path, "Oh, I say! How perfectly quaint!"

The old man followed her gaze, which was fixed on a moss-covered stone on which was carved a realistic likeness of a woman's face.

"Oh, that!" murmured the man apathetically. "It's very old, so I suppose it is quaint!"

Christine stooped to examine it, and instantly there flashed through her mind, "What an ideal Christmas gift it would make for Larry!" It would, she reflected, just suit his rockery.

"I suppose you wouldn't care to sell it?" she asked. The old man's face registered surprise, amazement, and, finally, horror.

"What?" he cried hoarsely. "Sell that? Why, it has been in this little garden long afore I was a 'wee baby.' You don't know what you are asking, Missy."

"Oh!" replied Dorothy, "I didn't know you prized it so. I just thought it was lying about here, well—rather—rather in the way, perhaps, and you would welcome a chance of selling it. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, really I didn't!"

The old man's anger waned. "Of course, Missy, but still, you couldn't expect me to want to sell it, could you?"

"I suppose not," sighed Christine. "But if you should ever want to sell it I should like to buy it!"

At that moment Christine became aware that a frail little lady, wearing a lace cap and a print apron, was standing by, curtsying.

"Good afternoon, ma'am!" Christine responded.

"What is it you want to buy, ma'am?" asked the lady.

"I was rather attracted to that quaint old stone face, back along here," replied Christine.

"Ah, ma'am, there's many the folk who have wanted to buy that old figure, but"—here a tear slipped down her wrinkled face—"times are hard now, and although I should hate to part with it, I am afraid it will come to it one day, but it won't be yet awhile."

"Oh, come!" said Christine. "I'd dearly love to buy it as a Christmas present for a friend who would really appreciate it. Tell me," she went on quickly, "how much do you want for it?"

"That's not easy to say, ma'am. What is it worth to you?"

"I'll give you a pound for it," offered Christine.

"Oh, no, ma'am, you're joking! Why, it's worth a lot more than that if ever I should sell it."

Christine hated haggling, but presently she induced the old lady to part with the stone for three pounds. The price was more than the money Christine had with her, so she said she would call on the morrow at two o'clock, pay for the figure, and take it with her.

She returned from her walk glowing and somewhat excited.

"You look happy, little girl," said Larry softly. Her eyes answered him before her lips said, simply, "I am."

"If only I could make you always happy!" he murmured.

Christine blushed, and just then Molly entered the room.

"Hullo!" Molly said, breezily. "Had a good walk? Where did you go?"

Christine told her, but did not mention the garden. She wanted that to be a secret. Larry walked moodily to his study.

"Why the devil am I poor?" he muttered, savagely, to himself. "I wonder if Christine understands how I love her, but I can't ask her to marry me, a poverty-stricken, struggling scribbler!" A pause. Then,

"Wouldn't it be just too wonderful if I had a huge stroke of luck this Christmas, got my

book accepted, say, on Christmas morning! Ghee whiz! I'd ask her swiftly enough then. She's a lovely girl—sweet as her name!"

Larry had no chance to be alone with Christine that evening, to discuss his hopes; but the next afternoon, after lunch, he asked her if he might take her for a walk. She hated refusing, but as she had planned to go to the garden she said gently, "Not to-day, if you don't mind, Larry. I have a reason."

Larry accepted her decision calmly while she was there, but the moment she had gone he broke into a tirade again.

"Does that mean she doesn't care for me, after all, I wonder?" he groaned; and to forget he sat and wrote till the twilight turned to darkness. Then, from his window, he saw Christine moving about in the garden below. He lit his pipe, but when she saw the flash of the match she knew he was watching, so she went indoors.

The discussion she had had with him earlier in the afternoon had made her late in arriving at the garden.

"I am sorry, miss," said the old lady primly, "but as you didn't call at two o'clock, as you said, and I had an offer for it from a gentleman half an hour ago I sold it to him. He will be back for it any minute now."

Christine was almost in tears, for she realised that it was now too late to obtain another present for Larry; but she begged so hard, and offered another pound, that the old lady gave way to her pleadings and allowed her to take the coveted image away with her.

She walked away in triumph, and at the first opportunity stopped to examine her purchase. A little later the driver of a passing car pulled up and offered her a lift. Christine accepted gratefully, for the stone was heavy. Then the stranger, an elderly gentleman, caught sight of her newly-bought possession.

"What the —!" he began explosively. Christine raised her eyebrows interrogatively.

"Look behind!" he invited; and there, on the back seat, reposed a stone image apparently identical with her own!

"What the —!" It was Christine's turn to ejaculate now.

"Where did you buy yours?" she asked.

He told her, and asked the same question. Scarcely trusting herself to speak, she managed to mutter, "Same place!"

He nodded understandingly.

Intensely angry, Christine left the car. "It's too bad!" said the stranger, "but I suppose we can't do anything? I had to pay a pound more for mine because the old woman said she had sold it to a charming young lady. Anyway, I am off back to America immediately after Christmas, so you must excuse me now if you are sure I can't give you a lift."

Christine smilingly thanked the motorist, and strode back, feeling very sore and irritable, and determined to have it out with the old couple.

Meanwhile, back in the old-world garden lay another moss-covered stone on which was



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carved a face, and the wrinkled old man smoked his pipe reflectively near by.

"That's two to-day!" he meditated. "Not a bad business!"

Suddenly he was brought back to earth by the shrill voice of his spouse. In striking contrast to the sweet tones she had used when addressing Christine, she let forth a storm of abuse on his head, concluding, "And you've let that young woman have the real, genuine stone face, you fool!"

"Eh?" he muttered, staggered; for the original was really believed to be of some value; unlike the clever plaster imitations of his pre-boyhood days.

Having heard the conversation whilst walking along the garden path, sheltered behind a tall hedge, Christine suddenly retraced her footsteps and returned to her friends' home. There she deposited the old face in a corner of the rockery and hurried indoors.

Christmas morning dawned bright and fair, and Christine, leaving her room to go downstairs to breakfast, met Larry.

"Happy Christmas, little girl!" he whispered, and, holding over her head a sprig of mistletoe, his lips met hers for an instant.

"Here!" she cried, affecting indignation. Then, "I've got a present for you in the garden!"

"In the garden?" Larry repeated, puzzled.

"I'll show you!" Christine answered, and, leading the way, she pointed to the stone image and then fled.

Amazed, Larry bent over the stone and examined it carefully.

"A beautiful piece of work," he mused. "Will fit in here beautifully." Then he noticed a crack, and half dreaming, tapped around it. To his surprise, the crack widened a little. He peered inside, and then inserted

a couple of fingers, drawing out some old folded parchments covered with fine writing. Indoors the others crowded round Larry, and he tried to read them, but could not.

"What is this extraordinarily fine present you have given me, Christine?" he asked.

Somewhat confused, and yet thrilled by the pleasure and surprise her Christmas gift had brought to him, she told how she chose it and bought it.

"I am afraid I caused the crack," she explained. "I didn't know you were watching me from your study last night while I was putting the figure into position in the rockery. Then I suddenly saw you light a match in the darkness, and I am afraid I must have dropped the figure rather heavily and came into the house, scared stiff that you would have seen the stone, I am so sorry that I cracked it."

"My dear girl," rejoined Larry, "if you hadn't cracked it we should never have known that it contained anything at all."

"I've got a present for you, too," Larry proceeded. "But perhaps you won't mind waiting a wee while for it?"

Their eyes met for a moment, full of love and understanding. Then came the summons to breakfast.

Over the meal they chatted about the parchments, debating what their meaning might be.

"I think," suggested Mrs. Bullough, "that the best thing to do would be to see the rector. He is an authority on old documents, missals, and such like, I believe. You could catch him after the Christmas morning service, perhaps?"

"A fine idea!" agreed Larry and Christine. Presently these two started for the village church, while Molly and her mother remained to prepare the Christmas dinner.

The bells pealed merrily as Larry and

Christine walked across the common. Pointing to the yew and laurel-hedged path which wound to the church door, Christine said, "I think that's a lovely pathway, don't you?"

"Perfect for a wedding!" rejoined Larry, suddenly checking himself. Christine blushed and smiled. After the service they sought the rector, who promised to try to read the parchments for them.

"Look in at the Rectory during the evening, if you care," he said. "I might be able to tell you something."

Larry and Christine spent a happy afternoon, and soon after tea they walked to the Rectory, where a cheery party was in progress.

"I think I have some good news for you," the rector announced, smiling. Then he explained. The documents made clear what had hitherto been a deep mystery.

It appeared that old William Bullough, one of Larry's ancestors, had formerly owned a large stretch of the rolling acres they could see from their house, but one day William's ne'er-do-well brother Jack arrived on the scene from overseas. Terribly anxious to make sure that the worthless scamp should not make the property his own, William's own son having died, William looked round for a place in which to hide his will and the title deeds. He was something of an amateur sculptor, and chose a stone, which he hollowed and on which he carved the face of his beloved wife. The stone was entrusted to the care of his gardener, who was enjoined to keep it carefully from the brother.

What happened then could only be surmised, but doubtless it was handed down in the gardener's family until the present gardener, long since retired from active work, conceived the idea of passing off as genuine plaster imitations, at a fine profit. Evidently,

(Continued on Page 20.)

CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS OF THE PAST.

By W. H. McNAMARA, F.R.HIST.S.

THE dominant note in the celebration of the Christmas festival in the olden days was that of jollity, and the records show that at the eagerly-anticipated season hospitality was profusely dispensed. As a penetrative modern writer expressively puts it, the best thing about the month of December in those far-off times was that it contained Christmas, when the house was decked with holly and ivy and there was

Good bread and good drinke, a good fier in the hall,

brawne, pudding and sowse, and good mustard with all.

Beef, mutton and porke, shred pies of the best,

pig, veale, goose and capon, and turkey well drest;

Cheese, apples and nuts, joly carols to heare, as then in the cuntry is counted good cheare.

That glorification of the good things of this life is matched by the lines of another poet who talks glowingly of

Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins o' mustard, Mutton and fatted beeves, and bacon swine;

Hérons and bitterns, pheasants, swan and bustard,

Teal, millard, pigeons, widgeon, and in fine.

Plum pudding, pancakes, apple pies and custard,

And wherewithal they drank good Gascon wine;

With mead and ale, and cider of our own, For porter, punch and negus were not known.

In the golden days of hospitality barons and knights open house during the Christmas holidays, and for a fortnight or so revelry and feasting predominated. Then "ceremony doffed his pride," as Scott puts it, and everybody entered with the utmost heartiness into the festivities, their delight being to obey the injunction of the poet: "Be ye merry and make good cheer." Christmas Day was a veritable red-letter day for the poor, for they were so generously treated then that the pleasant memory lingered with them throughout the year. It may be that there was too much eating and too much drinking and too much everything but thinking, to adopt Leigh Hunt's reflective wording; but the excuse for this indulgence must be that life was not especially bright in the social sense in those days.

It need not be concealed that some of the stricter sort resented what happened at this season of liberty and relaxation. "In Christmas tyme there is nothing els but cards, dice, tables, masking, mumming, bowling and such like fooleries. And the reason is, they think they have a commission and prerogative that time to do what they lust and to follow what vanitie they will. . . . Is it not Christmas? must we not be merry? Truth it is, we ought both then and at all tymes besides to be merrie in the Lord, but not otherwyse; not to swill and gull more that time than any other time, nor to lavish foorth more at that time than at another time." The gen-

eral rule, however, was that the household gave themselves up to feasting and jollity. Our busier and more economical age has concentrated in Christmas Day itself the rites and festivities which in former centuries extended to Twelfth-day or Epiphany (January 6).

An excellent book on life in England in Tudor times reminds us that our ancestors, like the Scots and French, made less of Christmas Day than of

Newyepares day, whereon to every frende They costly presents in do bring, and New-years gittes do sende.

These gittes the husband gives his wife, and father eke the childe,

And maister on his men bestowes the like, with favour milde.

Their tables do they furnish out with all the meat they can;

With marchpaynes, tartes and custards great; they drink with staring eyes,

They rowte and revell, feede and feast, as merry-all as pyes.

The presents given at that festive season were, we are reminded, similar in their variety to our modern Christmas gifts.

Amongst those sent to Princess (afterwards Queen) Mary in 1544 were handkerchiefs, embroidered gloves, cushion covers, smocks, worked sleeves, brooches, books, an inkstand and sweets.

On the other hand, the seasonable fare does not seem to be included, as of right, turkeys, mince-pies, or plum pudding.

The coins and trinkets which now lurk in the pudding were then represented by the silver penny in the mighty cake made for Twelfth Night, and the lucky finder was hailed as King and hoisted shoulder high to chalk crosses on the beams, as a protection against injuries "of cursed devils, sprites and bugges, of conjurings and charms."

On Twelfth Night also the boys and girls went a-wassailing, singing outside their neighbours' houses for cakes and ale and money.

During the Tudor period it was customary, it seems, to appoint at the Christmas season one of the household in the larger houses as King of Christmas or Lord of Misrule, and under him were presented masques and mummeries.

Scott gives us an excellent description of the scene when Then came the merry masquers in, And carols roared with blithesome din;

If unmelodious was the song, It was a hearty note and strong.

Who lists may in their mumming see Traces of ancient mystery;

White shirts supplied the masquerade, And smutted cheeks the visors made.

It is said that Henry VIII himself, in his younger days, took part in many such masques with his nobles, having an evident delight in dressing-up and disguises; but as time went on the entertainments grew more formal and developed into theatrical displays, in which the courtiers were now too dignified to take part.

A similar change no doubt took place in the country houses, and the mummeries took the form of those Christmas plays which lingered on in some districts almost to our own times.

The story about Henry VIII can well be believed, for he was very accessible to the people:

The revellers in the bygone centuries were well aware that the festival recurred only at lengthy intervals, and they made the most ample use of their opportunities of enjoying themselves. Who can blame them? Life must have been deadly dull in those times, and we can well imagine the delight which was created when "Old Christmas brought his sports again." The burthen of their Christmas moral, to adopt Geoffrey Smith's description, was:

Be ye merry and make good cheer, For Christmas comes but once a year;

Serape the fiddle and beat the drum, And bury the night ere morning come.

We have in modern times transformed the festival, and the indiscriminate revelling and abnormal consumption of food and drink no longer present the proportions of past indulgence. Even so, there is still room for mirth and jollity for, as Watts-Dunton charmingly says:

Life still hath one romance that naught can vary—

Not Time himself, who coffins Life's romances—

For still will Christmas gild the year's mischances,

If Christmas comes, as here, to make him merry.

The night was dark, the path was rough, and he was in a state of unsteadiness. But he fought his way home bravely, clutching the turkey which his wife had commissioned him to buy. Now and again the bird dropped from his grasp. Every time it fell he picked it up and struggled gamely on his way.

"Have you brought the turkey?" asked his wife, when he reached home at last.

The turkey?" he hiccupped. "Yes—eleven of 'em!"

"Nonsense! I only see one!" she snapped.

"That's funny!" he said. "I knew I picked up eleven!"

A proud father was helping his children in their game of "producing" a little Christmas picture-play at home. The simple plot, devoid of crime and "stunts," relied mainly on courtships and weddings for its thrills.

During the progress of the play the father went behind the scenes, where he found his youngest offspring sitting quietly in a corner.

"Why, Marie," he asked, "have you been left out of the play?"

"No," replied Marie. "I'm the baby waitin' to be born."

He had attained his twenty-first birthday; he was now a man. Bearing in mind that his mother had promised him important information when he reached manhood, he asked what it was she wished to impart to him.

It was only after considerable persuasion that she agreed to tell him.

"Well," she said, "what I wanted to tell you was that it isn't Santa Claus that puts the things in your stockings, it's your father."

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**CHRISTMAS WITH JACK
TAR.**
FUN AND FROLIC ON THE HIGH SEAS

[By W. Greenwood, F.S.A.]

THERE is one day of the year on which Jack Tar is "as good as his master," and can abandon himself to fun and frolic with all the zest of an emancipated school-boy without anyone being able, or even wishing, to say him nay. To Jack Christmas Day is the "red letter" day of the year, and he dabs on the festive colour for all he is worth.

All the previous day he has been as busy as the most industrious ant preparing for the great festival in a score of ways—from decorating the "messes" to chopping suet and stoking raisins for the plum-puddings he will consume with such zest on the morrow. From stem to stern he has converted his ship into a fairyland of greenery and a blaze of colour which should delight the heart of Father Christmas.

All the messes have been converted into miracles of decorative art, with holly and ivy and mistletoe; with roses many-hued as Joseph's coat, ornaments of tinsel and wool, mottoes and devices of every conceivable kind, and framed photographs of favourite officers. And on Christmas Eve he retires to rest with a happy and easy mind, knowing that everything to the smallest detail is ship-shape for the festivities of the following day.

At half-past six on Christmas morning Jack rolls out of his hammock in high spirits, attuned to the great day that awaits him. First, however, comes a spell of cleaning ship, a final scrub to the already spotless deck, a

superfluous polish of steel and brass-work. This, after breakfast; and such a breakfast: of eggs and bacon, fish and sardines, tinned delicacies of fruit, washed down by draughts of fragrant coffee.

The cleaning over, inspection follows, the men all arrayed in their "Sunday best." Then comes a brief service, when Jack lets himself go in singing his favourite carols; and the padre's sermon takes the acceptable form of a few breezy and seasonable words, with hearty wishes for a happy Christmas; and with the "piping down" of church the fun begins. The rest of the long day is Jack's very own to do as he pleases with. A fig for discipline!—it does not count on this blessed day. "A truce to work!—that's all over. Eat, drink, and be merry! And Jack knows how.

The crowning hour of dinner is already near. In the galley an army of flushed amateur cooks are toiling with hearty good will and much hilarity before a roaring fire, putting the finishing touches to the feast. There are great rounds of beef, done to a turn; succulent hams, duffs of generous girth—and what not; all contributing to the blend of appetising odours which are a foretaste of the banquet come.

But on deck comedies are being enacted which we must not miss. It is a screaming drama of topsy turveydom, in which ranks are changed with side-splitting effect. Here is the ship's most diminutive bugler masquerading in the full uniform of his sergeant-major, strutting about the deck and imitating the airs of his superior officer to an accompaniment of shouts and roars of laughter; while the sergeant-major cuts a still more ludicrous figure in the boy's uniform, as he himself submits to a sound rating for some imaginary failure in duty from his immature "senior." Now the chief stoker, in

the rig-out of the most youthful member of the "black gang," is paraded under escort, while by his side struts the boy, arrayed in his uniform, gold bands and all, with all the importance of an admiral at least.

Thus the fun goes on, waxing more and more hilarious as one form of clowning succeeds another. Now it is one of the ship's humorists masquerading as Father Christmas in a grotesque rig-out; now the antics of amateur clowns send the onlookers into roars of laughter, which become convulsions, when an improvised band pompously parades the deck, playing popular airs on instruments ranging from a Jew's harp and tin whistle to a purloined frying-pan.

At the stroke of eight bells the scene suddenly changes. The band strikes up the inspiring old air. "The Roast Beef of Old England," and the captain, commander and officers of the ship start on their round of the mess-deck to admire the decorations, exchange greetings with the men, and sample the dainties offered to them by the cooks of the messes standing each at the head of his table—from plum-duff and mince pies to cigarettes, apples and nuts. This is the crowning and most impressive moment of the day—of the year, in fact—when officers and men are brought together in the atmosphere of feasting and fellowship and mutual goodwill.

And the feast is one fit to set before a king. The tables groan under their burden of varied fare, enriched by contributions from the dry canteen out of its year's profits of such dainties as dried fruits, cordials, spices, and cake. And everywhere are a fairyland of decorations, a gay riot of colour, and rows of happy, manly faces.

(Continued on Page 19.)

Let's Go Shopping.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING GUIDE

CHRISTMAS is just round the corner, and the exciting game of smuggling parcels home unobserved by the kiddies, is again being played by Hong Kong parents.

Everyone, no matter what his or her means, can play this thrilling game, as the parcels can be made up to suit all purses, no matter which shop one visits in the hunt for Yuletide gifts.

Even those who are not parents can take part in the game, making up parcels for Father, Mother, Brother, Sister and "Sweetie," who will welcome a surprise packet, as much as the little ones this festive season.

Therefore, parcels are the order of the moment—parcels of all shapes and sizes, and many that are shapeless. Big, fat parcels done up with yards of string; small packages, dozens of them, dangling from fingers by means of string, ribbon and tape; gay coloured baskets filled with oddments wrapped in no less gaily coloured paper; and even suitcases crammed so full that they bulge. They all form intriguing parts of the game, and will go to gladden many hearts, both young and old.

The stores are full of intriguing novelties, the shopping round commences early and finishes late these days; lists grow larger year by year, but so varied are the Christmas lures that there is little chance of last season's gift being duplicated this 25th of December.

About the plate-glass windows of the shops there is a magnetism that never fails for either young or old, and even if for some people there is a great deal of window-shopping in the sum total of actual purchase, who knows but that the dreams have been less real than the actual possession of treasures separated by a plate of glass?

Below we give some gift suggestions for those who are undecided as to what to buy.

FOR THE XMAS FESTIVITIES

For the Christmas dinner and parties one can never do better than obtain the turkeys, ducks, capons, geese, and dainties for the table from the Dairy Farm. The Dairy Farm is too well known in Hong Kong to call for any praise. We all know that its goods are goods! Besides the Christmas specialties, they also have a fine selection of game, pheasants, wild ducks, pigeons, and snipe, as well as an abundance of fish and meat.

In regard to drinks for the Christmas dinner and festivities, Messrs. Donnelly and Whyte have a fine stock of all kinds of red and white sparkling wines, known brands of spirits, and bubbly champagnes which can be had in any size of bottle you want. They specially recommend for the Christmas dinner McEwan's Cream Stout, a delicious and nourishing drink which goes down well with the meats.

GIFTS FOR ALL

Bakilly and Co., Ltd., has a wide range of suitable presents for all—high grade perfumes, quality socks, ties and stockings of just the right stylish shades that make one feel well dressed without being conspicuous. There is also a fine selection of toilet articles and preparations.

Lane, Crawford's has a dazzling stock of gifts suitable for every member of the family. Exquisite jewellery for "her," toys for the kiddies, silverware, knitted goods, perfume, cut glass ware, sports goods for



"him," chocolates for the Christmas table, crackers, and all kinds of decorations for the home.

Goods for the Christmas party can also be had at the Blue Bird where there are crackers and stockings of various sizes, containing all kinds of favours and fun-making things.

Graca and Co., have this year secured a very fine selection of dolls of high quality with moveable eyes and limbs and neatly dressed. These dolls are so life-like that they are sure to bring delight to any little girl. There is also a large assortment of other toys, Christmas stockings and cards. Another presentable form of Christmas gifts are religious goods—statues, prayer books, images, etc., whilst as usual Graca's are making a specialty of Christmas stamp packages. What gift can be more welcome to one who follows the stamp collecting hobby.

A PICK-ME-UP

Thoughtful for the well-being of the merry-makers at Yuletide, John D. Hutchison and Co., advertise their Bournville Cocoa, the ideal drink for the morning after the Christmas dinner and the wee drop. Sustaining and invigorating, a cup of hot Bournville Cocoa at breakfast will make you feel equal to the social demands of Boxing Day.



FOR THE LADIES

Pamela's announce that they have a great variety of acceptable gifts, anyone of which is bound to delight "her." These include chic novelty bags, snug fitting gloves, delightful stockings of quality, novelty jewellery, powder puffs, etc.

At Felix's they specialise in bags of all shapes and sizes. Bags with leather, un-tarnishable metal and mother-of-pearl clasps, in many stylish colours to match a tailor-made, an overcoat, or a hat. They also have some dainty novelty lamp shades.

Dainty presents in every shape and form for young and old alike are to be found at Elite Styles. Here is a fine range of pretty and serviceable bags, manicure sets, chic gloves, dainty handkerchiefs in nice presentation boxes, and exquisite perfumes.

The Blue Bird has a wonderful display of Christmas confections which cannot fail to delight the fair ones. Chocolate in beautifully decorated boxes, the products of all the best manufacturers, can be purchased here.

Riquet Chocolates, one of the best confections manufactured in Germany, contained in attractively decorated boxes are offered by Bitzer and Co., whose prices are right. What nicer gift can there be than a fancy box of chocolates? Buy her one.

At the Popular Silk Store you can buy your wife, mother, sister, or lady friend, an exquisitely embroidered shawl, a pretty kimono, a beautiful Persian coat, chic silk undies, etc., all at special Christmas sale prices which really save you money.

PRESENTS DE LUXE

Messrs. S. Moutrie and Co., Ltd., have a number of Victrolas on hand. What could be a better present than a gramophone which will remind the recipient of the giver every time a tune is played. It is an ideal gift, and the name Victrola, of course, speaks for itself. There are several styles to choose from, ranging from portables to beautifully finished cabinet models. Then there is also a large selection of electrically recorded discs of Yuletide tunes which will be appreciated by everyone who possess a gramophone.

Another de Luxe present which will make you remembered all the year round is, of course, a motor car. If this is what you are thinking of buying the family this Christmas, pay a visit to the American Asiatic Co., and let them show you the new Chandler "65", which can be obtained in all models. Their beautiful lines and classy upholstery are bound to appeal to you. But in the buying of a car the mechanism is, of course, the principal consideration. In this also, the Chandler "65" will not disappoint you. Its perfect, smooth running engine will be a revelation to you. For performance, this car is "as good as any, and better than many."

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In beautifully decorated boxes,
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BITZER & CO.
2nd Floor, Queen's Bldg. Ice House Street.

CHRISTMAS WITH JACK TAR.

(Continued from Page 17.)

As the captain and his officers make their smiling progress from mess to mess, volley after volley of cheers accompanies them. At each table the decorations, often as beautiful as they are ingenious, are admired and praised; the food is sampled and approved; cordial greetings and good wishes are exchanged. And when the last mess has been inspected, the captain, standing in the centre of the deck, addresses a few simple cordial words of good wishes, invites the men to drink his health in a pint of beer, and makes his exit to thunders of cheers and a chorus of "For he's a jolly good fellow!" which almost lifts the roof. Then the boatswain blows a shrill blast on his whistle, and Jack falls on his victuals with the appetite of a hungry lion.

Now begins such a time of feasting and fun as few but our sailor-men can ever know. To the clatter of knives and forks, jokes and laughter, the good fare disappears down Jack's capacious throat, until at last he is obliged to cry "Halt!" He has feasted better than any king, and can eat no more. He has drawn his beer, has drunk the King's health in grog—and now for a good smoke to crown it all! Cigars, pipes, and cigarettes are produced, and soon hundreds of clouds are rising in grateful incense to my Lady Nicotine; and Jack's cup of happiness and content is full.

And now for the music! What Jack loves above all is a song with a rousing chorus; and there is plenty of talent to keep the concert going for hours if they wish it. If the singer has a voice like a disabled fog-horn, no matter, so long as his song has a good chorus in which Jack can do his stentorian bit towards "raising the roof." Thus song and chorus and rapturous applause follow in sequence until Jack, hoarse of voice and purple in face, has at last had enough, and is ready for a dance or any other fun on deck.

Thus in dance and song and skylarking and frolic of all sorts the hours pass all too quickly until at last "out pipes" is sounded, and Jack reluctantly turns into his hammock, weary, it is true, but blissfully happy in the knowledge that he has spent his Christmas Day as jovially as any man in the Empire, and has added another red-letter day to his calendar.

THE ATLANTIC'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

(Continued from Page 13.)

But Amos Stokes hardly noticed the culmination of this tragedy of the sea. Mr. Tunbridge was speaking—gasping out unbelievable words.

"Captain's wife—died—baby born—alive! Captain dead—killed by falling mast. Baby here—alive—alive!" The mate edged into the shelter of the companionway and opened a bundle he carried in the crook of his arm. A newly-born baby's face, puckered but peaceful, showed.

"Give it to me!" said Amos Stokes, and snatched the bundle. There was a choking thickness in his throat as he softly entered his cabin. He tried to move soundlessly, but because of his burden the door escaped his hand and slammed to a wild roll of the ship, and the noise awakened Ethel, who turned big, wild eyes on her husband's face.

"Baby!" she moaned. Amos Stokes laid the bundle in her searching arms. She drew it slowly and hungrily to her starved breast. The wildness faded from her eyes, leaving them filled with golden wonderment. Amos held his breath, watching life triumph over the menace of death. Ethel smiled at him—a smile of growing radiance. Then the baby whimpered, and she held it closer, hushing it—crooning the eternal mother song over its downy head. With new masterfulness, she motioned Amos away, but her accompanying smile was a benediction, too. Lumpy of throat, yet exalted, Amos returned to the deck, to pound Mr. Tunbridge wildly between his rheumatically aching shoulders.

"Old Atlantic's given up a proper Christmas gift!" he gloried. "Blast it—bless it! She'll never know, unless some fool talks." "They won't talk—I'll see to that," said Mr. Tunbridge grimly. "Looks to me as if the wind was freeing for a straight run home."

A man who happened to be fortunate enough to win a turkey in a Christmas raffle chanced to meet his daughter as he was carrying the bird home. Wishing to swag-ger a little, he said:

"My word, lass, we'll make an attack on turkey to-morrow. This is a real Constantinople, this is."

"Aw dare say it is," replied the daughter, smiling. "But you might have asked for a Bagdad!"

CHRISTMAS HUMOUR.

"HALLOA! Haven't seen you for ages. If you're motoring down my way Christmas-time you might drop in." "I've given up the car. I travel in an aeroplane now."

"Oh, well, then, you might drop out."

"Willie, what is the meaning of 'taxidermist'?" "A taxidermist is a feller than runs a taxi-cab."

"No, dear. A taxidermist is a man who stuffs birds. Have you never seen one?"

"Yessum. Our doctor came to dinner last Christmas, and the way he stuffed turkey showed that he must be a taxidermist."

"Your wife was telling my wife that you've got all your Christmas presents paid for."

"Yes; paid for the last of them yesterday."

"Lucky dog! I haven't even begun to think of the presents I've got to buy."

Neither have we. My wife was speaking of last year's presents."

A Sunday school teacher had been telling the girls of the class about the devil.

Walking home, Mary said to Betty: "Do you believe there is such a person as the devil?"

Betty: "No; there's no such person. It's like Father Christmas—it's only your father."

Irish Farmer: "Now, Pat, me bhoys, I'm giving ye this pig for a Christmas present."

Pat: "Thank ye, sorr. Shure it's just like ye!"

Guest (departing from Christmas party): "We've had a delightful time."

Hostess: "I'm so glad! At the same time I regret that the storm kept all of our best people away."

"I was awake when Father Christmas came last night, mummie."

"Were you, darling?"

"Yes; and he bent over in the dark and kissed me. And what do you think, mummie? He uses scent exactly like yours!"

Doris: "Let's play at being married."

Edward: "We can't do that. Mummie said we had to keep quiet."

CHRISTMAS REVELS IN MERRIE ENGLAND.

By DR. W. GREENWOOD.

THERE is about the old-time Christmas of "Merrie England" a glamour which is calculated to set the pulses beating in the most cynical of men—the Yuletide which Scott conjures up for us so vividly in "Marmion." We can see, as we read, the fire, with "well-dried logs supplied," roaring up the wide chimney of the baronial hall; the huge table groaning under the burden of lusty brawn, of grim boar's head "crested with bays and rosemary"; the huge sirloin, the plum porridge and Christmas pie, and the wassail "in good brown bowls garnished with ribbons."

We watch the merry masqueraders pouring into the hall and laugh aloud at their antics; and we hear the carols "roared with blythesome din," and enter with zest into all the revelry of the days when

England was merry England when Old Christmas brought his sports again 'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;

'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale, A Christmas gambol oft could cheer The poor man's heart through half the year.

What a large-hearted, hospitable man was the squire of those "good old days"! "I love," says Sir Roger de Coverley, "to rejoice the hearts of the poor at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mincepie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks and smutting one another."

The Christmas dinner of these days of old was a banquet indeed. The best of good cheer, stately ceremonial, and jollity joined hands. Watch the imposing entry of the boar's head, heralded by a flourish of trumpets, borne aloft in a dish of gold or silver by the server, who, as he enters the banquet-hall with his escort of nobles, knights, and fair ladies, sings his "Caput Apri Defero, Reddens Laudes Domino." In the wake of the lordly dish, decked with "sweet rosemary and bays," follows the peacock, "food for lovers and meat for lords, with gilt beak and gay-coloured plumage, and stuffed with spices and sweet herbs." To the strains of music it is borne into the hall by the fairest lady guest, with her retinue of ladies almost as fair as herself; while over Juno's bird knights-errant swear to succour lovely woman in distress at the cost of their lives.

These are but the heralds of the feast, which includes geese and pheasants, capons and pies of carp-tongues, ham and sirloins, and so on, through the long and succulent list of Christmas fare, to plum porridge and mince-pies of gargantuan proportions, until the table literally groaned under the wealth of seasonable fare. As for the drinks, they range from mead and ale, "so old that it is almost sweet and treacly," to the bowls of wassail, with cherries and crab apples bobbing gaily on their steaming surface.

Pepys, to whom we are so much indebted for graphic pictures of life in the seventeenth century, has recorded that on Christmas Day, 1658, he sat down to a dinner which consisted of "a dish of marrow-bones, a leg of mutton, and a loin of veal; three pullets and a dozen larks, all in a great dish. Also a great tart, a neat's tongue, a dish of anchovies and prawns, and cheese."

In 1770 Sir Henry Grey gave to his friends a dinner which is famous in history on account of the enormous pie which was served. It is said that it was nine feet in circumference, weighed 165 lbs., and contained among other ingredients four geese, two turkeys, two rabbits, four wild-duck, two snipe, seven blackbirds, and half a dozen pigeons. This huge pie was brought round at table on a four-wheeled truck specially constructed for the purpose.

It was fitting that such god-like feasting should have its accompaniment of merry-making on a similar lordly scale, and that the revels should be directed by a "past-master in the arts of irresponsible jollity. At Yuletide, from the King's palace to the squire's hall, the Lord of Misrule, or Master of Merry Disports, was the genial autocrat to whom every knee, even that of his host, must bow for twelve days of unrestrained revelry. At his command, "whosoever he shall sound his trumpet or music," "all must be at his command to do him good service"; and he had full authority "to break open all locks, bolts, and bars to come at those who presume to disobey his lordship's commands."

Under such a merry and irresponsible monarch fun and folly reigned supreme. His mischievous pranks and those of his satellites kept hall and palace alike in jovial disorder and uproarious gaiety, with masks and mummeries, practical jokes and farcical antics, until Candlemas-Day, when the Lord of Misrule laid down his sovereignty.

On Christmas Eve began the reign of the Mummers, with their masquerades, mysteries, and miracle plays, which added so much to the gaiety of "Merrie England" at Yuletide. "Then," to quote an old writer, "comes mummings or masquerading, when the squire's wardrobe is ransacked for dresses of all kinds, corks are burnt to black the faces of the fair, or make deputy moustaches, and every one in the family, except the squire himself, must be transformed."

More commonly the Mummers were a band of local rustics who, grotesquely attired and masked, sallied forth on Christmas Eve on a round of visits to the houses of the principal inhabitants, demanding admission for "St. George and his Merry Men." First enters Father Christmas, with holly-bough and wassail-bowl, and then follows his quaint retinue—St. George, the gallant knight; the Grand Turk, and the Dragon of fearsome mien; a little girl bearing a branch of mistletoe, the doctor, armed with a mammoth pill-box, and the parish beadle, swelling with the dignity of his office. All enter to the beating of drums and the discordant sounds of weird instruments, to play their drama and to convulse all by their absurd antics. Carollers make the frosty night vocal with

"Ark! the 'Erald Hangels Sing"; the wait distend purple cheeks almost to bursting point in their efforts to extract the last blatant ounce out of their instruments. In kitchen and hall feet trip untiringly in "stately pavons and corantos high," in brantle and farraband. Ale and wassail flow in copious streams, and the fun waxes more and more riotous as the small hours of morning grow. But what matters to-morrow? To-day we live!

Banqueters and revellers, lords of misrule, and mummers have long been dust, but how they did live in their day! Their revelling invests their memory with a glamour which no passing of ages seems able to dim.

CHRISTMAS TREASURE.

(Continued from Page 15.)

though aware that the figure was of some value, he had no knowledge of its contents. After old William's death, as the will and title deeds could not be found, and as almost immediately old Jack also had died, the lands passed out of the possession of the Bullough family. The documents showed that old William had willed that the estate should pass to his nephew, the son of his only sister Mary. The nephew was Larry's grandfather, and, as the surviving heir, Larry now became entitled to the estate, provided, of course, that he could prove the genuineness of his claims.

"I don't think you need worry much about that," was the rector's comment. "I'll give you all the help I can."

"Then it means that Larry is really wealthy?" asked Christine, greatly excited.

"Yes, my dear," said the rector. "All this land you can see from the window here belonged to Larry's ancestor. Larry Bullough is our new Squire!"

"Will you do me a favour, please?" asked Larry of the rector.

"Certainly," replied the other.

"Then will you be good enough to call our banns next Sunday?" was Larry's astonishing request.

"Delighted, my dear chap!" replied the rector heartily.

"But—" began Christine, overwhelmed.

Larry took from his pocket a little box, and from it he drew a diamond ring, which he quickly slipped on the third finger of Christine's left hand.

"This did not come till this morning's post, dear," he explained, "and I did not know whether I would be able to offer it to you. I had hopes of some stroke of good fortune coming my way this Christmas tide. Now, by the gift you have given me, I am able to claim you, little Christine, as my Christmas Treasure!"

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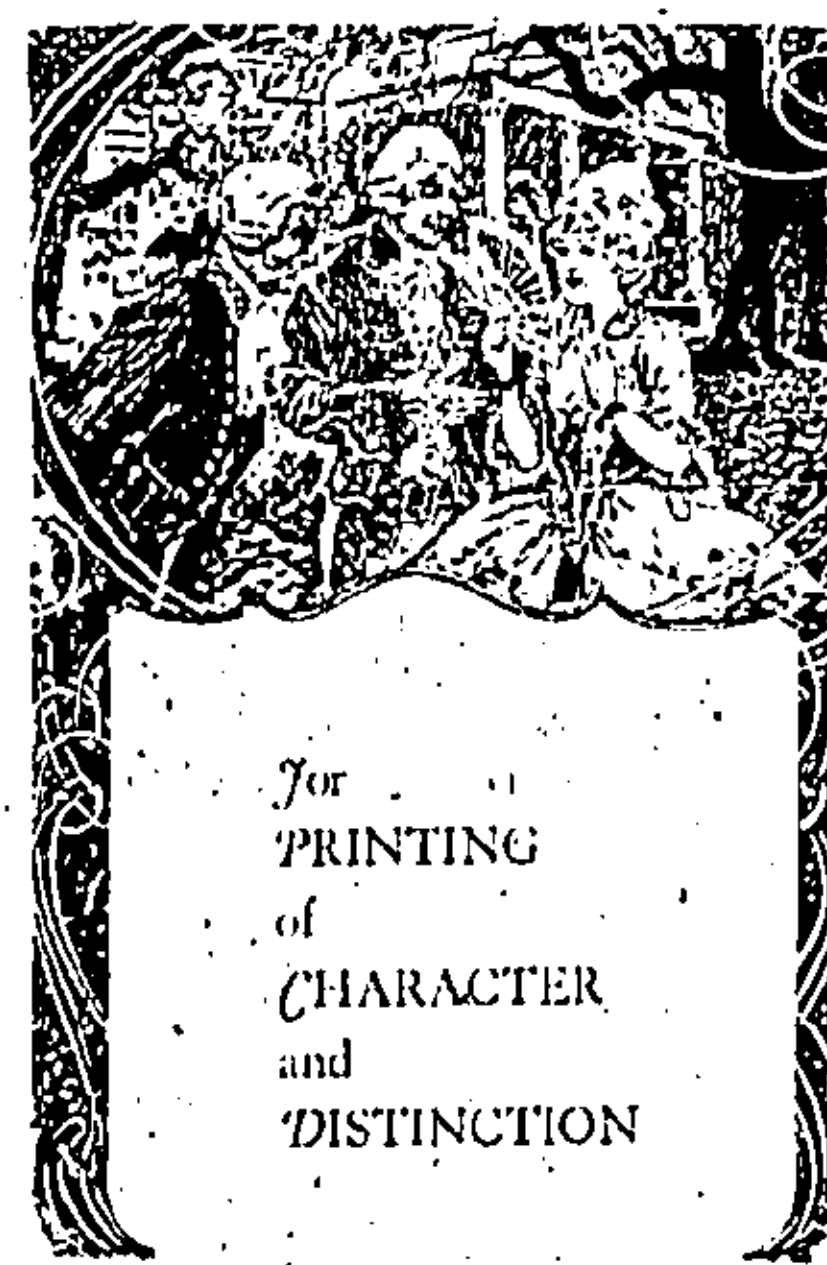
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